THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY—By Will Irwin

Simplicity in an automobile is proof of advance design.

Nowhere in the Franklin do you find complexity.

Simplicity is not solely in avoiding a multitude of parts and contrivances. Methods of operation can be just as complicated as anything else, and things simple in themselves can be put together in a complicated way.

The Franklin chassis is a masterpiece of simplicity. There is nothing cumbersome; all the elements are plain, straight work with few parts. There is no dead weight, no plumbing, no torque rods, no strut rods or other evidences of complexity.

Everything connected with the operation of the Franklin is simple. The control is by throttle only. The transmission operates direct without intermediate mechanism. The same is true of the brakes. The steering gear, the axles, the transmission, the ignition—all are simple and light. The lighter an automobile the easier it is on all its parts.

Everything in the Franklin is accessible and easily removable. You may not have to remove anything, but you do not want the complexity which means poor or crude design.

The water-cooled automobile can never be simple like the Franklin.

The Franklin new air-cooling system eliminates all auxiliary apparatus. Gears, fan, belts, pulleys, piping, packing, soldering, pump, radiator and all the mechanisms required in water cooling are dispensed with. There is nothing to get out of order, freeze or leak. The motor will not overheat.

Even the tire question is simple with the Franklin.

Motorists have been taught that tire trouble is necessary and that demountable rims, extra tires and other complex additions must be endured. Not so with the Franklin. The tire question is easily and simply solved—just by using tires large enough and strong enough to do the work. Extra tires or extra rims or anything to add trouble and useless weight are avoided.

Franklin tire equipment never blows out; punctures are rare, and the tires give service for more than four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment. Nineteen-hundred-ten Franklins have been in use since last June, so you can get these facts direct from owners.

The Franklin is simple in every way. Simplicity means reliability and long life. A complicated automobile gets old a great deal quicker than a simple one. An automobile that lasts five years is more reliable the first month, the first year and all the time than one that only lasts two or three years.

If you are going to pay more than $3000 for an automobile select a six-cylinder.

With that investment you are entitled to the best.

If you want thirty horse power or more get a six-cylinder. For small horse powers the advantage, final results and first cost considered, is with the four-cylinder motor. Above that the advantage is with the six.

A six-cylinder automobile will not climb hills any better than a four-cylinder, nor will it run slower on the throttle. True, these are the alluring features claimed by most makers, which simply shows that they have missed the real advantage of six-cylinder construction. The properly designed six-cylinder automobile is lighter per horse power than the four, smoother in operation and easier on tires.

Naturally we make both four- and six-cylinder automobiles—the four in smaller horse powers and the six for high power. We do not attempt to make one thing do for everything. In four-cylinder construction as power is increased the weight of the fly wheel has to increase more than the power, and weight in the whole vehicle must be increased, else the vehicle will not long withstand the power shocks. Heavy fly wheels cause more trouble to driving mechanisms than anything else.

In the Franklin six-cylinder seven-passenger forty-two horse-power Model H the increase in power is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight—a result other makers miss. The Franklin six-cylinder motor is what a six-cylinder motor ought to be—a scientific light-weight highly-balanced power plant. Instead of the heavy fly wheel required on the four-cylinder motor of high power the fly wheel, because of steady engine torque, is very light. The power application is easy on the whole automobile from the tires to the engine. When you ride or drive you note its smoothness and readily recognize its superiority over the high-powered four.

A simple way to decide between a four-cylinder and six-cylinder automobile is to compare the best high-powered four you know with the Franklin Model H. The way to get at the facts as between the Franklin six and other sixes is to compare them feature by feature and then put them to severe tests, over bad roads and good roads and on hills.

Franklin six-cylinder Model H has no equal on American roads.

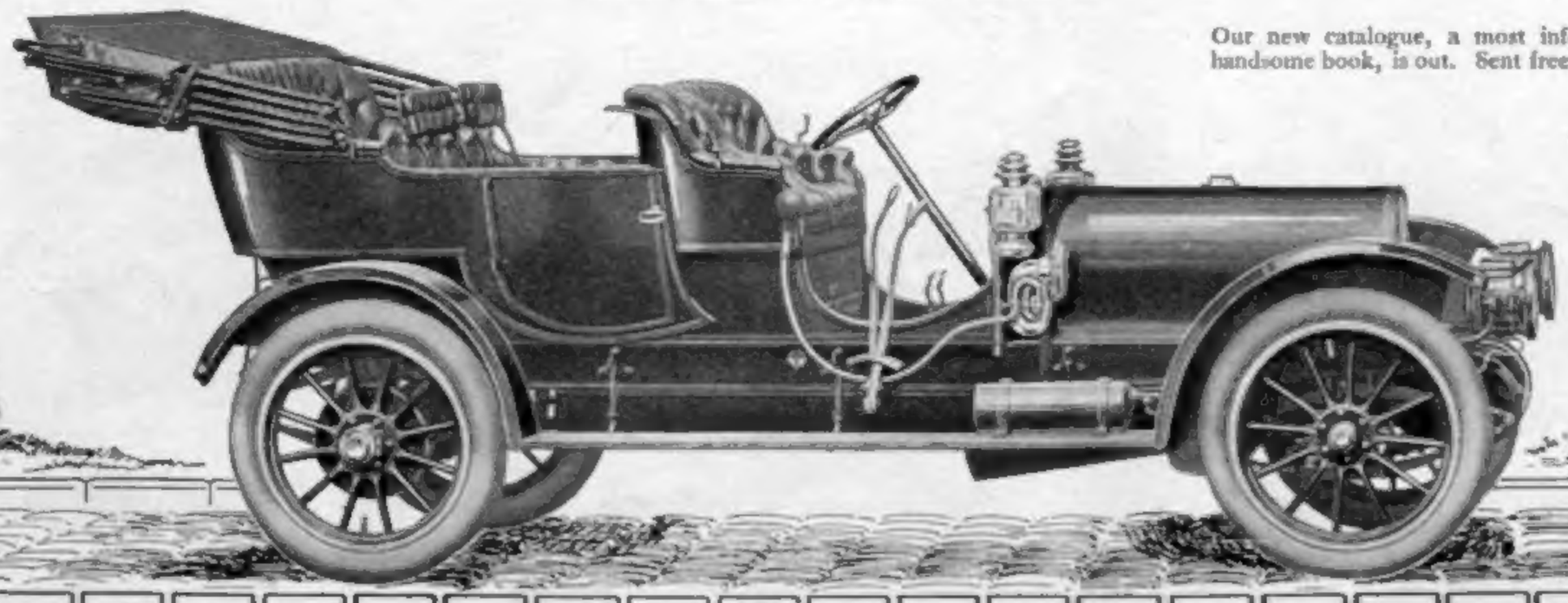
It makes the best touring time of all automobiles. The wonderful smoothness of its engine, together with its four full-elliptic springs, wood chassis frame, large wheels and long wheel base, gives it an easy riding and charm of operation unknown in other six-cylinder automobiles.

In smaller horse powers Franklin Model D, twenty-eight horse power, and Model G, eighteen horse power, have long held the lead in four-cylinder construction. Light and flexible and having all the well-known Franklin principles, they are not surpassed for comfort, reliability and economy. They do not get old and seemingly never wear out.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Our new catalogue, a most informing and handsome book, is out. Sent free on request.



We Spend Unseen Thousands

Most hose, in the stores, look alike to you buyers, yet there's a vast difference among the different brands. Some are made with a "two-ply" yarn instead of the costlier "three." Some are knit in a hap-hazard way. We are spending this year to produce Holeproof Hose four times what it costs to make common grades.

The fact that this difference doesn't show at a glance means that hundreds will still fail to get the best hose.

We are telling you of it so you'll know and can get them. You may as well, for these four-times-better hose cost you just the same as others.

Where These Thousands Go

The yarn used in genuine "Holeproof" costs an average of 70 cents a pound—the top market price for cotton yarns.

It is made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the very finest cotton obtainable.

It consists of three very fine silky strands, so the yarn is soft and pliable.

Yarn of equal weight made from but two strands is stiff and coarse in comparison.

We could save, if we used it, 30 cents a pound for extra profit.

This is one of the things you don't see when you buy.

Our Expensive Process

Another is our 32 years of experience; and the result—the "Holeproof" process.

This process requires expensive machines. Last year we imported a costly machine simply to better an unimportant half-inch stitch.

An apparatus that merely **helps** make **fast colors** cost over $5,000.

We spend $33,000 a year simply to see that each **finished pair** of hose is perfection.

All this means but one thing—that you get in "Holeproof" the very utmost in hosiery.

How We Can Give It

We now make 20,000 pairs a day—the largest output of guaranteed hose in the world—so we can easily put what we might take as extra profit into extra quality.

Our long experience also gives us peculiar advantages over all others.

We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

Do you want simply guaranteed hosiery, or soft and attractive "Holeproof Hose"—hose that you'd buy without any guarantee?

Sizes, Colors, Prices

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, $2.00. Guaranteed for three months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Then Look for "Holeproof" on the Toe

There are hose not nearly so good as "Holeproof" sold on the original "Holeproof" idea, but the only genuine "Holeproof"—the "three-ply"—"70c-yarn" hose, bear the name "Holeproof" and the trademark shown below, on the toe of each pair.

"Holeproof" means "four-times-better-than-common hose." It means thousands of dollars spent for comfort and wear that don't show till you wear the hose.

So be sure that the hose you get are real "Holeproof." Don't take an inferior imitation with a name and trademark resembling ours.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

(33)

The Holeproof Hosiery Co., 410 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

The Hard Way

Pick over the beans the day before, and soak them over night.

Boil them next day in two waters—not less than an hour and a half. Then bake them three hours.

One must keep the stove going full blast half a day—just for a dish of beans. It's about as much trouble as roasting a turkey.

Then serve the beans before they sour—the sooner the better. And serve them until they're used up.

When beans are wanted again, repeat the 16-hour process of soaking, boiling and baking.

That is the old way—the hard way.

One might as well spin her own linen, weave her own carpets, make her own soap—as they did in the olden days.

The Easy Way

Take the can from the shelf and pour the beans on a plate. Put the slice of pork on top.

The meal can be served in a jiffy.

If you want the beans hot, heat the can before opening. They'll taste then as though they came direct from the oven.

Keep a dozen cans on hand—a dozen meals always ready. When guests drop in unexpectedly there's something good to serve.

Three to five meals a week—among the best meals you have—are thus prepared without any trouble.

A skilful chef has done all the work for you, and it costs less to employ him than to do it yourself.

That is the Van Camp way.

The Nitrogen in Beans

It requires a rare soil, rich in nitrogen, to grow good navy beans. For beans are 23 per cent nitrogenous.

Van Camp's come from Michigan. They are picked out by hand from the choicest beans that grow. They are so choice that they cost us last year, on the average, $2.25 per bushel.

Such beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They are richer in food value than meat or eggs or cheese.

For our sauce we use the Livingston Stone tomatoes—the whole solid tomato, ripened on the vine.

This tomato sauce costs us five times what common sauce would cost. But, when you taste Van Camp's with this tomato sauce baked in, you know why we pay the price.

There is no other way to get such baked beans as you get when you buy Van Camp's.

We Multiply the Heat

Van Camp's beans are baked in steam ovens. The heat applied is 2 1-2 times as great as a dry oven applies to the middle beans in a dish.

Because of that heat, Van Camp's beans digest as home-baked beans never do. That's why Van Camp's don't ferment and form gas.

And Van Camp's beans are not crisped like your home-baked beans. They are not broken and mushy, but nut-like and whole. That is the way people like them.

One can't bake such beans without a steam oven—without years of experience—without the rarest skill.

That's why millions of housewives have adopted Van Camp's, and the people they serve are glad of it.

Please think what they gain in convenience—what they save in trouble and time. Then find out how good Van Camp's are.

(34)

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS
Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

A Young Man Respectfully but Intently Studying a Young Woman

IN A BOSTON and Albany parlor car, eastbound through the Berkshires, sat a young man respectfully but intently studying a young woman. Now and then, from the newspapers heaped in mannish confusion about his chair, he selected another sheet. Always he took advantage of this opportunity to face the chair across the aisle and to sweep a glance over the piquant little profile intent on a sober-looking book. Again he would gaze out of the window; and he gazed oftenest when a freight train hid the beauties of outside Nature. The dun sides of freight cars make out of a window a passable mirror. Twice in those dim and confused glimpses he caught just a flicker of her eye across her book, as though she, on her part, were studying him. It was her back hair that had first entangled Doctor Blake's thoughts; it was the graceful nape of her neck that had served to hold them fast. When the hair and the neck below dawned on him, he identified her as that blonde girl whom he had noted at the train gate waving farewell to some receding friend—and noted with approval. As a traveler on many seas and much land, he knew the lonely longing to address the woman in the next seat. He knew also, as all seasoned travelers in America know, that such desire is sometimes gratified, and without any surrender of decency, in the frank and easy West—but seldom east of Chicago. This girl, however, exercised somehow a special pull upon his attention and his imagination. And he found himself playing a game by which he had mitigated many a journey of old. He divided his personality into two parts—man and physician—and tried, by each separate power, to find as much as he could from surface indications about this travel mate of his.

Mr. Walter Huntington Blake perceived, besides, the hair like dripping honey, deep-blue eyes—the blue not of a turquoise, but of a sapphire—and an oval face a little too narrow in the jaw, so that the chin pointed a delicate Gothic arch. He noted a good forehead, which inclined him to the belief that she did something—some subtle addition which he could not formulate confirmed that observation. He saw that her hands were long and tipped with nails no larger than a grain of maize, that when they rested for a moment on her face, in the shifting attitudes of her reading, they fell as gently as flower stalks swaying together in a breeze. He saw that her shoulders had a slight slope, which combined with hands and eyes to express a being all feminine—the kind made for a lodestone to a man who has known the hard spots of the world, like Mr. Walter Huntington Blake.

"A pippin!" pronounced Mr. Blake, the man.

Doctor Blake, the physician, on the other hand, caught a certain languor in her movements, a physical tenuity which, in a patient, he would have considered diagnostic. So transparent was her skin that when her profile dipped forward across a bar of sunshine the light shone through the bridge of her nose—a little observation charming to Blake, the man, but a guide to Blake, the physician. She had the look, Doctor Blake told himself, that old-fashioned country nurses of the herb-doctor school refer to as "called." He knew that in about one case out of three that look does in fact amount to a real "call"—the outward expression of an obscure disease.

"Her heart?" queried Blake, the physician. The transparent, porcelain quality of her skin would indicate that. But he found, as he watched, no nervous twitching, no look as of an incipient sack under her eyes; nor did the transparent quality seem waxy. There was, too, a certain pinkness in the porcelain which showed that her blood ran red and pure.

Then Mr. Blake and Doctor Blake re-fused into one psychology and decided that her appearance of delicacy was subtly psychological. It haunted him with an irritating effect of familiarity—as of a symptom which he ought to recognize. In all ways was it intertwined with the expression of her mouth. She had never smiled enough; therein lay all the trouble. She presented a very pretty problem to his imagination. Here she was, still so very young that little was written on her face, yet the little something unusual, baffling. The mouth, too tightly set, too drooping—that expressed it all. To educate such a one in the ways of innocent frivolity!

When the porter's "first call for luncheon" brought that flutter of satisfaction by which a bored parlor car welcomes even such a trivial diversion as food, Doctor Blake waited a fair interval for her toilet preparations and followed toward the dining car. He smiled a little at himself as he realized that he was craftily scheming to find a seat, if not opposite her, at least within seeing distance. On a long and lonely day journey, he told himself, travelers are like invalids—the smallest incident rolls up into a mountain of adventure. Here he was, playing for sight of an interesting girl, as another traveler timed the train speed by the mile posts or counted the telegraph poles along the way.

So he came out suddenly into the Pullman car ahead—and almost stumbled over the nucleus of his meditations. She was half-kneeling beside a seat, clasping in her arms the figure of a little old woman. He hesitated, stock-still. The blonde girl shifted her position as though to take better hold of her burden and glanced backward with a look of appeal. The doctor came forward on that, and his sight caught the face of the old woman. Her eyes were closed, her head had dropped to one side and lay supine upon the girl's shoulder. It appeared to be a plain case of faint.

"I am a physician," he said simply. "Get the porter, will you?" Without an instant's question or hesitation the girl permitted him to relieve her and turned to the front of the car. Other women and one fussy, noisy man were coming up now. Doctor Blake waved them aside. "We need air most of all—open that window, will you?" The girl was back with the porter. "Is the compartment occupied? Then open it. We must put her on her back." The porter fumbled for his keys. Doctor Blake gathered up the little old woman in his arms and spoke over his shoulder to the girl:

"You will come with us?" She nodded. Somehow he felt that he would have picked her from the whole car to assist in this emergency. She was like one of those born trained nurses who ask no questions, need no special directions and are as reliable as one's instruments.

The old woman was stirring by the time he laid her out on the sofa of the compartment. He wet a towel in the pitcher at the washstand, wrung it out, pressed it on her forehead. It needed no more than that to bring her round.

"Only a faint," said Doctor Blake; "the day's hot and she's not accustomed to train travel, I suppose. Is she—does she belong to your party?"

The girl spoke for the first time in his hearing. Even before he seized the meaning of her speech, he noted with a thrill the manner of it. Such a physique as this should go with the high, silvery tone of a flute; so one always imagines it. This girl spoke in the voice of a violin—soft, deep, deliciously resonant. In his mind flashed a picture for which he was a long time accounting—last winter's ballet of the London Hippodrome. Afterward he found the key to that train of thought. It had been a ballet of light, shimmering colors, until suddenly a troop of women in royal purple had slashed their way down the center of the stage. They brought the same glorified thrill of contrast as this soft but strong contralto voice proceeding from that delicate blondness.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I never saw her before. She was swaying as I came down the aisle and I caught her. She's—she's awake." The old woman had stirred again.

"Get my bag from seat twelve, parlor car," said Doctor Blake to the porter. "Tell them outside that it is a simple fainting spell and we shall need no assistance." Now his charity patient had recovered voice; she was moaning and whimpering. The girl, obeying again Doctor Blake's unspoken thought, took a quick step toward the door. He understood without further word from her.

"All right," he said. "She may want to discuss symptoms. You're on the way to the dining car, aren't you? I'll be along in five minutes and I'll let you know how she is. Tell them outside that it is nothing serious and have the porter stand by—please." That last word of politeness came out on an afterthought—he had been addressing her in the capacity of a trained nurse. He recognized this with confusion and he apologized by a smile which illuminated his rather heavy, dark face. She answered with the ghost of a smile which moved her eyes rather than her mouth, and the door closed.

After five minutes of perfunctory examination and courteous attention to symptoms, he tore himself away from his patient upon the pretext that she needed quiet. He wasted three more golden minutes in assuring his fellow-passengers that it was nothing. He escaped to the dining car, to find that the delay had favored him. Her honey-colored

back hair gleamed from one of the narrow tables to left of the aisle. The unconsidered man opposite her had just laid a bill on the waiter's check and dipped his hands in the fingerbowl. Doctor Blake invented a short colloquy with the conductor and slipped up just as the waiter returned with the change. He bent over the girl.

"I have to report," said he, "that the patient is doing nicely; doctor and nurse are both discharged!" She returned a grave smile and answered conventionally: "I am very glad."

At that precise moment the man across the table, as though recognizing friendship or familiarity between these two, pocketed his change and rose. Feeling that he was doing the thing awkwardly, that he would give a year for a light word to cover up his boldness, Doctor Blake took the seat. He looked slowly up as he settled himself and he could feel the heat of a blush on his temples. He perceived—and for a moment it did not reassure him—that she on her part neither blushed nor bristled. Her skin kept its transparent whiteness and her eyes looked into his with intent gravity. Indeed, he felt through her whole attitude the perfect frankness of good breeding—a frankness which discouraged familiarity while accepting with human simplicity an accidental contact of the highway. She was the better gentleman of the two. His renewed confusion set him to talking fast.

"If it weren't that you failed to come in with any superfluous advice I should say that you had been a nurse—you seem to have the instinct. You take hold, somehow, and make no fuss."

"Why should I," she asked, "with a doctor at hand? I was thinking all the time how you lean on a doctor. I should never have known what to do—how is she? What was the matter?"

"She's resting. It isn't every elderly lady who can get a compartment from the Pullman Company for the price of a seat. She was put on at New York by one set of grandchildren to be taken off at her journey's end by another set. And she's old and her heart's a little sluggish—self-sacrifice goes downward not upward, through the generations, I observe—though I'm a young physician, at that!"

Her next words, simply spoken as they were, threw him again into confusion.

"I don't know your name, I think—mine is Annette Markham."

Doctor Blake drew out a card.

"Dr. W. H. Blake, sometime contract surgeon to the Philippine Army of Occupation," he supplemented, "now looking for a practice in these United States!"

"The Philippines—oh, you've been in the East? When we were in the Orient I used to hear of them ever so dimly—I didn't think we'd all be talking of them so soon ——"

"Oh, you've been in the Orient? Do you know the China coast—and Nikko and ——"

"No, only India."

"I've never been there—and I've heard it's the kernel of the East," he said with his lips. But his mind was puzzling something out and finding a solution. The accent of that deep, resonant voice was neither Eastern nor Western, Yankee nor Southern, nor yet quite British. It was rather cosmopolitan—he had dimly placed her as a Californian. Perhaps this fragment explained it. She must be a daughter of the English official class, reared in America. The theory would explain her complexion and her simple, natural balance between frankness and reserve. He formed that conclusion, but "How do you like America after India?" was all he said.

"How do you like it after the Philippines?" she responded.

"That is a Yankee trick—answering one question with another," he said, still following his line of conjecture; "it was invented by the original Yankee philosopher, a person named Socrates. I like it after anything—I'm an American. I'm one of those rare birds in the Eastern United States, a native of New York City."

"Well, then"—her manner had for the first time the brightness that goes with youth plus the romantic adventure—"I like it not only after anything but before anything—I'm an American, too."

A sense of irritation rose in him. He had let conjecture grow to conclusion in the most reckless fashion. And why should he care so much that he had risked offending a mere passing acquaintance of the road?

"Somehow, I had taken it for granted—your reference to India, I suppose—that you were English."

"Oh, no! Though an English governess made me fond of the English. I'm another of the rare birds. I was hardly out of New York in my life until five years ago, when my aunt took me for a stay of two years in the Orient—in India, at least. I've been very happy to be back."

The current of talk drifted then from the coast of confidences to the open sea of general conversation. He pulled himself up once or twice by the reflection that he was talking too much about himself. Once—and he remembered it with blushes afterward—he went so far as to say: "I didn't really need to be a doctor any more than I needed to go to the Philippines—the family income takes care of that. But a man should do something." Nevertheless, she seemed disposed to encourage him in this course, seemed most to encourage him when he told his stories about the Philippine Army of Occupation.

"Oh, tell me another!" she would cry; and once she said: "If there were a piano here, I venture you'd sing Mandalay," and, "That would I," he answered with a half-sigh; and last, when he was running down, she said: "Oh, please don't stop! It makes me crazy for the Orient!" "And me!" he confessed. Before luncheon was over he had dragged out the two or three best stories in his wanderer's pack, and especially that one which he saved for late firesides and the high moments of anecdotal exchange, about the charge at Caloocon. She drank down these tales of hike and jungle and firing-line like a seminary girl listening to her first grown-up caller. For his part, youth and the need of male youth to spread its bright feathers before the female of its species drove him on to more tales. He contrived his luncheon so that they finished and paid simultaneously—and in the middle of his story about Sergeant Jones, the dynamite and the pack mule. So, when they returned to the parlor car, nothing was more simple, natural and necessary than that he should drop into the vacant chair beside her and continue where he left off. He felt, when he had finished, the polite necessity of leading the talk back to her; besides, he had not finished his study of the unknown girl. He returned, then, to the last thread that she had left hanging.

It Wasn't the Money; It Was the Game

"So you, too, are glad to be at home!" he said. "I'm so glad that I don't want to lose sight either of a skyscraper or of apple trees for years and years. I can't remember when I've ever wanted to stay in one place before."

She laughed—the first full laugh he had heard from her. It was low and deep and bubbling, like water flowing from a long-necked bottle.

"Just a moment ago we were confessing that we were crazy for the Orient."

"I'm glad to be caught in an inconsistency!" he answered. "I've been afraid, though, that this desire to roost in one place was a sign of incipient old age."

She looked at him directly and for a moment her fearless glance played over him, as in alarm.

"Oh, I shouldn't be afraid of that," she said. "I don't know your age, of course, but if it will reassure you any I'd put it at twenty-eight. And that, according to Peter Ibbetson, is quite the nicest age." Her face, with its unyouthful capacity for sudden seriousness, grew grave. Her deep-blue eyes gazed past him out of the window.

"I'm only twenty-four, but I know what it is to think that middle-age is near—to dread it—especially when I half suspect I haven't spent the interest on my youth."

Doctor Blake held his very breath. His instincts warned him that she faltered at one of those instants when confidence lies close to the lips. But she did not give it. Instead, she caught herself up with a perfunctory "I suppose every one feels that way at times."

Although he wanted that confidence he was clever enough not to reach for it at this point. Instead, he took a wide detour and returned slowly, backing and filling, to the point. But every time that he approached a closer intimacy she veered away with an adroitness which was consummate art or consummate innocence. His first impression grew—that she did something. She had mentioned Peter Ibbetson. He spoke of books. She had read much, especially fiction; but she treated books as one who does not write. He talked art. Though she spoke with originality and understanding in response to his second-hand studio chatter, he could see that she neither painted nor associated much with those who did. Besides, her hands had none of the craftswoman's muscle. Of music, she knew as little as he. He invaded business—her ignorance was abysmal. The stage—she could easily count on her fingers the late plays that she had seen.

When the trail had grown almost cold, happened a little incident which put him on the scent again. He had thought suddenly of his patient in the compartment and made a visit, only to find her asleep. Returning he said:

"You behaved like a soldier and a nurse toward her; a girl with such a distinct *flair* for the game must have had longings to take up nursing—or perhaps you never read Sister Dora!"

"I did read Sister Dora," she answered, "and I was crazy about it."

"Most girls are—hence the high death rate in hospitals."

"But I gave that up—and a lot of other desires that all girls have—for something else. I had to." Her sapphirine eyes searched the Berkshire hills again. "Something bigger and nobler—something that meant the entire sacrifice of self."

And here the brakeman called: "Next station is Berkeley Center." Doctor Blake came to the sudden realization that they had reached his destination. She started, too.

"I get off here!" she said.

"And so do I!" He almost laughed it out. "That's a coincidence."

Doctor Blake refrained from calling her attention to the general flutter of the parlor car and the industry of two porters. This being the high-tide time of the summer migration, and Berkeley Center being the popular resort on that line, nearly every one was getting off. However, as he delivered himself over to the porter he nodded:

"The climax of a series!"

As they waited, bags in hand, "I am on my way to substitute for a month at the Hill Sanatorium," he said. "The assistant physician is going on vacation—I suppose the ambulance will be waiting."

"And I am going to the Mountain House; it's a little place and more the house of friends than an inn. If your work permits ——"

He interrupted with a boyish laugh. "Oh, it will!" But he said good-by in the vestibule with a vague idea that she might have trouble explaining him to any very particular friends. He saw her mount an old-fashioned carryall, saw her turn to wave a farewell. The carryall disappeared. He started toward the Hill ambulance, but he was still thinking:

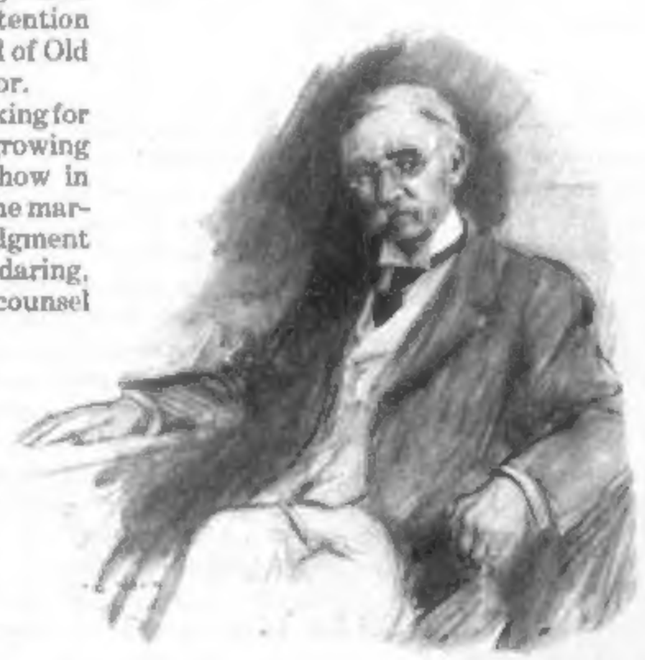
"Now, what is the thing that a girl like that would consider more self-sacrificing than nursing?"

II

ROBERT H. NORCROSS looked up from a sheet of figures and turned his vision upon the serrated spire of Old Trinity Church far below. Since his eyes began to fail he had cultivated the salutary habit of resting them every half-hour or so. The action was merely mechanical; his mind still lingered on the gross earnings of the reorganized L. D. & W. Railroad. It was a sultry afternoon in early fall. The roar of lower New York came up to him muffled by the haze. The traffic seemed to move more slowly than usual, as though that haze clogged its wheels and congealed its oils. The very tugs and barges on the river beyond partook of the season's languor. They crept over the oily waves at a sluggard pace, their smoke streamers dropping wearily toward the water.

The eyes of Robert H. Norcross swept this vista for the allotted two minutes of rest. Presently—and with the very slightest change of expression—they fixed themselves on a point so far below that he needs must lean forward and rest his arms on the window-sill in order to look. He wasted thus a minute; and such a wasting, in the case of Robert H. Norcross, was a considerable matter. The Sunday newspapers—when in doubt—always played the

income of Robert H. Norcross by periods of months, weeks, days, hours and minutes. Every minute of his time, their reliable statisticians computed, was worth a trifle less than forty-seven dollars. Regardless of the waste of time he continued to gaze until the watch on his desk had ticked off five minutes, or two hundred and thirty-five dollars. The thing which had caught and held his attention was a point in the churchyard of Old Trinity near to the south door.



The Change That the Street Had Marked Lay in His Face

The Street had been remarking for a year that Norcross was growing old. The change did not show in his operations. His grip on the market was as firm as ever, his judgment as sure, his imagination as daring, his habit of keeping his own counsel as settled. Within that year he had consummated the series of operations by which the L. D. & W.—final independent road needed by his system—had come in; within that year he had closed the last finger of his grip on a whole principality of our domain. Every laborer in that area would thenceforth do a part of his day's delving, every merchant a part of his day's bargaining, for Robert H. Norcross. Thenceforth—until some other robber baron should wrest it from his hands—Norcross would make laws and unmake legislatures, dictate judgments and overrule appointments, give the high justice while courts and assemblies trifled with the middle and the low. Certainly the history of that year in American finance indicated no flagging in the powers of Robert H. Norcross.

The change that the Street had marked lay in his face—it had taken on the subtle imprint of a first frosty day. He had never looked the power that he was. Short and slight of build, his head was rather small even for his size and his features were insignificant—all except the mouth, whose wide firmness he covered by a drooping mustache, and the eyes, which betrayed always an inner fire. The trained observer of faces noticed this, however: every curve of his facial muscles, every plane of the inner bone structure, was set by Nature definitely and properly in its place to make a powerful and perfectly coördinated whole. In this facial manifestation of mental powers he was like one of those little athletes who, carrying nothing superfluous, show the power, force and endurance which are in them by no masses of overlying muscle, but only by a masterful symmetry.

Now, in a year, the change had come over his face—the jump as abrupt as that by which a young girl grows up—the transition from middle age to old age. It was not so much that his full, iron-gray hair and mustache had bleached and silvered. It was more that the cheeks were falling from middle-age masses to old-age creases, more that the skin was drawing up, most that the inner energy which had vitalized his motions was his no longer.

In the mind, too, though no one perceived that—he, least of all—had come a change. Here and there a cell had disintegrated and collapsed. They were not the cells that vitalized his business sense. They lay deeper down; it was as though their very disuse for thirty years had weakened them. In such a cell his consciousness dwelt while he gazed upon Trinity churchyard, and especially upon that modest shaft of granite three graves from the south entrance. And the watch on his desk clicked off the valuable seconds, and the electric clock on the wall jumped to mark the passing minutes. "Click-click" from the desk—seventy-eight cents. "Click-click"—one dollar and fifty-seven cents. "Clack" from the wall—forty-seven dollars.

Presently, when watch and clock had chronicled four hundred and seventy dollars of wasted time, he leaned back, looked for a moment on the brazen September heavens above, and sighed. He might then have turned back to the table of gross earnings but for his secretary.

"Mr. Bulger outside, sir," said the secretary.

"All right!" responded Mr. Norcross. In him those two words spoke enthusiasm; usually a gesture or a nod was enough to bar or admit a visitor to the royal presence. Hard behind the secretary entered, with a bound and a breeze, Mr. Arthur Bulger. He was a tall man about forty-five if you studied him carefully, no more than thirty-five if you studied him casually. Not only his strong shoulders, his firm set on his feet, his well-conditioned skin showed the ex-athlete who has kept up his athletics into middle age, but also that very breeze and bound of a man whose blood runs quick and orderly through its channels. His face, a little pudgy, took illumination from a pair of lively eyes. He was the jester in the court of King Norcross; one of the half-dozen men whom the sybarite bachelor-lord of railroads admitted to intimacy. A measured intimacy it was, and it never trenched on business. Bulger, like all the rest, owed half of his position to the fact that he never asked by so much as a hint for tips, never seemed curious about the operations of Norcross. There was the time on Wall Street when Norcross, by a lift of his finger, a deflection of his eye, might have put his cousin and only known relative on the right side of the market. He withheld the sign and his cousin lost.

The survivors in Norcross' circle of friends understood this perfectly; it was why they survived. If they got any financial advantage from the friendship it was through the advertising it gave. For example, Bulger, a speculator of less than moderate importance, owed something to the general understanding that he was quite "thick with the Old Man."

Norcross looked up; his mustache lifted a little and his eyes lit.

"Drink?" he said. His allowance was two drinks a day; one just before he left the office, the other before dinner.

"Much obliged," responded Bulger. "But you know where I was last night. If I took a drink now I would emit a pale blue flame."

Norcross laughed a purring laugh and touched a bell. The secretary stood in the door; Norcross indicated by an outturned hand the top of his desk. The secretary had hardly disappeared before the office-boy entered with a tray and glasses. Simultaneously a clerk, entering from another door as though by accident, swept up the balance sheets of the L. D. & W. and bore them away. Bulger's glance followed the papers hungrily for a second, then turned back on Norcross who was carefully mixing a Scotch highball.

As Norcross finished with the siphon his eyes wandered downward again.

"Ever been about much down there?" he asked suddenly. Bulger crossed the room and looked down over his shoulder.

"Where?" he asked. "The Street or ——"

"Trinity churchyard."

"Once I sang my little love lays there in the noon hour," answered Bulger. "I was a gallant clerk and hers the fairest fingers that ever caressed a typewriter ——" The intent attitude of Norcross, the fact that he neither turned nor smiled, checked Bulger. With the instinct of the courtier he perceived that the wind lay in another tack. He racked the unused half of his mind for appropriate sentiments.

"Bully old graveyard," he brought out. "Lots of good people buried there."

"Know any of the graves?"

"Only Alexander Hamilton's. Every one knows that."

"That one—see—that marble shaft—not one of the old ones."

"If you're curious to know," answered Bulger easily, "I'll find out on my way downtown tomorrow. I suppose if you were to go and look, and the reporters were to see you meditating among the tombs, we'd have a scarehead tomorrow and a drop of ten points in the market." Bulger's shift to a slight levity was premeditated; he was taking guard against overplaying his part.

"No, never mind," said Norcross; "it just recalls something." He paused the fraction of a second and his eye grew dull. "Wonder if they're—anywhere—those people down under the tombstones?"

"I suppose we all believe in immortality."

"Seeing and hearing are believing. I believe what I see. Born that way." Norcross was speaking with a slight, agitated jerk in his voice. He rose now and paced the floor, throwing out his feet in quick thrusts. "I'm getting along, Bulger, and I'd like to know." More pacing. Coming to the end of his route he peered shrewdly into the face of the younger man. "Have you read the Psychical Society's report on Mrs. Fife?"

Bulger's mind said: "Good God, no!" His lips said: "Only some newspaper stuff about them. Seemed rather remarkable if true. Something in that stuff, I suppose."

"I've read them," resumed Norcross. "Got the full set. We ought to inform ourselves on such things, Bulger. Especially when we get older. That gravestone, now. There's one like it—that I know about." Norcross, with another jerky motion which seemed to propel him against his will, crossed to his desk and touched a bell.

"Left-hand side of the vault, box marked 'Private 3,'" he said to his secretary. Then he resumed:

"If they could come back they would come, Bulger. Especially those we loved. Not to let us see them, you understand, but to assure us it is all right—that we'll live again. That's what I want—proof; I can't take it on faith." His voice lowered. "Thirty years!" he whispered. "What's thirty years?"

The secretary knocked, entered, set a small steel box on the glass top of the desk. Norcross dismissed him with a gesture, drew out his keys, opened the box. It distilled a faint scent of old roses and old papers. Norcross looked within for a moment, as though turning the scent into memories, before he took out a locket. He opened it, hesitated, and then extended it to Bulger. It inclosed an exquisite miniature—a young woman, blonde, pretty in a blue-eyed, innocent way, but characterless, too—a face upon which life had left nothing, so that even the great painter who made it from a photograph had illuminated it only with technical skill.

"Don't tell me what you think of her," Norcross said quietly. "I prefer to keep my own ideas. It was when I was a young freight clerk. She taught school up there. We were—well, the ring's in the box, too. They took it off her finger when they buried her. That's why"—to put the brake on his sentiment he ventured one of his rare pleasantries—"That's why I'm still a stock newspaper feature as one of the great matches for ambitious society girls."

Bulger, listening, was observing also. Within the front cover of the case were two sets of initials in Old English letters—"R. H. N." and "H. W." His mind, a little confused by its wanderings in strange fields, tried idly to match "H. W." with names. He must be sympathetic.

"Poor ——" he began, but Norcross, by a swift outward gesture of the hand, stopped and saved him.

"Well, I got in after that," Norcross went on, "and I drove 'em! It wasn't the money; it was the game. She'd have had the spending of that. And it isn't just to see her—it's to know if she is still waiting—and if we'll make up for thirty years—out there."

As Bulger handed back the locket the secretary knocked again. Norcross started; something seemed to snap into place; he was again the silent, guarded baron of the railroads. He dropped the locket into the box, closed it. "The automobile," said his secretary. Norcross nodded and indicated the box. The secretary bore it away.

"Come up to dinner Tuesday," said Norcross in his normal tone. But his voice quavered a little for a moment as he added: "You're good at forgetting?"

"Possessor of the best forgettery you ever saw," responded Bulger. Forthwith they turned to speech of the railroad rate bill.

. . . . . .

When, after a mufti dinner at the club, Bulger reached his bachelor apartments, he found a telegram. The envelope

(Continued on Page 35)

"I am a Physician. Get the Porter, Will You?"

KEEPING A CITY CLEAN

By William H. Edwards

STREET COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK CITY

IMAGINE sweeping a street two-thirds of the way from New York to San Francisco every day! It seems preposterous. Yet that's about what the New York street sweepers do. If said street were built around the world our boys could clean it once a fortnight. All the way from the farms up in the Bronx to the beaches of Coney Island the Department cleans the streets daily. It collects the waste of about 850,000 families and innumerable business concerns that border the 2017 miles of the city roadways. With broom and scraper it gathers the refuse from the enormous horse and automobile traffic actually before this has a chance to dry and charge the winds with dust.

Many fearful and wonderful things brought here and cast off by people from all parts of the world fall into the hands of the faithful gatherers of rubbish. Paper, rags, pasteboard boxes, old shoes, bottles, broken guns of curious foreign makes, dilapidated baby carriages, umbrella skeletons—derelicts of the storm—broken tableware, trunks, mousetraps, dressmakers' models that might be mistaken for parrot cages, and even whole kitchen outfits litter the streets of some sections—for it's easier to throw a thing out of the window than to take it downstairs and put it into the waste-barrel. An epitome of these things may be found at the dumps during the process of final disposition. But the Department dare not touch even a dead cat, since the Board of Health takes care of all of that sort of thing.

Every family living along the vast system of our highways cheerfully contributes its quota of waste. And the success attending the efforts of the public to prevent the sweeper's job from degenerating into a sinecure may be judged by the fact that, in 1908, the corps handled, approximately, 340,000 tons of sweepings—the kind gathered up with broom and scraper—2,200,000 tons of ashes; 330,000 tons of garbage; and 155,000 tons of light rubbish. These wastes increase by about three per cent per year. In winter, the removal of snow from about 450 miles of principal thoroughfares means the handling of 163,000 cubic yards for every inch of fall. To do this vast work economically means but one thing—system.

How the Cleaners Work

FOR the use of the Department the boroughs are separated into districts, which are again divided into sections. There are twelve districts and fifty-nine sections to Manhattan; eight districts and forty sections to Brooklyn and two districts and five sections to the Bronx. Each district has a stable—each section an office or station.

At 6:30 in the morning a picturesque army of 6500 white-uniformed men reports at the different stables and section stations for rollcall. A few minutes later they radiate, as it were, from these points to their various routes. The extent of the sweeper's tour depends upon the kind of pavement, character of neighborhood, and condition of traffic in which it lies. The streets are principally paved with macadam, asphalt, wood block, brick, and granite, but small areas are found of nearly every known kind of paving material. Also it is clear that the man who must constantly dodge trolley cars, trucks and automobiles can cover a much smaller area than he of the section where congested traffic does not obtain. But the assignment of the Manhattan sweeper is about 8000 square yards, as against the 14,000 square yards of his Brooklyn compatriot.

Armed with broom, scraper, shovel, and can-carrier, the sweeper goes about his business of gathering up litter and accumulations, which he puts into cans, later to be picked up by the carts. In the winter months he also sweeps the crosswalks and keeps catch-basin inlets open. For this work he receives $2.19 a day.

The job of sweeper is usually regarded as a pretty poor kind of business, but let me assure you the fellow who holds it is one of the city's most useful servitors. The Civil Service law requires him to be a citizen of the country, of respectable standing, and of good condition physically, particularly as to eyesight. Furthermore, he must be faithful, alert, and have a certain amount of common-sense, since he is subjected not only to much risk, but to many petty annoyances as well.

Street Commissioner "Big Bill" Edwards, of New York, at His Desk

The corps of drivers is large and important. These men begin their collections at 6.45 A. M., removing ashes for one or two trips, if the habits of the people served so require, then taking away the household garbage. Rubbish is collected by drivers with special carts, and this work continues throughout the day. All drivers dump their loads at various points, and at the end of the day receive slips bearing a record of their work. These reports are forwarded by the stable foreman next morning to the main office.

The Department has twenty-two stables, with a foreman to each, who looks after the care of the horses, use of forage, the upkeep of the carts, and so forth. The horses cost the Department at the last purchase $325 each, and the contracts provide for a fifteen-days' trial. The horses must weigh not less than 1500 pounds each. It is the policy of the Department that each man have the same animal permanently in order that he may grow to care for it and treat it as if it were his personal property. But the work of the Department imposes a great strain upon the horses, and their average life in the service is seven years. When worn out they are sold at auction and bring, generally speaking, $65 apiece. Forage and supplies—oats, hay, straw, oil meal, coarse, fine and rock salt—are bought under contract by competitive bidding. The bids are received every three months, as it is impossible to make contracts by the year with economical results because of the fluctuations of the various items. The shoeing of the horses is done by contract, the agreement being that the animals be kept in good condition in this respect for $1.45 a month, each.

Some fifteen years ago it was decided that waste could be most economically disposed of when separated into garbage, ashes, light refuse and rubbish. Obviously, garbage, being the most perishable and offensive of the three items of waste, must be disposed of first of all. It has short shrift, once it gets into the hands of the Department. The entire collection from the three boroughs is put aboard vessels and towed to Barren Island, in Jamaica Bay, and reduced. By the process now employed for this reduction the contractor reclaims grease which he sells to soapmakers and a fertilizer base which goes to enrich southern lands.

In Manhattan and the Bronx the other waste materials are carried to thirteen water-front dumps and thrown aboard scows. There are some inland dumps in the Bronx, however, where land fill is made directly from the carts.

The work of disposing of this stuff is done by contract—so much for each scow-load—and averages about seventeen cents a cubic yard. Under the contract, the city is entitled to have from forty per cent to sixty per cent of the material taken from the dumps placed in fill at Riker's Island, without extra expense. The remainder becomes the property of the contractor to do with as he pleases.

The Riker's Island proposition is a good lesson in municipal economics. By it the very ashes are brought to life, as it were—transmuted into income-earning dollars. It was a serious problem, a few years ago, just where to send the ashes and sweepings. But Major Woodbury solved it. There was a small spot up in the East River, opposite 135th Street, known as Riker's Island. It was one of those curious spots supposed to have been inhabited by roystering pirates and the like. The Commissioner saw here a chance for municipal expansion. So he had a bulkhead built in order that the sweep of the fierce East River currents might not snatch his land away as rapidly as he built it, and then proceeded to dump ashes and refuse there.

Under Woodbury's plan the Department has already added to the island sixty-three acres, and is engaged in adding one hundred and seventy-three acres more to the area. This should be finished in about six years.

Millions in Land-Making

AT FIRST Woodbury's plan met with opposition from the inhabitants of the Bronx, on account of the expected stench from the materials; but this was overcome by the use of disinfectants and by the methods employed in filling. The island is estimated to be worth at least $10,000 an acre, and the final value will, therefore, be more than $2,000,000. Beyond all this, the city has authorized the construction on this island of buildings costing $1,500,000, and it is expected eventually that all our penal institutions and hospitals will be taken there from Blackwell's Island, and that the latter will be turned into a public park and playground. Clearly, then, $2,000,000 doesn't cover the profit that New York is to receive from its ashes.

On account of its geographical layout, Brooklyn must be treated differently as to the method of final disposition. Its water-front is nowhere near so great as that of Manhattan, but there are many marsh lands and depressed sections in the outskirts that are built up with the city refuse. A contractor does away with all the material there, gets thirty-four and a half cents a cubic yard for his services, and may sell the stuff or give it away.

The responsibility for all this work rests with the Commissioner—his is the blame or the praise, as the case may be. He is allowed three deputies, a private secretary, a general superintendent under whom are twenty-one district superintendents and one hundred and five foremen with assistant foremen; a superintendent of final disposition with

Removing Snow on Cubic Yard Basis. All Vehicles Have to be Accurately Measured

forty-three dump inspectors and an equal number of assistant inspectors; a force of stablemen, hostlers and mechanics and a corps of clerks. Of all employees of the Street-Cleaning Department, the Commissioner, his three deputies and secretary alone are exempt from the Civil Service law.

The mechanical force consists of three hundred men who carry on repair work of all kinds—dumps, stables, machinery and apparatus of the Department—even to the harness. In the Borough of Manhattan these men make their own scrapers. But the majority of articles used in cleaning the streets are made in Sing Sing prison, and the law of the state ordains that articles made at the penal institutions and used in the Street-Cleaning Department must be purchased from the state, if purchased at all.

The business of the Department is handled by some seventy clerks, who keep the records of contract prices and expenditures, itemized accounts of the collection and disposition of waste material, and attend to payrolls. One clerk investigates and settles all complaints as to the service, another registers all violations of the incumbrance ordinance and collects charges for the same, whether they be for vehicles or other objects left in the streets.

These men of the Department are faithful and efficient, but they do not relieve the Commissioner of one iota of responsibility to the public. If a street is swept clean immediately after a snowstorm people say: "Well, it's his business." If it's unavoidably left dirty for a few hours he's harshly abused.

To do this great work the Department is allowed about $7,500,000 a year, exclusive of the allowance for handling snow, which is an extra item and, being indefinite, is never estimated in the appropriation, but is removed by emergency provisions made to meet each particular case.

So much for the organization and the work; now for a bit of history. The reader will, I trust, bear with me for writing of my own work.

Trimming Scows and Sorting Refuse. The Contractor Pays $1717 Weekly to the City for the Privilege. The City Also Saves Money in Leveling Off Scows

Open-Market Buying Abolished

MY FIRST official act was revolutionary, if not treasonable, viewed from the standpoint of the politician. On entering the Department on January 1, 1909, it was found that my predecessor had requested a grant of $130,000, in addition to the regular appropriation. As my main object was the saving of money for the city, here was a chance for a capital beginning. I considered the matter, found it practicable to do without the money asked for, and went before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and declined it, stating at the time that, if necessary, I would ask for the money later on. No request has yet been made, nor will it be.

My next step in the direction of economy was in the buying of supplies. The open-order business was not only wasteful but also an evasion of the clear intent of the charter, which provided that all orders for supplies for more than a thousand dollars be let by contract under bond. This was all very good, since almost any item of supplies for so vast an organization would amount to more than a thousand dollars. But there was nothing in the charter against splitting orders into one, two, three or five hundred dollar lots, and giving one to John Jones, another to Jim Brown and the like, who could charge a fat price and get the money. In fact, hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent on open-market orders given to dealers who were favorites in the Department. Practically speaking, where ten orders were let by contract, over a thousand orders of two, three or four hundred dollars were put into the open market. Just now there are very few of these open-market orders, and they are so small as to preclude the idea of graft.

Under the contract system recently instituted $110,000 was actually saved during the last year; and I estimate that the enforcement of this method will save the city thirty-three and a third per cent as against prices made in open-market orders.

The contracts for supplies that cause more comment than any other are for forage. These must be let by the quarter since, as I said before, owing to the uncertainty of crop prospects and the like, reliable concerns will not run the risk of being caught "short" of the market. As an instance, one firm contracted to furnish an item at $1.59 per unit and was compelled to pay $2.12 for same in the market, thus losing $7000.

But I reasoned that if there could not be a saving in the purchase of fodder, economy must be effected in the use of it. The condition of the horses was systematically observed, and it was decided that they could do even better work with a trifle less to eat. So the daily supply of oats was reduced from twenty-three to twenty pounds. When one considers that two thousand horses involuntarily contribute to this item of saving, he will appreciate what it amounts to by the week, month or year. And by careful figuring and watching the fluctuations in oats he may also determine the interesting question of how long it will take a horse to purchase his freedom.

The matter that taxes the Department to capacity is the picturesque item of snow. It may be clean, it may be dirty, but it's always picturesque. Like the wind, no man knoweth whence it cometh. But we all know how and whither it goeth. It steals upon us like a thief in the night, sometimes coming down with a rush from skies that were cloudless an hour before. Snow is the most dreaded of our enemies, but it is not invincible. In our battle against it we are not without allies. Often the sun and rain come to our rescue. But we cannot depend upon them. Long before the first flake floats down we are ready for the myriad of its fellows that we know will follow. Every man is on deck.

Naturally and legally, the most busy streets must be cleared first. Above all, the avenues of the city's food supply, the roadways leading to the great ferries and bridges, and the streets connecting the great markets with smaller centers of distribution must be cleared up. Work done on the snow must be rushed, and rush work is rarely economical. But this is the motto I have adopted: "If you can't be economical, be as economical as you can." The snow must be removed

When I took this job the contract for snow removal had already been let for the winter on the basis of snow actually removed under the cubic-yard system. The charter provides that the work be let to the lowest bidders, which compelled me to take men whether or not competent financially and practically. The vehicles were measured by men in the Department who could not be expected, by reason of their work, to be competent to measure and calculate with any degree of accuracy. If one has witnessed a snow-moving crusade in this city, and has noted how many fearfully and wonderfully made and held-together vehicles are pressed into service, he will appreciate the difficulties under which some untrained men labored. Whenever a wagon was loaded, measurements were made and recorded on tickets issued to the drivers. The contractor hired all teams and snow shovelers for his district, and the city held him responsible for removal and paid him according to the tickets presented for snow removed. Clearly, this method offered big chances for graft, but as the snow was dumped overboard and there was no opportunity for remeasurement, the fraud seemed impossible of detection.

The Snow-Ticket Graft

PRESENTLY there came to me a man whom we'll call John Doe. Doe had previously been in the snow-removal business with a fellow we will call Roe. But his former partner had made an alliance with a reputable concern and had arrogantly turned down Doe's demand to be "taken care of." So Doe was out for revenge.

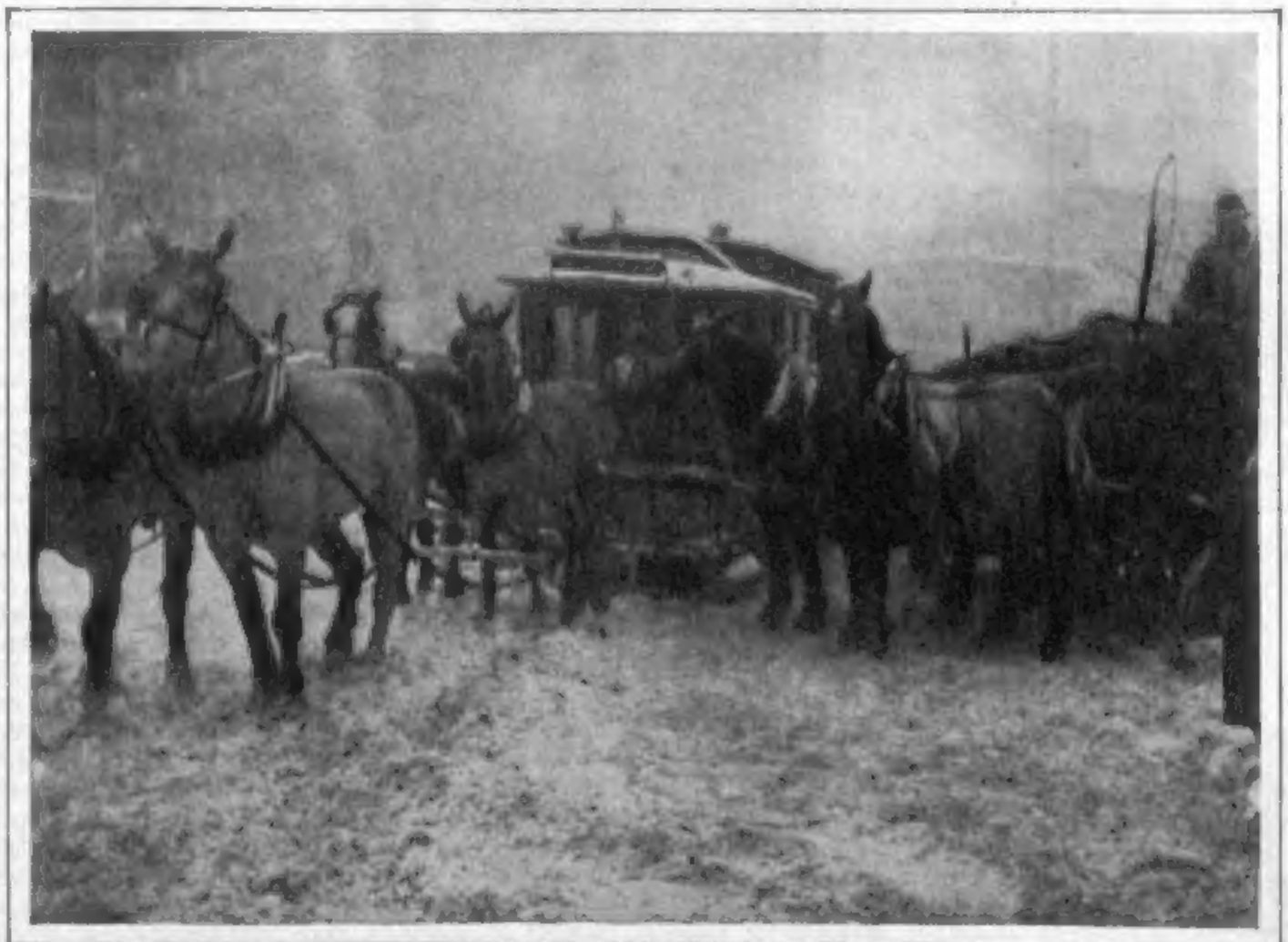
Well, Doe came to my office and offered for six hundred dollars to purchase and deliver fraudulent snow tickets to me. I cashed my first monthly salary check, handed it to him, then called up Mr. Atlee, of the Commissioner of Accounts office, told him about Doe's scheme, and asked him to go with the fellow and push the thing along. Atlee consented, and together they made the purchase of snow tickets and delivered the same to me that night.

Then I took the matter up with the District Attorney. A scheme for detection was devised and I furnished Doe with more money to buy tickets. The next night Doe took Atlee to see his old partner Roe, having previously commended the accountant as an "easy guy who don't know what he's buying—so we'll just trim him." There were plenty of tickets for sale, but the supply of money ran out and they came back to me for more funds.

Upon advice from District Attorney Jerome it was deemed best to make a raid that evening. Doe and Atlee were to go to Roe's office where the last-named was to have another superintendent present. Also a raid was made at one of the Department stables by Deputy Commissioner Hogan, where tickets were being prepared for the next day.

The system involved three men: the loading foreman, who punched the tickets for loads; the dumping foreman, who punched for discharge; and the officer who turned the slips over to the chief grafter. The price for these tickets was fifty dollars for one hundred dollars' worth. It was a better game even than green goods, since it was always

(Continued on Page 55)



One of New York's Archaic Horse-Car Lines. A Blockade on West Street

A BENT TWIG

By MYRA KELLY
ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

ISIDORE BECOMES MONITOR OF SUPPLIES

IN SEASON and out of season Constance Bailey, that earnest young educator, preached of the value of honesty. And fifty little children of Israel who formed the First Reader class, and the one little son of Erin who led it, hearkened to her—always with politeness and sometimes with surprise.

To some of the boys it seemed incredible that a person of mature years and—upon other subjects—common-sense, should cling to a theory which the most simple experiment must prove both mischievous and false. Had not Abraham Wishnewsky, a spineless person, misled by her heresies, but narrowly escaped the Children's Court and the Reformatory?

Strolling through Gouverneur Street, upon a Friday afternoon, when the whole East Side was in a panic of shopping, he had seen a bewigged and beshawled matron shed a purse and pass on her way unheeding. Promptly Abraham set his foot upon it, carefully and casually he picked it up, and then, all inconveniently, he remembered Miss Bailey and her admonitions!—Miss Bailey and her anecdotes of boys who, in circumstances identical with his, had chosen the path of honor and had found it to lead to riches, approbation, glory and self-righteousness.

Abraham opened the purse. It contained fifteen cents. He appropriated the nickel, as a first installment of the reward so soon to be his, and then sped fleetly—as Miss Bailey's heroes had ever done—after the brown-shawled matron and glory. But the matron had evidently not been trained in the school of high honor. She regarded Abraham with suspicion. She examined the purse in the same spirit, and her investigations led to loud outcries upon her part and to swift flight upon Abraham's.

Abraham Wishnewsky was so ill advised as to confide the details of this adventure to a young gentleman who rejoiced in a rabbit face, close-set, lashless eyes, and the name of Isidore Cohen. Isidore was new to Room 18 and new to his place beside the gentle Abraham. Miss Bailey and her applied ethics were startlingly new to him. And he never reported to Abraham any effort to experiment in revolutionary doctrines.

Some of the more credulous among the feminine First Readers also weighed these precepts in the balance and found them wanting.

"You know how Teacher says," Sarah Schodsky remarked to Bertha Binderwitz, as the two friends, arms intertwined, heads close together, walked and talked in the yard at the recess hour. "You know how she says we dasn't never to tell no lies."

Bertha nodded, "That's how she says," she agreed.

"Well," resumed Sarah, "you see how Mamie Untermeyer don't comes no more on the school?"

Bertha had remarked this absence.

"Well, Mamie she lives by her auntie. She is got a awful auntie. Und she asks her auntie for a penny for buy hokey-pokey. Und her auntie makes a mean laugh und says: 'What you think I am, anyway?' Und Mamie she tells it right out what she thinks over her auntie, like Teacher says we shall all times tell what we thinks. She lays on the bed now, mit bandages on the head. It ain't so awful healthy you shall tell truths on aunties."

This report also reached the rabbit ears of Isidore Cohen. And again he wondered that Miss Bailey should waste her time—and his—in folly. And then he made an amazing discovery. Teacher actually believed what she taught. She was ready to meet confidence with trust, and to practice what she preached.

"I never seen nothing like it," he reported to his friend, Hymie Solomon. "She looks like she knew a awful lot, but she don't know nothings 'tall."

"What do you suppose is the matter with her?" demanded Hymie. "Miss Blake she don't act crazy. She don't give us no talk 'out no sense."

Now Hymie and Isidore were old friends and cronies. In the days before a truant officer and their distracted fathers had consigned them to school Hymie and he had trod the ways that might have led them to the Children's Court and the Reformatory; but the Board of Education chanced to be the first power that laid hands upon them, and Hymie, who was a year older than his friend, and who had once undergone some intermittent education, was put in Miss Blake's class, while Isidore, virgin soil where prescribed learning was concerned, joined the First Readers. Miss Bailey's teachings as reported by Isidore formed amazing subject for conversation.

"Und she says," he would report, "that nobody dasn't to steal nothings off of somebody."

"Then how does she think we shall get things?"

The Proof Was Wrapped in a Newspaper. Under the Decayed Mattress Upon Which He Slept

"Somebody shall give them to us, perhaps."

"Who?"

"Teacher ain't said."

"No, I guess she ain't. I'd like to see her gettin' along on just what was give to her."

"Well," Isidore remembered, "she says we shall 'work und strive.'"

"She does, does she? An' git pinched by the Gerry Society? She knows as good as you do that nobody would let you work. An' she knows as good as you do, too, that craps ain't safe 'round here no more; an' that you just can't git nothin' unless you take it. She's actin' crazy, just to fool you."

"No, she ain't," Isidore maintained; "she don't know nothings over them things."

"Say, but you're easy!" sneered Hymie.

This faith in and affection for Miss Bailey were not confined to the little First Readers who inhabited Room 18 from nine until twelve, and again from one until three. These were Miss Bailey's official responsibilities; but Gertie Armusheffsky's education was a private affair, though her devotion was no less wholehearted. Her instruction was carried on sometimes amid the canaries and fern baskets of Room 18, and sometimes at Miss Bailey's home.

Such a Distracted, Tear-Stained, White-Lipped Gertie

For Gertie, though nearly fifteen years old, was allowed but rare and scanty freedom for the pursuit of learning. The grandfather with whom she lived had imported her from Poland to assist him in the conduct of his little shop.

He was a miserly old man. The shop was little and mean. And Gertie's life in it was little and miserly and mean. These things she bore with the wonderful patience, or stoicism, of her race. She bore, too, bad air, long hours and uncongenial toil, but she could not bring any resignation to bear on the lovelessness of her life, the squalor, the ugliness.

Gertie Went With Him Without a Word

"I ain't puttin' up no kick," she would assure Miss Bailey, in her newly-acquired and strictly-modern vernacular, "about doin' all the woick in the store an' in the back room, too. Didn't I know I was comin' over to cook, an' sew, an' see to everything for him? What gits on my noives is his everlasting grouch."

"It must be hard," Miss Bailey acquiesced; "especially as you have no one else, no friends."

Gertie shook her head. "Ain't got a friend in the world only you," said she. "How could I have any one come to see me with him carryin' on like he does. An' I can't get away from him. He paid my way over, an' if I did git a job the Gerry Society would give me back to him."

"But you'll soon be old enough," Miss Bailey encouraged her, "to do as you please; and you're getting on so nicely with your writing that you will be able to get a very good position."

"Not 'til he's dead," the girl answered. "I guess you wouldn't learn me no more if you knew how often I wish he'd choke himself, or fall down cellar, or go out an' git run over. But he don't never go out. He says he's afraid something would happen to the store. But that's a pipe! What bothers him is the cash he's got tucked around in crazy places. Every once in a while I fall into some of it, and then he 'most has a fit explaining how it's change a customer is comin' back for. Last year it wasn't quite so bad. He went to night school one term. You would have died laughing to see him all folded up at a kid's desk, tryin' to write in a copy-book. They learned him to write three words that term, but when he found out that he couldn't read them in print it sort of discouraged him, and he stayed home."

"It's awfully hard for you," Miss Bailey repeated, "but you mustn't let yourself say such things or think such things—about his getting killed, I mean; it's not"—she found herself on the verge of saying Christian, but remembered that Gertie made no pretense to the Christian virtues—"not loving," she ended, and felt that the meaning of the two words was very much the same.

"Well, I don't love him," said Gertie shortly; "I hate him!"

"That's another thing you mustn't say."

"All right, I won't say it. I do it all the time."

"What's the capital of Massachusetts?" demanded Miss Bailey, changing the subject with a jerk.

"It's Grandpa's capital that's bothering me," laughed Gertie; but she allowed herself to be led away from the trials and problems of Goerck Street into the cool groves of learning.

. . . . . .

A few mornings later Miss Blake, whose kingdom, Room 17, bordered upon Miss Bailey's territory, bustled into Room 18 with a fat and elaborate purse in her hand.

"You know that wicked little Hymie Solomon, who seems to be always getting into trouble?" she began, when the First Readers had stiffened to straight attention and sat, each in his little place, like some extraordinary form of tin soldier

Miss Bailey nodded. She had, indeed, for many days been haunted by the fear that Hymie Solomon would perpetrate some too-flagrant breach of discipline and be degraded to the First Reader class, and she, naturally, dreaded the advent of such a devouring wolf among her little lambs.

"Well," said Miss Blake, "he can't be all bad. I guess he has some human feelings. He brought me this bag this morning. Says his mother doesn't need it any more and wants me to have it. It's almost new, you see, and really very handsome. Just let me show you the fittings. I guess his mother wouldn't find much use for powder puffs, and mirrors, and smelling salts. Not if I know anything about the women of the East Side, she wouldn't."

She spread the glittering, useless things upon Miss Bailey's desk, and the force with which this bribe carried away her earlier dislike showed that Hymie Solomon had mastered the art of character reading. And Miss Bailey, as she reviewed the dainty paraphernalia spread before her, found herself wondering how soon Madame Solomon would miss her treasures and come storming in pursuit of them. And beside Miss Bailey's desk sat Isidore Cohen in an agony of doubt and disillusionment. His one childish attribute was that of believing that all he knew must be common knowledge. Therefore, he argued that the powers before him knew as well as he did that Hymie Solomon was motherless, and that Miss Blake would be most unwise to look her gift-purse in the pedigree. And so, as Miss Blake exhibited and Miss Bailey admired, the work of weeks was undone. One teacher was acting as a "fence," and another was cheering and encouraging her. He had doubted this honesty-the-best-policy propaganda from the first. But he had believed in the sincerity of its prophet.

Yet he might have been prepared. Had not his father, wise and experienced in the ways of the world, armed him with the formula "Krista is fakes"? His own adventures had corroborated this, and Miss Bailey, from the very first, had made no attempt to conceal her connection with that despised sect. Of course, she was a fake.

No more than half an hour ago she had thrilled her audience with misinformation and manufactured biography, all going to prove the nobleness—even the expediency—of honesty; and now she was purring delightedly over the fruits of Hymie's sleight-of-hand.

Isidore's was not a sentimental nature. Idealism was not his forte. And yet he could not help wishing that, if only for the confusion of Hymie and his father, Miss Bailey had proved to be on the level.

Mr. Cohen, *père*, believed in nothing but the rights of man, though his opinion of man was so low as to preclude his having any rights at all. He was especially opprobrious toward all those in authority, and he made no exception in the case of his son's teacher. "She belongs to the Machine," he would asseverate with warmth. "Run by the Machine, paid by the Machine, a part of the Machine. Policemen, firemen, teachers, inspectors—they are all the same. All parts of the big Machine. And what is it chewing? Us. What does it live on? Us, again. Don't you try to fool me about that teacher of yours."

Thus spake the senior Cohen.

Isidore had been making no such attempt, and he repudiated the idea with scorn. He was accustomed to vehement paternal outbreaks, for Mr. Cohen was a popular orator in his social club, and he often rehearsed his eloquence in the home circle. Not often, however, did Isidore understand or remember the fervid periods. This attack upon Miss Bailey he did remember, though he did not understand it. To him a Machine was a sewing-machine, and his father, though he evidently meant something, could not have meant to associate her with that most useful member of the family.

"Just like all the rest of them," his father had said. "A grafter." And now that Miss Blake had fallen from honesty, what proof was there that Miss Bailey was not equally approachable?

And, certainly, Miss Blake played the game with the promptness and surety of an old understanding. Influence or income are the counters in the game, and she dealt both cheerily. Three days after the presentation of the purse the post of Monitor of Supplies in Room 17 fell vacant, and Hymie Solomon received it. That was the influence, he was "holding down a job." Two days later he discovered a market for surplus textbooks and other school supplies. Thus was the income assured. No one could doubt Miss Blake was familiar with the rules.

"You'd never believe," said she to her neighbor, in fond and unfounded pride, "what a little responsibility will do for an almost incorrigible boy. You wouldn't know Hymie. He stays behind almost every afternoon when I go home, getting things straightened out."

"They all have their good points," said Constance Bailey. "I am thinking of doing something of the same kind about Isidore Cohen. We must hold their interest, you know."

It was about a week later: Miss Bailey and her monitors were putting Room 18 to rights after the stress and storm of the day. Goldfish, window-boxes, canaries and pencil points were all being ministered to by their respective supervisors, when the door opened and Gertie Armusheffsky appeared—such a distracted, tear-stained, white-lipped Gertie, that Miss Bailey swept her monitors into their weird wrappings and dismissed them with all speed.

"I can't go home," cried Gertie in desperation. "Honest, Miss Bailey, he'd kill me if I did."

And after listening to the girl's story Miss Bailey congratulated herself that she had no other charges old enough to be caught in trouble as difficult.

Old Mr. Armusheffsky had read of a fire in a Brooklyn glove factory—hundreds of pairs of damaged gloves were spoken of. Now, Mr. Armusheffsky kept his store very dark, and only the most fatal damages could be detected in its dim light. Catastrophes such as this of the glove factory were his opportunities. He always—for he never left the store—sent Gertie to negotiate with the bereaved manufacturers, the insurance agents, or whoever chanced to be in authority over the débris. Upon this day there chanced to be no débris; the fire and the firemen had done their work. There was no one even to interview. And Gertie, somewhat apprehensive as to her grandfather's displeasure and disappointment, set out for home. She enlivened her homeward way by a visit to a big department store, where she envied the bepompadoured damsels behind the counters; plunged into the squirming crowd around a bargain table, and secured a jabot of real Mechlin lace for thirteen cents. After this transaction she had in her purse the twelve cents left of her quarter dollar, and the jabot, the check showing its cost and the date, an unused trolley transfer, and the five dollars' deposit which she was to have paid on the purchase of gloves. The purse was of the handbag variety, showy, yet strong. It had been given to her as a reward and an encouragement by Miss Bailey.

"An' when I got off the car at the loop," she ended, "an' changed into the Second Avenue cable, somebody in the crowd swiped me bag. I didn't have even a transfer left an' I had to walk here. I was pushing along in the crowd lookin' at the signs 'Beware of Pickpockets,' an' thinkin' it was good I had no pockets to pick, when it come over me that my bag was gone. Just that easy! Me what ought to have known better! Say, you know it would be just as good as suicide to go an' give that 'pipe' to Grandpa. So I was thinking maybe you'd go round and sort of break the news. He's got a lot of respect for you. An' honest, I ain't kiddin'. He'd kill me for that five dollars." Then with sudden fury she ended: "I'd kill him for five cents."

Miss Bailey had never responded with less alacrity to a cry for help. She had a genuine horror of the fierce, sore-eyed old vulture with whom she had had to struggle so determinedly for the privilege of teaching Gertie. "Of course," she said at last, "he will have to know."

But Miss Bailey was wrong. Mr. Armusheffsky never knew.

Room 18's door opened again to admit two policemen, one plain-clothes man who silently showed his badge to Miss Bailey, and three garrulous and dishevele neighbors of the Armusheffsky ménage.

At sight of Gertie the neighbors grew vociferous, triumphant. The policemen stationed themselves one on either side of Gertie, and the plain-clothes man explained to Miss Bailey that old Armusheffsky had been found murdered in his store, and that every man and woman for blocks around was as ready as these incoherent samples to testify that his granddaughter had often wished him dead, and had sometimes threatened to kill him.

"So I guess," he ended pleasantly, "that the Tombs will be this young lady's address for a spell."

"But I've been in Brooklyn all day," protested Gertie, when at last she found speech.

"Can you prove it? Talked to anybody? Got any witnesses?"

Gertie recapitulated her story.

"Got the goods you bought? Got the check on them?"

Gertie explained the loss of the purse

The plain-clothes man shook his head. "I'm sorry, Miss," said he to Miss Bailey, "but I guess it's a case for the sergeant. Of course if that hand-satchel turns up it will be all right, but the case looks bad to me. She ain't the first what took the quickest way out of things she couldn't stand. I don't blame them myself, but that's the jury's business. Mine is to take the girl along with me. Your thinking so much of her will go a good ways to help her out. The patrol wagon is at the door. We'll just be moseying along."

Gertie went with him without a word. Her escape from her grandfather's vituperations seemed to make her oblivious to everything else. Miss Bailey, however, was comforted by no such blindness. She realized that tragedy, perhaps death, had come to Room 18, and she set about averting them with characteristic energy.

The one frail thread upon which Gertie's life hung led to one or two pawnshops, whence purses, not hers, were reported. Then it snapped, and a whole mountain of circumstantial evidence was piled up in readiness to drop on her defenseless head when the days of the trial should come. Constance Bailey had never been so close to tragedy before, and she bore the juxtaposition very badly. She persisted in, and insisted upon, effort, after the police and the reporters had done their best and worst. But always she was met, though never quite daunted, by the challenge to produce the purse, with the proofs of alibi

Under these conditions it naturally occurred that the little First Readers received but a very divided attention. Affairs of state in Room 18 were left largely to the board of monitors, and more than ever did it seem desirable to

(Concluded on Page 44)

Promptly Abraham Set His Foot Upon It

The Limitations of Reform

By JOSEPH W. FOLK

FORMER GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI

Former Governor Folk

IT WAS, I believe, the talented Henry Watterson who once spoke of Reform as a Star-eyed Goddess. This Goddess, in some parts of the country, is triumphant, while in others she is sorely wounded, but fighting on. There is a battle-line, under her banners, extending from one end of the land to the other. Upon the result of the fight during the next few years hangs the fate of government by the people. In the war against privilege some battles must be lost; with each defeat we should not become discouraged, but fight all the harder. With each victory we should not become apathetic and think all has been won. If the issue between public rights and special privilege could be presented squarely there would be no doubt as to the outcome anywhere, for the majority of the people will do right when they know right. The representatives of privilege are too shrewd, however, to permit a plain issue between public rights and special privilege to go before the people; and they generally adroitly manage to confuse the main issues with other questions so as to bewilder and confuse men of even the best intentions.

Reform is progress and, notwithstanding all opposition, there has been much progress in the last few years. The war being waged against corruption, the primary laws and anti-lobby laws, race-track gambling laws, public-service regulation laws, the child-labor laws, the better-enforced liquor laws, the anti-tariff graft feeling, are all evidence of the struggle for better things. Where will it end? Where should it end? These questions are being asked everywhere. The fight against privilege should never end—it must be kept up constantly. The farmer must not only make one fight against weeds, but the fight must be a continuous one, else they will grow up and choke out his useful grain. So one battle against privilege is not enough, for privilege will control again as soon as the people relax their efforts. The greatest enemy to a government by the people is privilege. Privilege is an opportunity accorded the few but denied the many. It is in two forms: the privilege of lawlessness and the privilege conferred by law. Some privilege is at the bottom of all graft. No man has ever been bribed to give equal rights to all, it is always to obtain some privilege for the few at the expense of the many.

Lawlessness becomes a privilege when it is tolerated and not interfered with. To state it in another way, permission to violate law is privilege. This is true, whether the lawlessness be by corporate interests, or liquor interests, or gambling interests. The only way that the people can rule is through the laws their representatives make. If those laws are not enforced, then the will of the people is thwarted to the extent that their laws are nullified. If a law is a bad law, the remedy is to repeal it, not to disregard it; for if one law is ignored then the violation of other laws must be tolerated. Then comes graft on the part of some one for permitting the privilege of lawlessness. The privilege of lawlessness is never accorded where there is a profit made out of that privilege, without some one in authority exacting some kind of tribute for giving this privilege. Open violation of the liquor laws, or gambling laws, is as certain an indication of official graft as is a boil upon the human face a sure sign of a diseased condition of the human blood.

How Far Should a Law Go?

EACH man cannot be allowed to judge for himself what laws are good and what laws are bad; that would lead to anarchy. Each would regard the law regulating the conduct of the other, and disregard the law affecting his own conduct. No law looks good to the man who wants to break it. There has been too much making of laws in America to please the moral elements, and too little enforcement of laws that displease the immoral elements. This has brought on a general disregard for law. Any man has the right to argue for the repeal of a law upon the statute books, but no man has the right to insist that a law written in the statutes ought not to be enforced. Legislatures have been giving too little attention to laws before their enactment, upon the theory that if they are not found desirable they can simply be ignored. That is not the right way. The advisability of a law is a proper subject of debate before it is enacted, but not after it becomes a law. It is a great deal easier to enact a law than it is to enforce it. The machinery for making laws is perfect, but the machinery for enforcing laws is very defective. There is more need of better enforcement of existing laws than there is of new laws.

Good people too often make the mistake of supposing that good government is merely a matter of law, and are too much inclined to let the law do the work that they should do for themselves. There is no law that can give good government automatically. The most that any law can do is to afford good people an opportunity, through that law, to obtain good government by their own activity. No matter what the laws may be, good government always depends upon the energy of the average individual. No government, whether of city, state or nation, was ever better than the good people made it, or worse than they suffered it to become. Though there should be no limitation as to the enforcement of laws, in the enactment of a law it should be considered whether its enforcement might not cause more harm than the abuses it is aimed at. It should not be forgotten that laws are made not for good people but for bad people. As the Bible gives us to understand: Law is not made for the righteous, but for the wicked. If every one were righteous there would be no need for law at all; so, in enacting laws they should not be as a guide for good people, but as a check on the bad. Laws can never be the standard for human conduct. This standard must be left to the individual conscience. The limitation for the making of laws should be that where the right of one man begins, the right of another man ends. The laws should go no further than to protect each man in his rights; when a law goes further than that in an attempt to make bad people good, it must in the nature of things be futile. We cannot hope to change the hearts of men by law, and only have the right to keep them from infringing on the rights of others.

Every accepted condition was at one time a reform and strongly opposed. We are too apt to accept such reforms as trial by jury, freedom of speech and freedom of religion as matters of course, forgetting the struggle of centuries that brought these things about. It is much easier to lose these blessings than it was to gain them, and sometimes reform may go mad and become fanatical, thus endangering the things it should protect and defend.

The right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience was fought for for years, and finally established in this country. We cannot compel men by law to worship in any particular place, or any particular way, or to worship at all. We may go to church on Sunday and think that others should do likewise, but we cannot compel others to do so, nor can others prohibit us. One who desires to worship in a particular way, not inconsistent with public morals, has a right not to be disturbed by others who do not desire to worship as he does.

The Sunday laws of various states have been the subject of warm controversies during recent years. As to whether a thing should be prohibited on Sunday is, from the standpoint of government, a question of public morals and good government, not of religion. We are devoted to our religious faith that enjoins the observance of the Sabbath, but the law cannot compel such observance on religious grounds. As individuals we can be controlled by the religious aspect, but the law cannot recognize any religion, for the bars would then be down, and the next step would be religion by law, which is the thing our forefathers escaped.

The law cannot know either Baptist or Methodist, Catholic, Protestant or Jew. It cannot fix fast days or feast days. Separation of Church and State must ever be one of the cardinal tenets of free government.

In inspiring religious observances, the mother's training, the Sunday-school and pulpit can accomplish more than all the compulsory laws that could be devised. These things are matters of teaching rather than of law, and cannot be dealt with by law without the risk of uniting Church and State. We have a right to persuade others to our own way of thinking if we can, but not to make them criminals by law on matters about which the consciences of men may differ. In order to make my meaning more clear, let us take as an illustration the national game of America. As now conducted by the major leagues, no one can deny it is healthful, physically and morally. Bull-fighting and prize-fighting are not tolerated at all in the leading states by reason of their debasing influences. Baseball, however, is clearly unobjectionable on weekdays. We may for conscientious reasons not attend such games on Sunday; but, because on religious grounds we do not, is it proper for us to enact a law preventing others from doing so? If there is such a law, of course it should be enforced or repealed; but that is not the question. I am not discussing either the right or wrong of such games under religious ethics. I do not attend them and agree that I should not because I have been taught otherwise, but have I the right to keep others from going who do not think as I do? Assuming that we should not go, it is quite a different matter whether we may justly restrain others.

The Danger-Line of Legislation

IN SMALL places where such games have a tendency to create disorder, and where the worst elements would congregate on Sunday and rowdyism result, they can and should be prohibited, on the ground of good order and good government. In great cities, however, this may not be the case when the games are properly conducted. There are thousands of people in the cities who cannot get into the open any other day, and such places as St. Louis, where liquor is not sold and gambling not permitted, may bring them together in harmless recreation and prevent them from frequenting other places out of which disorder might arise. It is largely a question of locality. Where the conditions described exist, a law prohibiting such games would have to be on religious grounds. There is the danger-line.

Religion cannot be incubated in man-made laws, but only in our hearts. If there were no religious people, all the laws in the world would not create a single one. In other words, religion cannot come from the law to the people, but from the people to the law; not in the form of religion, but in good citizenship. Speaking broadly, the Ten Commandments are the corner-stones of all our laws, and our civilization is founded upon the Christian ideals of brotherhood, equal rights and individual enlightenment. But religious liberty demands that we give others the right we ask for ourselves—freedom from legal restraints in matters of religion. It is the individual at last that the laws rest upon, and upon the integrity and morality of the average individual the future of this government depends.

The laws against Sunday saloons, for another instance, cannot be objected to as mere religious measures. The Sunday saloon has been found by experience to be especially injurious, and an inciter of disorder. Men will congregate in such places on Sunday and, having nothing else to do, will drink more than they ordinarily would, and

become in a fit condition for violence and crime. It is easily susceptible of demonstration that far more evil comes out of the saloon on Sunday than on any other day. The tendency toward injury to public morals being accentuated by, the character of the day, open saloons may, in the interest of peace and good order, be especially prohibited then.

I am writing my views only as such. I do not feel that calm assurance of a judge from whose opinion there is no appeal. These are merely the conclusions of one man, and he may be wrong. We are all influenced by our environments more than we realize. There is safety alone in the multitude of ideas, for out of the conflict of opinions the truth will emerge. So I will proceed.

Theaters are much in the limelight just now, by reason of the efforts to eliminate the immoral plays. An elevating play may serve a lofty purpose, while an immoral play is injurious every day in the week. Too much sentiment cannot be aroused against some of the vile plays that now pollute the stage. Is censorship by law the remedy? At first blush it would seem that this is the thing to do; but, looking further into the subject and testing the proposed law by the rule as to whether the evils arising from such a law would not be greater than the evils it would abate, the judgment must be against it. Who is to say when a play is good or bad? Those that seemed bad to some might not be considered so by others. Political plays might be denounced by those of opposing faith and applauded by those who approve of the sentiments uttered. In practice, censorship of the stage would in time lead to intolerance, exactly as censorship of the press, or any other supervision of free speech, would lead to oppression.

The evils arising from the abuses of the freedom of speech, the stage and the press are bad enough, to be sure, but not so bad as tyranny. The power of censorship may be abused as well as freedom, and when that is abused there is tyranny. An aroused public conscience and an educated public opinion must correct these evils. There is little danger from error when public opinion is enlightened and reason is free

The right of free speech does not mean only the right to say pleasant things, but the right to say things displeasing to the powers that be. Dangerous doctrines usually thrive most under forcible repression. About three years ago a woman anarchist was banished by the police from New York and Chicago because her utterances were not liked. She immediately made capital out of the police opposition of these cities and, posing as a martyr, attracted a great deal more attention than she otherwise would have done. She started for St. Louis, possibly expecting the same reception, and preparations were announced for the police there to handle her in the same way. The Governor of Missouri appoints the police commissioners and is responsible for the conduct of the department. He instructed the commissioners to allow her to speak in St. Louis as often as she pleased, to say whatever she willed so long as she did not incite riot, or, either in person or through others, commit some overt act amounting to violation of law, or an infringement on the rights of others. She was allowed to speak without interference, and she found the experience so tame that, after one or two uneventful meetings, she quietly left for some place where the police, by oppression, would give her more notoriety.

No one should be allowed to teach anarchy, it may be said; but who is to judge what is anarchy? That is an expression that has been used very loosely the last few years. The principles that seem anarchistic to some may be the essence of patriotism to others. So, whatever we may think of the error of doctrines, we have no right to prevent their being taught, for were we to do so we might some time find our own utterances prohibited, and only those approved by the authorities permitted to be expressed.

We have a striking example in our national history of the working of laws against seditious expressions. Such laws were enacted by Congress more than a hundred years ago and continued in existence only a few years, until 1801. They no doubt were intended to correct intemperate utterances. In practice they became engines of oppression, as such laws have always become. For instance, Matthew Lyon was a member of Congress from Vermont, and referred to President Adams' address as The King's Speech, and said that "every consideration of the public welfare was swallowed up in a continual grasp for power, an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." That does not sound so very terrible in these days, yet he was indicted for sedition, tried and found guilty. He went to jail and while there was again elected to Congress by the people, as an indorsement of his sentiments. Thomas Cooper was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for saying some action of President Adams was "without precedent, without law and against mercy," and was an act "which the monarch of Great Britain would have shrunk from." Jared Peck thought it was time to arouse sentiment for the repeal of these laws, and he circulated a petition denouncing the alien and sedition acts, and was promptly indicted and arrested.

These laws were of no value in correcting any real abuses that may have existed, and were put in operation in instances such as the above where their attempted enforcement was manifestly caused by political prejudice. These experiences teach us what may be expected of the censorship of the stage, or press, or public speech.

Take the subject of gambling. The open gambling-house is manifestly a public enemy and should be prohibited by law, and that law enforced. Race-track gambling has been found to be a prolific breeder of crime, and many states, I think, properly forbid it. I believe it will not be long before this form of vice will be a thing of the past, from one end of the country to the other. Stock and grain gambling are also under the ban. That this form of gambling is injurious to public morals, all must admit; that the penitentiaries reap an annual harvest of

(Concluded on Page 46)

THE BOOM IN SPOOKS

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Why Do Dollar Watches With Brass Lids Come Back From Spirit Land?"

HERETOFORE I have treated spooks most disrespectfully, but I am beginning to see that I have done them a great wrong. For years I did not believe in spooks at all, but in the light of recent psychic developments I am forced to believe. Some of the things I now believe about spooks are almost beyond comprehension. Since I have taken to spooking with an attuned and sympathetic mind I have reached a state of belief that would make a horse laugh. If, in the past, I have ever written anything to hurt a spook's feelings, I now apologize. The scientific spook is coming into its own. The mystery enveloping it is clearing away.

For ages the spook has been considered in a merely dilettanteish and amateurish way, and looked upon as an amusement, like the moving picture, or as a mystery, like the age of Ann; but the time has come when it must be considered in a serious scientific spirit by noted scientists with billygoat beards and highly-polished craniums. Let us consider the spook scientifically and seriously. While I have not a billygoat beard, I could grow one if the hair on my chin was not so thin, and while I am not bald, I would be if the hair on the top of my head was not so thick. So, by canceling the means against the extremes, as we scientists say, I average all right. In addition to this I am so credulous that I am almost childish. I feel that I have all the requirements of a first-class spook investigator.

In the first place we may put aside all the old-style haunting spooks. It has been decided that they are rats in the plumbing. No genuine spook spooks without a medium. A medium is a fat lady of doubtful tendencies. A thin lady would do, but she would have to pad considerably, and the pads would be looked upon with suspicion by the cold eye of science. The medium is so called because she is the medium of communication between the spirit world and this crass material world where the price of meat is continually going up and never coming down. The fatter the medium the more complete the connection with the spirit world, it having been discovered that fat is one of the best conductors.

In conducting my experiments I secured one of the most adipose ladies in the spooking business. The séance took place in a room with cement floor and walls. To avoid all chance of trickery, a cabinet was built in this room, lined with black and hung with curtains, and during the entire séance two friends of the medium remained in the cabinet to see that no confederates were hidden in it. To show her utter independence of the cabinet, the medium seated herself on a strong chair with her back to the cabinet, and far enough away so that she could reach in and pinch her friends, should they relax their tireless vigilance at a critical moment. That all might be in plain sight, four strong electric lights were hung just above the medium's head, and these lights were wrapped in eight thicknesses of black velvet, that their glare might not confuse the sight of the investigators. The medium's press agent and her business manager then seized her knees in a strong grip, thus preventing all possibility of fraud, and we were ready to venture into the hidden realm of disembodied souls. It was a thrilling moment. Science was at length meeting spooks on a purely scientific basis. Everything possible had been done to guard against fraud.

The medium's press agent's wife then turned out the electrics, and almost immediately the plain deal table, before which the medium was sitting, flew up in the air, turned upside down, hit my noted *confrère*, Professor Binks, on the top of his head, and fell with a clatter to the floor. By this time the medium was panting painfully, and the lights were turned on. An examination proved that the head of Professor Binks was uninjured, but that a large bowl-shaped dent had been made in the top of the table, exactly the size and shape of Professor Binks' cranium. By this time Professor Binks had recovered from the state of unconsciousness into which he had been thrown by this astounding manifestation, and professed himself satisfied that it was really the deal table that had hit him; but I was still doubtful, and I demanded that this same experiment be tried again.

Upon this Professor Binks retired from the room, saying that he was fully convinced that the medium could do all that was claimed for her, and that he did not care to see any more experiments on that head. He said he was satisfied and that the manifestation had been most striking.

A small tabouret, painted white, was then produced, and the medium called on a spirit to make it dance. It seems that this spirit is the spook of an ancient Roman, named Fido —or Faithful—and is one of the medium's most faithful controls. At the words "Dance, Fido," the tabouret began a weird cakewalk around the room, and after three revolutions it jumped upon the medium's lap. It was a marvelous manifestation. At the words "Down, Fido!" the tabouret jumped to the floor again and waltzed around the room twice, and then a most extraordinary example of spirit manifestation occurred. Without the slightest warning the tabouret rushed up to Professor Goozle and bit him on the leg. In the tenseness of his surprise, Professor Goozle put out his foot suddenly, bringing it in sharp contact with the underneathness of the tabouret. Upon this the tabouret yelped loudly and bit the Professor again, and then ran into a corner and whined.

Before it was possible to turn on the lights the translator—for the medium was a Calabrian peasant lady and spoke no English—remarked that a most remarkable example of materialization would be given immediately, and that the medium would materialize the spirit of an ancient Piute dog of the Silurian epoch. Instantly the lights were turned on, and we all stood transfixed with wonder, for not only was the dog in plain sight, but he was tied in an almost inextricable manner underneath the tabouret. This was evidently the work of real spirit hands, for no dog could tie itself to a tabouret. The medium then asked, through the translator, if any one would like to speak to the Silurian Piute pup, and Professor Goozle availed himself of the opportunity. He advanced to the dog and asked: "So you are the gosh-dinged pup that bit me, are you?" It was evident that the question was not asked in a sympathetic manner, and the dog refused to answer, but put its tail between its legs and entered the cabinet hastily. Professor Goozle then said he would withdraw from the séance, as he felt that a man of his standing who had been bitten by a Piurian Silute tabouret needed no further proofs.

Up to this time, although we had seen no evidence of the slightest duplicity, the séance had yielded only such results as ordinary mediums produce, but her manager now said she would pass into a trance state, and that in this condition the spirits would speak by her mouth, and in English, a language of which the medium had not the slightest knowledge. As a preliminary proof he put the question to her frankly: "Can you speak English?" and she replied: "No, sir, not a word of it." Then he asked: "Can you understand what I am saying?" and she answered: "No, I cannot." This was taken down by our stenographer, and I have transcribed it exactly as it was spoken. We accepted this unquestionable proof that the medium knew no English, and she went into a trance state at once. The manager then said that he would now ask her certain questions, and that she would answer in English. As this was a very vital test the questions and answers were taken down by the stenographer, exactly as given here:

MANAGER: What spirit from the realms of the disembodied wishes to communicate with us?

MEDIUM: Billy d'Shake. I write-a de book. I mak-a de play. I Billy d'Shake-a d'spear.

MANAGER: Ah! William Shakspere! Good! With whom do you wish to communicate?

MEDIUM: I talk-a to da profess. I talk-a to da Profess Blapp. I gotta da bone-a to pick.

At this Professor Blapp, who is our renowned Shakspercan scholar and a foremost believer in the theory that Bacon wrote Shakspere's plays, and who was chosen as one of the investigators because of his good sense on that account, arose and smiled.

"Am I the man?" he asked

MEDIUM: Sur-a! You-a da pie-face profess. You-a mak-a me sick.

MANAGER: And why does he cause you an illness?

MEDIUM: You give-a me da pain. You ——

At this point, as it seemed that we were about upon the moment of a great revelation from the spirit world, the manager begged us to notice that he and the press agent were holding the medium's knees firmly, and that her knees could not possibly take part in the revelation. At the request of the scientists I examined her knees and found that they were indeed safely held. The séance then proceeded.

PROFESSOR: And why do I give you a pain?

MEDIUM: You gotta da face like-a da monk.

Here the séance was interrupted by loud exclamations of pleasure. We were all thunderstruck. Not only were the medium's knees firmly held, but her eyes were closed, and yet the voice, speaking English, had accurately described the appearance of Professor Blapp's physiognomy We all congratulated Professor Blapp upon having his characteristic feature so distinctly described by the spirit of the immortal Shakspere, and Professor Blapp remarked that, so far as he was concerned, he had had all the proof he needed, and that he would withdraw.

There Was No Trickery! My Watch Was, Indeed, Gone! I Believed!

There now remained but one test to finish the evening triumphantly for the medium and her press agent—the materialization of a human spirit. As I was the only one of the scientific investigators remaining, every care was taken to render the test free from the slightest opportunity for collusion or fraud. The electric lights were turned out, and I was handed a microscope, a stethoscope and a telescope. The manager then said that as this test would intimately concern me, and as, unless great precautions were taken, my word might be doubted by those who were well acquainted with my past record, he would proceed to bind my hands behind my back. He then did so, and placed the three instruments I have mentioned in my hands. I was then tied to a heavy chair and ropes wound around my ankles, drawing my feet under the chair, and the ropes fastened to the chandelier. In this position it was easily seen that I could not be accused of taking anything but a passive part in what was to follow.

All was intense interest by this time. The press agent and the manager grasped the medium by the knees. The medium's two friends poked their heads out of the cabinet and said: "Are you ready?" "Yes," said the medium, in a faint voice. The two heads immediately withdrew into the cabinet, but one of them was stuck out again an instant later. "Shall we soak the old guy on the head?" it asked. The medium seemed to consider for a moment and then she answered, in a dull whisper: "No, his head is too soft. You might squash it in. If he gets gay biff him one in the jaw." She then reclined and tranced off, and the lights were turned out.

There was a moment's silence, and then a muffled voice in the cabinet said in a low but vexed tone: "Say, I can't find my nightie," and another voice said: "Well, I ain't got it, have I?" And the other replied: "Well, I can't be nobody's grandfather without a white nightie, can I?" And the other replied: "Oh, shucks! You don't need none for that goop out there."

At this the manager temporarily released his hold on the knees of the medium and stuck his head into the cabinet. "Look here!" he said in a tense voice, "if you spooks don't shut up and get busy, you get fired tomorrow, see? Now, get a move on!"

I was thoroughly in harmony with the manager in this, for I felt that some great manifestation of spirit power was about to be shown. My pulse was attuned to the mysterious. Almost immediately the manager went back to the knees, and the black curtain swelled out from the cabinet as if a wind was blowing it. I heard a weird sound like a pair of squeaky blacksmith's bellows, but it was probably the tense emotion of the medium. In the blackness before the cabinet I then saw what appeared to be a dull-white shape floating in the air toward me, at a height of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch above the floor. There was positively no room for deception. Even the manager, cold business man as he was, was moved by the sight, and I heard him utter a low exclamation to the ghost, and the first words the ghost spoke were to him, and full of mystery. As nearly as I could make them out they were: "Well, I know I look like the dickens in a shirt and drawers, but I told you I couldn't find my nightie, didn't I?" The medium then uttered three words in what I presume to be her native Calabrian tongue. They sounded like "Oshuttup an' gowan!"

At this the ghost moved toward me and pressed a cold, clammy hand upon my brow. I shivered.

"Who and what are you, O mysterious shape?" I asked.

In dull, sepulchral tones came the answer:

"I am your late ancestral grandfather on your father's side, Peter Oshkosh Diggles. Don't you recognize me? I recognize you, Philander Diggles."

"Grandfather!" I exclaimed.

"Grandson," said the spirit, "clasp me by the hand!"

"Grandfather," I said with emotion, "I can't! My hands are tied. I can't get them loose."

"Well, now, you want to be sure of that, if you want me to go ahead. You want to be mighty sure! Try them."

I made a mighty effort. I could not get them loose.

"I—I—I——" stammered the ghost of Grandfather Diggles, and then it seemed to look back toward the past.

"In that realm——" said the medium softly.

"That's it!" said the ghost of grandfather. "In that realm from whence I come, time has merged into eternity. There is no time. Minutes, hours, days—they mean nothing to us. I know no time. I—know —no—time. I——"

"This very evening——" said the medium gently.

"This very evening," said the ghost of my grandfather, "I was called to earth again to meet you, and the time was set. The time was set and the hour was spoken. Eleven-thirty was the time and eleven-thirty was the hour. But I was late—late—late——"

The voice wailed

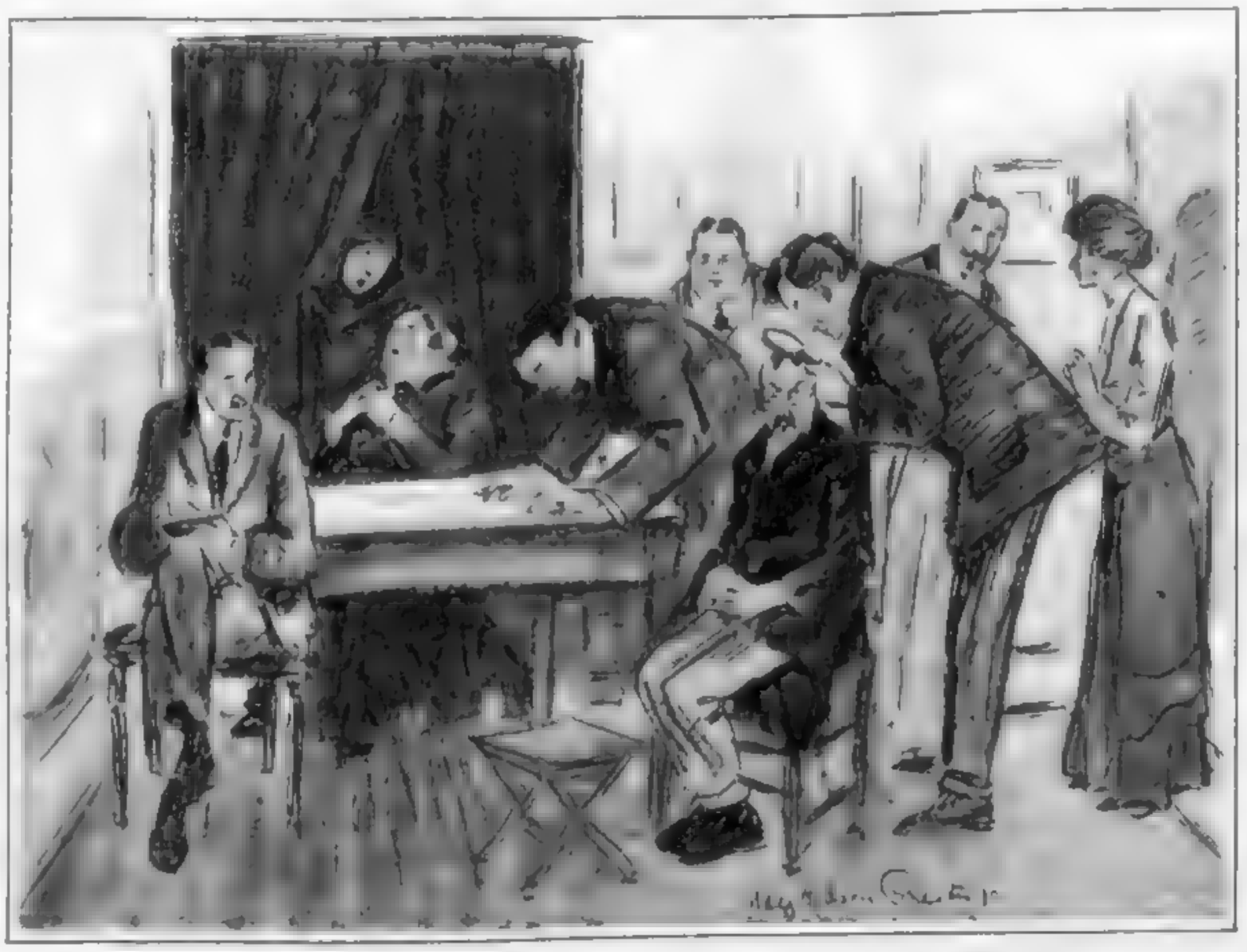
"I was late——" said the medium softly.

My late grandfather seemed annoyed. He turned his head toward the medium.

"Don't you butt in," said my grandfather's ghost. "I know them lines all right. You let me alone!" Then he turned to me. "I was late—late—late—because in that realm there is no time nor telling of time. But I knew, O grandson! that you——"

Here grandfather hit me a strong blow on the

(Concluded on Page 45)



Professor Binks Professed Himself Satisfied That It Was Really the Deal Table That Had Hit Him

GRANT—THE DEATH WATCH

How the Press Reports the Death of a Great Man

"Fifty Million People Practically are Now Sitting Here on the Park Wall"

By FRANK W. MACK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

ON A MARCH evening, in 1885, the Local Bureau of the Associated Press in New York heard a rumor that General Grant was ill. To me, one of the night staff of reporters, the city editor said: "You'll go up and learn what's the matter with the old man!"

And that night when our report went out to the papers they and the public first learned that the old soldier, grief-stricken because of the wretched business failure of Grant & Ward, was now a victim of that malady which ultimately caused his death. Immediately scores of reporters were assigned by the papers to the "death watch"; and I, in behalf of the Associated Press, was detached from all other duty, and quit the case only when the General's remains were placed in the small, temporary tomb at Riverside Park, that August afternoon in 1885. It is difficult to realize now that so much space was devoted daily to one sick man; but so it was. The case almost immediately outgrew and overtopped the staff of medical men, renowned as they were. I recall amusedly the high resentment of Doctor Douglas—the throat specialist who was called to the case—when at the outset reporters crowded into the good doctor's offices and asked him to describe specifically the condition of his patient, and besieged him with a cloud of other questions quite outrageous, if not horrible, when measured against the code of medical ethics to which Doctor Douglas was then a devotee. He grew broader later on.

"Why, Doctor," smiled Terry, of the Tribune, with maddening tolerance of the old physician's ire—"Why, Doctor, General Grant is not your private patient. He is the Nation's patient and the Nation is going to know all about the case." And, as though it were not enough for Terry to drive the good man to speechless wrath, Tyler, of the Sun, remarked that the physicians were but attendants to a man bigger than all the doctors combined, and suggested an order from the family compelling the medical men to tell all they knew. Whereat the dear old doctor became well-nigh apoplectic.

And there was Doctor Sands, the surgeon first called to the case! At the outset he drove to the Grant residence quickly, flung wide his carriage door, and then made a running leap from the cushions to the doorknob. Thus he escaped the reporters who were constantly about.

The Man in the Saddle

HOW different Doctor Shrady, another surgeon and the editor of the Medical Record. Sometimes he drove to the Grant house, but oftener he walked, neither hunting nor avoiding the newspaper men. Within a block of the house, or directly in front of it, he might be halted by a group of correspondents.

"That isn't a fair question, because it is simply in the line of gossip and without importance." Thus he might reply to some questioning fellow, genially always. But some man of the group—some hard student of Grant's disease—might ask a question like this:

"Assuming, Doctor, that epithelioma is a progressive disease, how long may it be, at its present status, before it can reach a capital vein or artery?" Such an inquiry always brought Shrady to an attitude of candid attention and honest speech. His blue eye would twinkle, his broad-tipped fingers would twist the iron-gray goatee. Or, replying to some rational question, he might say:

"No, boys, no; I can't talk about that for publication, and you must write nothing about it—not now; but, so that you may watch the case intelligently, here's the present situation for your guidance."

As Tyler had said, General Grant soon became bigger than all his doctors; public interest grew so great as to reduce the medical code to insignificance, and reporters and doctors—each having favorites—moved along beside the case with outward harmony. The important factor, next to the General's condition, was the news as to what his ailment was, and this the newsmen daily secured quite freely. The public did not, however, at all times learn instantly of the changing conditions in that upper room where the old warrior was battling the only foe that ever vanquished him.

For example: It was several days after the evening when Shrady's finger explored the General's throat, with infinite agony to the latter, that I published the fact that the doctor's broad-tipped finger had found the villainous, crater-like seat of the vampire that was sapping the patient's life. Pause was had for the confirmation by other tests of the facts indicated by the exploration.

Here was one of those many instances in which that great organization, the Associated Press, held within itself for days important information which an individual paper in those days of keen anxiety would have exploited with big headings and vauntings of exclusive news. Men of the Associated Press may not use rockets of speculation; they must set up the steady lamps of fact along the pathway of any great case on which they work.

Some history is better suppressed until long after the events. This is an instance in point. It all happened many years ago, but enough people have not yet passed away and time has not yet reached the open tableland upon which the last phase and detail of the Grant case can be written.

This much may, however, be written now and here: There was a period following the inception of General Grant's illness during which the different members of the medical staff, each standing high in view before the world in general and his own profession in particular, hesitated to stake their reputations upon a personal declaration as to what was the exact nature and name of Grant's disease. The tidings carried to Shrady's brain through the sensory nerves of his broad-tipped finger as it explored the ex-President's throat that day—the tidings were such that the keen eyes of the surgeon narrowed, his alert face hardened, and the white goatee pushed closely up beneath the iron-gray mustache.

We came to refer to Shrady—we newspaper men—as The Man in the Saddle. He had the dash of a dragoon, the surgeon's steel nerve, the calm of a philosopher, the skill of high experience, the caution of a business man. Grant admired and enjoyed Shrady; and the newsmen, though they learned some of his limitations, stood by him as by a comrade. So that night, after the exploration of Grant's throat, Shrady described to me what his broad-tipped finger had felt in the General's throat. He knew that I had been closely studying books along the lines of Grant's supposed malady. Thus he barely described, observe the word, the feel of the surfaces he had touched that day in Grant's throat. He voiced no deductions, and I glanced up to find his keen eyes narrowly scanning my face, while his flat-tipped fingers twisted the gray goatee. He saw a great question in my face. Said I:

"Are you ready to declare what those conditions indicate?"

"No, Mack, no; and you cannot, of course, write a syllable of this at present. I advise you as I do, so that you may keep intelligently abreast the case."

And so the Associated Press held the matter within itself, preserving confidence by respecting it. Days later the staff of medical men came together upon a declaration of a cancerous condition, and stood there through no little buffeting to the end.

Later on, when word went out that the old soldier, despite his plight, was writing his Memoirs, a new admiration was aroused; and when word went forth that the unfortunate and penniless Grant had entered upon this last struggle with his pen against death, in order to earn dollars for his widow and family—when this word went forth a pitying, prayerful sob quivered around the earth. Henceforth cavalier bulletins and bony facts were not enough.

The Sympathy of a Continent

THE world took eagerly every scrap of small detail, direct or collateral. Premiers and potentates cabled almost daily to ask for tidings and to offer sympathy. The war veterans of the United States voluntarily enrolled themselves as a body of book canvassers, to sell the Memoirs their old Chief was trying to finish before he died. And the people wrote down their names on the subscription lists by hundreds of thousands. They knew where this money would go, one heart it would cheer. And, besides, there was a curious, though tender, interest in what was being wrought by the anxious brain and the stricken body. So Grant worked and suffered—suffered with the infinite patience that women do. There have been a few men who could—Grant was one. No man had ever been more loyal to his friends, nor by his friends more bitterly betrayed! Millions were now willing to help the stricken man, and all as impotent as they were anxious. And there was the exquisite pitifulness of it all to those of us who stood close by. In all the world there was no help.

Daily, then, the tidings from that upper room by Central Park held first place in the newspapers; and you may better understand now why a great daily devoted pages to the case, why the newsmen at work upon it were

"Why, Ain't Yous in This Job?"

keyed up to most strenuous rivalry. Each writer knew Grant must succumb to his foe—when would it be? How could each be first to give the important fact to the public through his newspaper or through his Press Association? For each man it was one of those opportunities that come only once in a lifetime, and to but a few men, and each had made oath within himself that his death bulletin should be the first to carry the news.

Thus it was that all about the vicinity of the Grant home devices were secretly set up and schemes were privately laid for the swift transmission of that ultimate bulletin.

On the roof of a brownstone house in the same block as the Grant home a bundle of skyrockets lay for weeks wrapped in oilskins. At dark, daily, a man took his place beside this bundle and remained until daylight. He was ever alert for a signal from the street. On the roofs of two other buildings between Sixty-sixth Street and the newspaper offices downtown were other bundles of skyrockets wrapped in oilskins and having nightly a watcher beside each. And down in Printing House Square, four miles away, at dusk each evening a watcher took his place in a window of the newspaper in whose behalf these preparations were laid.

And through the night this sentinel watched northward over the city in the direction where the skyrockets were waiting. And so it was assumed that had General Grant died in the night a slash of red fire in the black sky above his remains would have been caught up and repeated southward until thus the news of Grant's death should reach the watcher in Printing House Square. A very good scheme, indeed, and one that might have succeeded unless there had been other and better schemes in readiness in the neighborhood. Yes, there was one fact against its success—the fact that men of a rival paper, within three days after the rocket bundle was secretly placed on the Sixty-sixth Street roof, had drawn the fuses and poured half a pint of water into each rocket. Hence I say "it was assumed" that red fire would slash the black sky above the General's remains.

Preparations to Relay the News

A DIGNIFIED man, high in New York's professional life, lived a few doors along from the Grants on Sixty-sixth Street. He had a telephone in his house, and one day I went down to his offices to talk with him about it. He recognized me as one of the death watch.

"I think, sir, that you have a telephone in your house," I began. His half-smile of courteous greeting ran quickly into a look of curious interest.

"You do think so? And what of it?" the professional man asked

"This, sir: It has occurred to me that in the event of General Grant's death you might permit us to send the bulletin through your telephone down to Broadway and Dey Street, whence our wires ramify the country."

"It is rather unusual," he remarked, while he drummed a pencil against his teeth, "but I am not sure it is unreasonable. Indeed, I think I will grant your request for any reasonable hour in the daytime."

I stirred quickly. He was drawing a limit—Grant might die at night, probably would.

"You're very kind, sir; but what of the nighttime? We are most anxious about facilities at night."

"Why, at night it certainly is impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Just a moment—let me ask: You have a butler in your family, have you not? And the butler sleeps in the front room on the top floor, does he not?"

"Yes," he ejaculated without knowing it in his surprise. "Yes, he does. You have discovered my butler and have trailed him to his bedroom—now, why this curiosity about my domestic affairs?"

"As he retires each night," said I, "we should like to have your butler fasten one end of a light cord about his ankle and drop the other end out the window where it will do the most good. You see ——"

"Yes, I see!" he broke in, then straightened, gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. He was not angry—more amazed, still somewhat amused. He gave a queer tilt to one shaggy eyebrow.

"Seriously?" he ejaculated "Are you in earnest in this suggestion?"

"Dead earnest, sir! We are compelled to secure the utmost resources and facilities—I trust you will not object." He got up on his feet suddenly, shoved his hands deep in his pockets, was about to move off, but halted, glancing keenly down at his caller.

"Is my butler willing to do this jackanapes thing?" he asked.

"I trust that he might be induced to help us," I answered. He humphed, turned and strode the border of a great rug After a bit he spoke again, in the tone of a man making oral protest against a foregone decision.

"Well!" he broke forth, "I shouldn't care to have it go down in the records of my family that we had gone to bed at night leaving any such line of communication with the outer world, but as my time is now limited I think I had better turn my back upon this entire matter and take what comes."

In leaving I made him feel our appreciation; and that night the butler fastened a light fishing-line about one ankle and then dropped it out the window. A man was on the steps below. He fastened the line to the stone railing, and so, had Grant died in the night, the Associated Press would have been able to pull the butler's ankle and so gain access to the house, to the telephone and the outer world.

This, however, was only palliative, a slender makeshift. We needed sure, constant, direct communication between the offices downtown and the Grant neighborhood.

A banker lived in the house next adjoining General Grant's. We had seen each other daily for weeks and, finally, almost reached a nodding acquaintance as he went to business and returned. One day I went downtown to see him.

"We have observed," I began, "that behind the iron grille door from the area to your basement, and beneath your front steps, there is room to place a small stand and two chairs."

You should have seen his face! Blank surprise drew his brows together, cigar ashes dropped unnoticed and crumbled down his sleek waistcoat, his chin sagged gently. He said nothing.

"And," I continued, "the Associated Press would like to run a wire and have an instrument and an operator there in your basement vestibule—we should esteem it a high favor." His brows relaxed, a large amusement came into his face, he leaned back, brushed away the crumbled cigar ashes.

"And what would you have to do—rip my house all to pieces?"

"No, sir, not a rip. We should run a line over the roofs, drop it down at the rear of the house, trail it through your basement hall and to the stand upon which we'd place a telegraphic instrument. Then we'd have two chairs, one for the operator and another for our reporter, and so there we are."

"No, no—you're not there yet," he laughed. "If anybody had told me an hour ago that I'd have an Associated Press office under my front steps I'd have snorted in derision; but, do you know, I believe I'm going to do it."

And he did.

Five hours later the silent thread of wire from the little stand ran out through the basement hall and over the roofs, carrying the news of Grant by relays throughout the country. Thus, located where no person could enter or leave the Grant residence without observation and where quick lights of alarm at night could not escape us, we practically sat upon the knee of the case and were content.

But General Grant did not die in New York, and a lot of shrewd schemes became property junk in the greenroom of journalism. I have turned over a few to public gaze because the layman likes to find out things he is presumed not to know, and these are some of them. Suddenly, just before daylight on April first, the low-burning light in the sick-room flashed up brightly. It was unusual. The night detail of the death watch, out in the street, became alert. The newspaper men knew that the patient at that hour usually slept best. Soon persons were moving hurriedly about the sick-room. We saw their shadows on the drawn shades.

There was a quick flash on the third floor and then a blaze of steady light through the windows.

Then we heard the area door clang shut, and simultaneously we saw the figure of a man dart forth and run swiftly down the street. In a flash one of the death watch was after him at full run.

"I'll cover him," he ejaculated as he leaped away. We were bound to know the errand of the flying man and who he was.

"Looked like Henry, the nurse," some fellow whispered.

"They wouldn't send the nurse anywhere if the old man were bad," mumbled another.

"They might," offered a third. "You know Douglas is in the house tonight—say, listen! What ho, the cab wheel!"

Doctor Newman's Daylight Visit

A COUPÉ had turned into the street from Madison Avenue, and with ghastly clangor drove swiftly to the Grant residence. The death watch moved across the street and stood about the cab door to note who should alight. But it was empty. Speculation was cut short. Harrison, the General's colored valet, hurried out as the wheels stopped. At the carriage door he spoke hastily to the driver:

"Down Fif' Avnoo, an' drive fas', too—Ah'll give you the place on de way."

So! We were not to know whither nor what the errand, eh? The driver had gathered the reins and was reaching for the whip, the wheels were moving.

"Fellows, I'll take this," I said, running a step by the wheel and leaping to the footboard beside the driver, who made no protest. No sign came from the man within. The former turned as we clattered down the avenue.

"Where's the coon goin'?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied. He half turned in his seat, and in the light of a street lamp I saw a puzzled look on his face.

"Why, ain't yous in this job?" he exclaimed in wonder.

"Yes, but I don't know where we're going and I want to find out—that's why I came along. I'm one of the reporters." The driver's face relaxed.

"Well, I'm dommed!" said he. "I'll ask the coon."

And Harrison, leaning from the window, gave an address opposite the Park on Fifty-ninth Street. He ran up the steps and was speedily admitted after ringing a bell. It seemed to be an apartment house. I entered the vestibule to learn. It was one, and on a brass plate the name of the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, Grant's pastor while President and later Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Church. So it was as bad as that—they had sent at that hour in haste for the minister! All the men on the death watch knew Doctor Newman, for he was almost constantly at the Grant house—I had not before known where he lived.

"Ah, Mack, you, too, came along, I see—get in, get right in," said the doctor in a breath, as he hastened down the steps and across the walk. I entered, he followed, the door slammed, and Harrison this time leaped from the curb to a place beside the driver.

"I fear the end is very near, very near indeed," quoth the doctor.

"What are the details?"

"I have none; Harrison was dispatched only with a hurried word to call for me—they had telephoned for the carriage."

It was needless for my colleagues to question me as Doctor Newman leaped out and hurried into the house. The minister had been sent for. The fact told its own story, did it not?

A carriage whirled into the street so fast that in the slow dawn we could see its hind wheels go skidding at a tangent. Doctor Shrady leaped to the curb before the carriage stopped.

"Is he dying, Doctor?" we asked.

Each Extended His Arms in a Passionate Reach Toward Him

"Must be rather serious, I take it · I got no details." He sprang up the steps, and we heard from his ulster pocket the click and the clink of steels.

"The doctor is loaded," mused some fellow aloud

Hours later, when the day was on its journey and the city well aroused, the doctors issued a bulletin which affirmed that General Grant had suffered a season of depression and grave weakness, which had, however, yielded to treatment, and that the patient was then resting comfortably.

How little the bulletin told; and how little the death watch suspected the scene that was being enacted there in the sick-room behind the drawn shades. It was a long time afterward when I learned what had happened, and I do not think the story has ever been fully told.

When Shrady entered the sick-room the Rev. Dr. Newman was in the act of baptizing General Grant, who was scarcely conscious. The entire family were grouped about the bed. Doctor Douglas stood somewhat aside, showing evidences of deep feeling. His skill stood at bay. The signals of dissolution were heard in every labored breath of the soldier who, with gray face and drooping chin, was approaching his first defeat.

Doctor Douglas had been called in to the case a few days before Doctor Shrady had been called, and Douglas was, therefore, the ranking physician present that All Fools' Day morning. The newcomer moved quickly to the bedside, instantly grasped the situation. Then, like another Sheridan, he rode "from Winchester down to save the day." He hurried to where Doctor Douglas stood frankly crying. Had not Douglas forsaken his practice to nurse as well as treat the illustrious patient? So he had! Had he not come to love the brave, silent man who never complained! He had, indeed! And was the dear, grayhaired and handsome old man—was he not a throat specialist? Aye, verily he was, and as surely might he not be expected to feel the fighting heat that younger men of general practice do?

"Don't you think we ought to be doing something here, Douglas?" So spoke the younger man.

"You can see the conditions—he's dying now," came the old doctor's voice in broken tones. The Rev. Dr. Newman had knelt by the bedside and, holding one of the man's nerveless hands, began to pray.

"You see the preacher is busy and the doctors ought to be busy, too," Shrady whispered grimly to his senior colleague.

"It would be a torment without avail," sighed the senior.

A Bad Quarter of an Hour

SO, THERE stood the medical code warding off succor from the dying man. The General must expire, perchance, because the initiative belonged to a man without any at the moment. Douglas must consent. Shrady must not be shackled. He turned again to the patient, leaned above him a moment, touched his pulse. He twisted the gray goatee in nervous twitches. Suddenly he turned again, ultimate resolve in his face, and tiptoed again to where his colleague was.

"I say, Douglas, something must be done! If this man dies here now, what can we say to the medical world? Every doctor on earth will want to know what and when were the last shots we fired—shall we tell them that for ten minutes at the last, half an hour so far as I know, we stood idly and stared at a dying man?"

The old doctor stirred wearily and turned a hopeless and, therefore, helpless face to the younger one. Also, there was in its lines a touch of wonder.

"Douglas, it would damn us both eternally, and it ought to. Perhaps you can afford it, but I can't, either as a physician or a human being. Something's got to be done, Douglas—it won't do, I tell you."

"Do! But what would you do—now?" glancing pityingly at the family group and the slowly gasping man on the bed

"Something, anything—a hypodermic of brandy first!"

"Oh, if you wish to try it—yes."

It had been enough; the code was satisfied. Shrady was filling the little silver syringe with the ardent liquor from French hillsides. Something was being done. Members of the family turned to watch. The manner of its doing, somehow, inspired them, and the older doctor, looking on, drew near. The left arm of the dying man was bared, the slender, hollow needle found its way, and the potent brandy mingled with the blood.

The Rev. Dr. Newman had risen from his praying. Shrady was half kneeling in his place. Both by different means sought the same end. Keenly the younger doctor leaned to the patient. All his other senses had lent their powers to those of sight and hearing. The tiny instrument gleamed between thumb and finger of his still extended hand.

There was a slight catch in the General's throat, followed by a half sigh. Swiftly a new look came into the face of each physician, swiftly the younger refilled the little syringe and hurried to the other side of the couch. Then, through the right arm sprang the potent fluid, and again they waited the result. Very soon a long, fluttering sigh! Then a longer, stronger inspiration; then measured breathing and, finally, consciousness.

When General Grant lay dying that April morning the work on his Memoirs, which netted his family half a million dollars, was little more than half finished. He lived seventeen weeks afterward, finished his task and was ready to go.

. . . . . .

A slender young fellow stepped out of the Grant house one bright morning in May, paused on the top step and glanced idly down the street and then westward toward the Park just across Fifth Avenue. Thereupon the young man, apparently stirred by a purpose, sauntered down the steps and strolled over to join me where I leaned on the Park wall in the shade of the overhanging elms

"I Think Shakspere Must Have Anticipated the Hand-Organ—and Me"

The young man was Jesse Grant, the General's youngest son, who, with wife and child, was then part of the household of his father.

Jesse drew out a tobacco pouch and with unctuous detail filled an English bulldog brier pipe. A recollection must have come along with the pipe.

"Never told you, did I, how the London papers made a Yankee snob of me while I was abroad with father? No? Rather funny.

"It was at a reception given for father by the British Secretary of War. I went along just to see the official show. There was a great crowd of the Bigwigs, and little ones, too, I suppose. A handful more of either wouldn't have been noticed or missed, I imagine. Nobody hesitated to shove me out of the way, for I had gone on my own hook, and being a plain boy in plain clothes I found myself standing back by the wall somewhere, watching things, when Sir Edward Thornton, whom I had met in this country, came across me. Said he:

"'There are so many people here I don't know, and such a throng, anyway, that I think I'll go home.' Then, flattened up there against the wall, I said:

"'Yes, I would go home, too, only that I'm afraid it would break the party up,' and I remember I laughed.

"Well, sir, do you know, that feeble little joke I had made on my own insignificance—it got into the London papers as a serious utterance, and they pounded me for what they called my snobbery. Think of it! And Labouchere, more than all the others, lampooned me unmercifully for having suggested that my going home would have broken up the Secretary's reception to General Grant—think of that, will you!"

And we two, by ourselves there on the Park wall—we roared with laughter at the *resistentia* of the British brain against a joke.

"And there was another experience," said Jesse, "which I had when I went with father, on invitation of the Queen, to dine at Windsor. It transpired afterward that she didn't want to receive father, but Gladstone and the Liberals were making capital of father with the working and middle classes of England, feting him as the representative of a republican people. So Mr. Gladstone, it seems, importuned the Queen till it was arranged to dine father at Windsor, and I was invited, too. We went, but at the last moment, as we can now see, the Queen maintained her reluctance, for she was out driving when we got to the Castle.

"Upon our arrival I was shown to my apartment, and was unpacking my grip when the Grand Master of Etiquette came in and informed me that I was to dine with the household.

"I stopped unpacking my bag and told him I knew it was a great distinction to dine with the Queen's household, comprising as it did the dukes and the titled ladies-in-waiting; but I told him I didn't think I'd dine with the household, and I began to repack my bag. The man looked aghast and asked what I meant; and I told him that when the Queen's third son was in America my father had given him a dinner; and, while I was not at all offended, I did not purpose dining with the Queen's household—still packing my grip.

No Second Table for Him

"THE man looked horrified and said it was the Queen's orders. I told him I thought it quite proper for the Queen to give such orders as she liked, and that it was equally my privilege to go back to London on the next train, which I purposed doing. At that he actually turned pale and pleaded with me not to go, that he would lose his head and a good deal more that was frightful to think of.

"But I told him no one would know it, because—and I smiled at him—I certainly would tell no one that I had been assigned to the household by the Queen. Not but that I'd have had as good a dinner, just as much appetite, and not a bit less respect for myself if I ate with the servants, but that I didn't like the way of it, nor the spirit of it, nor the oppressive and awful etiquette. So I finished repacking and was locking my grip when the fellow flew out and returned shortly.

"'It's all a mistake,' he said; 'it is General Badeau who is to dine with the household.'

"I felt sure there had been no mistake, but rather a change of mind. I said nothing, however, unpacked my bag and dined at the table with father, while poor old Badeau sat down with the household. But I'd have gone back to London on the next train, sure, if that 'mistake' had not been discovered."

. . . . . .

Early one June evening the front door of the Grant home was opened from within and a man stepped through. He was slightly stooped, he wore a silk hat, his head bent slightly to the left shoulder—it was Grant. I could not be sure until he had emerged from the shadow in the vestibule. The door was closed from within, the solitary figure moved forward, resting an uncertain hand upon the stone balustrade for support. I was the only newsman on watch and I sprang up to lend the General a hand. But this was not what he wanted.

"I wanted to come out of my house once more alone and as though I were well," he explained. As he reached the walk, however, he touched my elbow with his own, and we started slowly thus toward Madison Avenue.

"There," he remarked, "that's a help—just a light touch at the arm. It helps men in the ranks to do long marches." Glancing, as I walked, at the face beside me I observed how the chisels of pain had cut creases there that the close-cropped beard hid somewhat and revealed somewhat. To accommodate itself to the wicked hurt within, the General's head was slightly bent; the temples were gaunt, the hair perceptibly grayed in the few weeks of critical suffering.

We turned northward at Madison Avenue, along the gentle slope to Sixty-seventh Street, where we turned

(Continued on Page 39)

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

SO FAR, the circuit rider has been the hero of these letters, but in this one his wife shall be the heroine, behind the throne at least, for scarcely any other woman looks or feels less like one in the open.

The Methodist circuit was singularly devastating in some ways upon the women who were connected with it by marriage. For one thing, it tended to destroy their æsthetic sensibilities. They lacked very often the good taste of thrift in poverty, not so much because of the poverty, but because they never got settled long enough to develop the hen-nesting instinct and house pride that is dormant in us all. They simply made a shift of things till the next conference met, when they would be moved to another parsonage.

A woman has not the heart to plant annuals, much less perennials, under such circumstances. Let the Parsonage Aid Society do it, if it must be done. And the Parsonage Aid Society does do it. You will see in many Methodist preachers' front yards fiercely-thorny, old-lady-faced roses—the kind that thrive without attention—planted always by the president of the Parsonage Aid Society. And it may be there will be a syringa bush in the background, not that the Parsonage Aid Society is partial to this flower, but because it is not easily killed by neglect. They choose the hardiest known shrubs for the parsonage yard for the same reason that they choose homespun checks to make into aprons for orphan children—because they last best; and who ever saw an orphan with delicate sensibilities about its apron? It is thankful to have an apron at all. So the preacher's flower-thriftless wife is thankful for the old-lady roses and the syringa blossoms in her yard.

On every circuit, in every charge, you will find them—a band of faithful, fretted, good housekeepers who worry and wrangle over furnishing the parsonage as they worried and wrangled when they were little girls over their communistic "playhouses." The effects in the parsonage are not harmonious, of course. As a rule, every piece of furniture in it contradicts every other piece, each having been contributed by rival women or rival committees in the society. And this has its deadening effect upon the preacher's wife's taste, else she must go mad, living in a house where, say, there is a strip of worn church-aisle carpet down the hall—bought at a bargain by the thrifty Aid Society—a cherry-colored folding bed in the parlor along with a "golden oak" table, a home-made bookcase, four different kinds of chairs, a patent-medicine calendar on the wall and a rag carpet on the floor, with a flowered washbowl and pitcher on a plain deal table in the corner confessing that, after all, it is not a parlor, but the presiding elder's bedroom when he comes to hold quarterly meeting. Still, if I had anything to do with the new-monument-raising business in this country I would have a colossal statue raised to the living women of the Methodist Parsonage Aid Societies.

But the worst effect of the itinerancy upon its ministers' wives is the evil information they must receive in it about other people. If I had to select the woman in all the world best informed about the faults, sins and weaknesses of mankind, in every degree from respectable meanness to secret frailties, I should not choose the sophisticated woman of the world, but I should point without hesitation to the little, pale, still-faced Methodist preacher's wife. The pallor is the pallor of hardship, often of the lack of the right kind of nourishment, but the stillness is not the result of inward personal calm and peace. It is the shut-door face of a woman who knows all about everybody she meets with that thin little smile and quiet eye. The reason for this is that the preacher's wife is the vat for receiving all the circuit scandal actually intended to reach her husband's ears.

"As Soon as the Old Folks Left They'd Dance Like Sin"

The most conscienceless gossips in this world are to be found always among the meanly-impeccable members of any and every church. They are in many places the Scribes and Pharisees who contribute most to the building of fine houses of worship; they give most to its causes. They are the right hands of all the preachers from their youth up. They have never been truthful sinners. They were the pale, pious little boys and girls who behaved, and who graduated from the Sunday-schools long ago without ever being converted to the church. And there you see them, the fat, duty-doing, self-satisfied firsts in this world, who shall be last and least in the world to come. Those least inclined to tattle about their neighbors, I found, were poor, pathetic sinners with damaged reputations, who could not afford to talk about others. They belonged humbly to the church, but never figured loudly in it. And if God is God, as I do firmly believe in spite of all I have heard to the contrary, there will be "something doing" in Heaven when these saint-pecked sinners are all herded in. They will wear the holy seal of His tender forgiveness through all eternity and get most of the high offices in Paradise, just as a matter of simple justice.

What I have suffered morally from some of the women cannot be put into words. Within a week of our arrival on a new work one would be sure to call. There was Sister Weekly, for example, on the Gourdville Circuit, and the parsonage here was in the little village of Gourdville. William was out making his first pastoral visits when there came a gentle knock at the door. I untied my kitchen apron, smoothed my hair, sighed—for I knew from past experience it would be the church's arch gossip—and opened the door. A round old lady tied up in a sanctified black widow's bonnet stood on the step.

"I am Mrs. Weekly," she explained, "and I reckon you are Sister Thompson, the new preacher's wife. Both my sons are stewards. And I thought I'd come over and get acquainted and give you a few p'inters. It's so hard for a stranger in a strange place to know which is which."

"I am glad to see you. Won't you come in?" I said.

She settled herself in the rocker before the fire, looked down at the rug and exclaimed: "My! ain't this rug greasy! Our last pastor's wife was a dreadful poor housekeeper."

She had a white, seamless face, sad, prayerful blue eyes too large for the sockets, a little piquant nose that she had somehow managed to bring along with her unchanged from a frivolous girlhood, and a quaint old hymnal mouth. Looking up from the rug she took on an expression of pure and undefiled piety and began in the strident, cackling tones of an egg-laying hen:

"Your husband's goin' to have an awful hard time here, Sister Thompson. The church is split wide open about the organ. Old man Walker wants it on the right-hand side of the pulpit, and my sons have put it on the left-hand side, where the light is good and the choir can see the music better. It ain't decent, the way Walker makes himself prominent in the church, nohow. They say he killed a man in Virginia before he came here. I might as well tell you, for you are bound to hear it anyhow. My sons say they are going to pull out and go to the Presbyterian church if Walker don't quit carryin' on so about the organ. Their father was Presbyterian, and I wouldn't be surprised if it cropped out in them. But it'll be bad for our church if they do. They pay half of the preacher's salary, and Walker scarcely pays at all. Seems to me he ought to keep his mouth shut. And Richard Brown has took the homestead law to keep from paying his debts. Now maybe he'll drop behind in his subscription, too. He was a right smart help in the church, though I never thought much of him morally. They say he drinks and cusses both when he goes off to Augusta. And it's a plumb shame that his wife's president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. She's all right now, I reckon, but folks talked about her when she was a girl." She paused to get her second wind, folded her hands as if in prayer, turned her divine old eyes up to the ceiling and continued:

"But the Epworth League is the worst. I've always had my doubts about it. 'Twon't do to git too many young folks together in a bunch. I don't care how religious they are, they'll just bust up and turn natural if you git too many of 'em together. That's what's happened here. The Epworth League kept on flourishin' so, we didn't understand it. It met every Saturday night as prayerful and punctual as clocks. But as soon as the old folks left they shet the doors, and then they'd dance like sin—been doing it for months before anybody found out. Oh! I'll tell you everything is on the downward road in this church, and your husband is going to have his hands full even if he don't starve to death!"

Every preacher's wife is the victim of such women. If she is supernaturally wise she does not handicap her husband by repeating their gossip to him. Personally, I prayed more earnestly to be delivered from this particular temptation than from any other. But never once was the Lord able to do it. Sooner or later I invariably told William every word of scandal I heard.

He never served but one church where the people in it did not talk about one another. This was in the suburbs of Atlanta. The congregation was a small one, composed of well-bred, worldly-minded folk. They all danced a little, went to the theater often, wore golden ornaments and otherwise perjured themselves in the light of the membership vows in our Church Discipline.

Poor William had a scandalous time at that place readjusting his moral focus so that it would rest upon his people. Sister C and Sister Z were admirable wives and mothers. He had never had more intelligently-helpful women in his congregation. That is to say, they were patiently faithful in their attendance upon its services, they professed often to be benefited by his sermons, they brought up their children in a new kind of nurture and admonition of the Lord; but if he went to pay them a pastoral call and have prayers with them, apt as not he would find that they had gone to take the children to the matinée. And Brother A and Brother I were the best stewards he ever had, but they would do anything from wearing a tuxedo to going to a circus.

At last the sins of his people lay heavily on William's conscience. One Sabbath morning in June he entered the pulpit in a Sinai mood, determined to read the Church Rules and to apply them severely. He began by selecting a condemnatory Psalm, took his text simply as a threat from Jeremiah in one of his bad moods, and after a severe hymn and a mournful Rachel prayer he arose, folded his spectacles and fixed his eyes burningly upon the innocent faces of his congregation, which had a "What have we done?" expression on them that would have moved an angel to impatience.

"Brethren and sisters," he said after a frightful spiritual pause, "it is my duty this morning to call you back out of the far country into which you have gone, to your Father's house. I blame myself for your dreadful condition. I have not had the courage to tell you of your faults as a preacher should tell his people when he sees them wandering in the forbidden paths of worldliness and sin. I have not been a faithful shepherd to you, and doubtless the Lord will lay your sins upon my head. But this morning I am resolved to do my duty by you, no matter what it costs."

The congregation took on the expression of a child about to be laid across the parent's knee. But when he opened the Discipline and proceeded to read the Rules, following each with solemn, almost personal applications to conditions under his very nose, in his own church, their countenances underwent a lightning change of almost happy relief. Never can I forget the naïve

He Was Up in a Moment

sweetness with which those people turned up their untroubled eyes to William and received his thundering exhortations. They seemed proud of his courage—for, indeed, he nearly broke his heart condemning them—and at the same time they seemed to be bearing with him as they would bear with the vagaries of a good and loving old father.

Sister C and Sister Z sat near the front, surrounded by their respective cherubim broods, looking up at him with tender, humorous eyes. The children, indeed, felt something alien to peace in the atmosphere. They regarded him fearfully, then turned meek, inquisitive faces to their mothers; but those two extraordinary women never blinked or blushed from start to finish, although they were deeply dyed with all the guilt William mentioned The one person present who received the discourse with almost vindictive signs of indorsement was Brother Billy Smithers, a man who had lived an exasperatingly regular life in the church for more than forty years. He sent up Amens fervid with the heat of his furious spirit at the end of each charge and condemnation.

For days after that William was in a bad spiritual humor Naturally, he began also to search himself. This is the worst of being a preacher. He has to hunt up his own fault and chastise himself for it. I always dreaded these seasons for William, because he was sufficiently honest invariably to find something dreadful in his own life. Sometimes it meant a rigid Old-Testament observance of the Sabbath day, when we could scarcely keep decent without breaking a Sunday law, or when he would outrage the hostess who would invite us to dinner by refusing to eat anything but cold bread, because his ailing conscience would not permit him to eat what was cooked on the Sabbath. But more often still it involved his making the effort to "quit the use of tobacco."

I have still a vivid recollection of the first experience I had with William in this condition. It was during the early years of our marriage, on a country circuit, and he was preparing for a protracted meeting. This meant a season of prayer and fasting which on that particular occasion led to his giving up his dearest indulgence—his pipe and tobacco. All this I learned afterward. What I saw at the time were the most terrifying symptoms of physical dissolution in William, accompanied by fits of temper that would have shamed a savage, much more a Christian minister. One morning he ceased suddenly to be a loving husband and became a silent, sulky saint. I observed a deathly pallor in his face, which was constantly covered with heavy beads of perspiration. I had the feeling that it would be as much as my life was worth to touch him or kiss him. He spent the whole day in his study reading the Bible. I was secretly outraged, but I had discovered two things: first, that too much holiness in a man does not conduce to marital happiness; and second, that a man cannot remain in this supernatural state for any length of time. So I had only to wait, as I had often waited before, for the paroxysm to pass. But I became really alarmed that night when his symptoms developed even in his sleep. He continued to sweat and to jerk like a man with incipient palsy.

The next morning his appetite was simply inhuman, and food, mere food, did not satisfy it. With tears in my eyes I doubled the quantities I usually prepared for a meal, but all in vain. He ate everything in sight, and later in the afternoon I was horrified to discover him in the garden, voraciously chewing sassafras bark. I could bear no more. Pinning on my hat I sped down the road half a mile to a little white office standing near the gate in the foreground of a dwelling farther back among the trees. I knocked upon the door, trembling with grief and excitement.

"Come right along in," sang out a deep-toned voice within.

At the window in his shirt-sleeves sat a little, pink old man with downy, white side-whiskers and a beam in his eye. He was using a palmetto fan with one hand, and with the other making ugly greenish-black pills on the window-sill with his pocket knife. He looked up as I entered disheveled, with the tears streaming down my face, shut in the smile on his lips and exclaimed as he rose to meet me:

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, Doctor Simmons," I cried, leaning against the doorjamb, "I want you to come at once to William!"

He was up in a moment, thrusting his arm into his little yellow seersucker coat.

"What is the matter with him?"

"I think—I fear he is losing his mind!" I wailed

The little doctor stopped, set down his saddlebags and shot a look at me over his spectacles.

"What makes you think so?"

"He's been sweating dreadfully since yesterday. He is very morose, jerks in his sleep—and—and oh, Doctor, he can't get enough to eat. He has been eating all day, and I left him chewing sassafras sticks in the garden! I've heard that idiots have just such appetites!" The thought of William becoming an idiot was too much for me I sank to the floor. When I recovered consciousness the doctor was spraying my face with cold water and grinning like a bleached brownie

"Come, come," he said, "your husband is all right. He is probably quitting the use of tobacco. Every Methodist preacher that comes here tries that at least once a year. The minute you said he was chewing sassafras I knew what the trouble was. It affects them all the same way." He hawhawed, and, assisting me to rise, led me to a chair.

"But, Doctor, why should William quit his tobacco?"

"I don't know, my dear; the priest instinct is a queer one. It requires sacrifice. If your husband had lived two thousand years ago he would have gone on smoking his pipe in perfect peace and sacrificed his finest heifer or his he-goat without blemish, instead. It is a mercy they do not hit upon sacrificing their wives and children," he added, wagging his head not at me nor at William but with a large, whimsical wag that took in all the blindness of human nature.

I do not know if I make you understand that all this time the years were passing—five, ten, fifteen, twenty—and in them we went together up and down and around our little world, William preaching his Lord's salvation without any wisdom of words worth mentioning, yet with a wisdom as sweet, as redolent of goodness as the carnations in Heaven are of Paradise. And I followed after him, holding up his hands, often with my own eyes blindfolded to the spiritual necessities of the situation, praying when he prayed; and this is how at the end of so many years in the itinerancy I began to take on the look of it—that is to say, I had faded; and although I still wore little decorative fragments of my wedding finery, my clothes in general had the peculiar prayer-meeting set that is observable in the garments of every Methodist preacher's wife at this stage of her fidelity to the cause. There is something solemn and uncompromising in her waist-line, something mournfully beseeching in the down-drooping folds of her skirt, and I do not know anything in Nature more pathetically honest than the way her neck comes up out of the collar.

All this is most noticeable when the circuit rider has brought her up from his country circuit to the town parsonage and the town church, where there is such a thing as style in sleeves and headgear. I should say in this connection that William did at last rise that much in the church: he occasionally became the pastor in a village with a salary of at most five hundred dollars. The wife at this time always looks like a poor little lady Rip Van Winkle in the congregation. And her husband invariably makes the better impression, because all those years while she was wearying and fading he was consciously or unconsciously cultivating his powers of personality, his black-coated ministerial presence, and even the full, rich tones of his preaching voice. But I will say for William that he was as innocent as a lamb of any carnal intentions in these improvements. He was wedded to his white cravats as the angels are to their wings, and he was by nature so fastidiously neat that if he had been a cat instead of a man he would have spent much of his time licking his paws and washing his face. Besides, like all preachers' wives, I was anxious that he should look well in the pulpit, and therefore ready to sacrifice my own needs that he might buy new clothes, because he must appear so publicly every Sunday; especially as by this time I had the feeling of not appearing even when I was present. One of the peculiar experiences of a preacher's wife is to stand in the background at the end of every Sunday morning service and see her husband lionized by the congregation.

He Spent the Whole Day in His Study

Another thing happened as we went on, far more important than the casting of me out of the fashion of the times. This was the change in the quality of spirituality with which William had to deal in his more cultivated congregations. I cannot tell exactly where we made the transit, but somewhere in the latter years of his ministry he stepped out of one generation into another where the ideals of the Christian life were more intelligent, but less heavenly. The things that preachers had told about God to scare the people forty years before had come up and flowered into heresies and unbelief in their children. William actually had to quit preaching about Jonah and the whale. He had an excellent sermon on the crucial moment of Jonah's repentance, with which in the early part of his ministry he often awakened the Nineveh consciences of his people; but when he preached the same sermon twenty years later in a suburban town the young people laughed.

For the first time he came in contact with that element in the modern church that is afflicted with spiritual invalidism. It is composed of women for the most part, who hunger and thirst after a kind of gruel gospel, and who are forever wanting to consult the pastor between times about their spiritual symptoms. They are almost without exception the victims of the same epidemic of moral inertia and emotional heavings. They do not rise to the dignity of being sinners, and personally I would not believe they had souls at all if I had not seen them develop the diabolical soul to such depths of perversity. But of all people I have the least hope of their redemption, because they are too smart to be convicted of their real sins.

Back upon the old, weatherbeaten circuits we met no such examples of mock spirituality. The men and

(Continued on Page 48)

Catarrh, a National Nasal Luxury

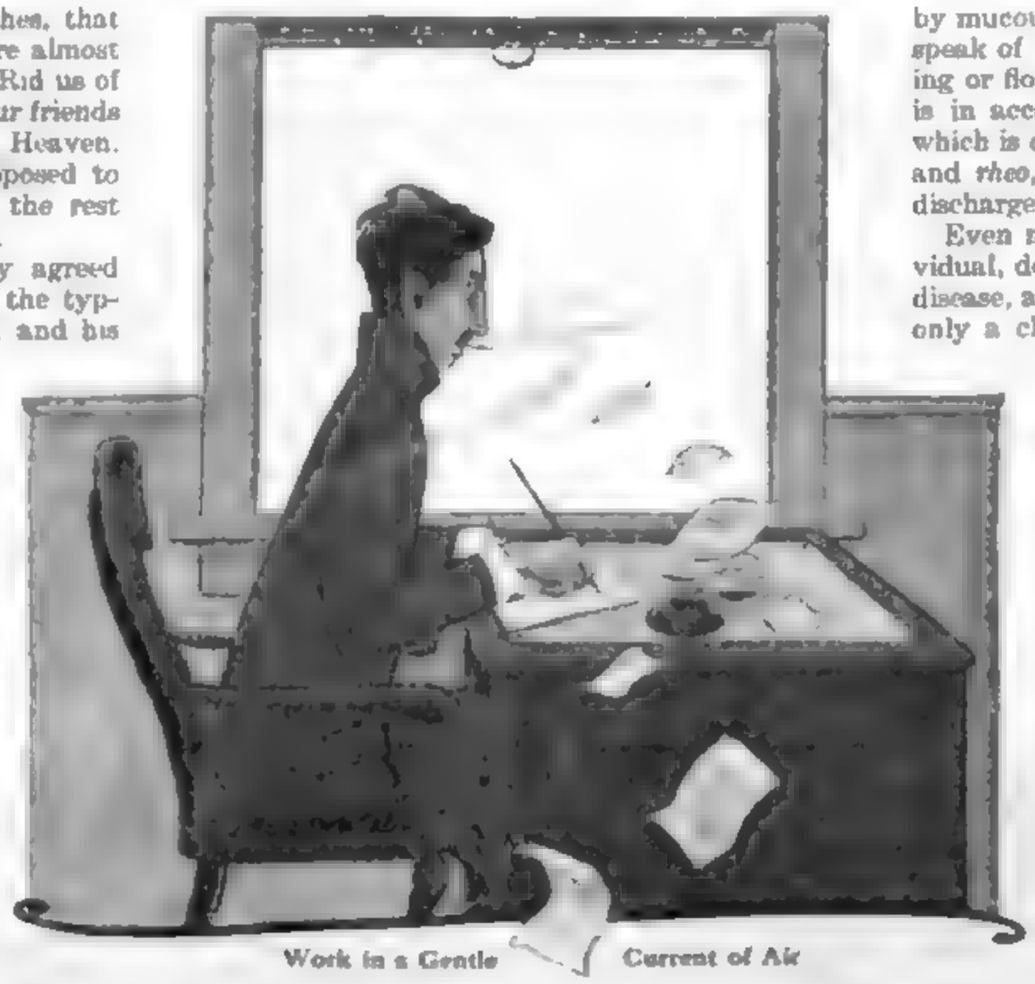
By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

HOW far do our defects make up our personality? Certainly it is our departure from the normal, from the dead level of the mass, that distinguishes, that makes our individuality. And these departures are almost as often downward as upward, defects as virtues. Rid us of all our faults and our peculiarities of temper, and our friends would have great difficulty in recognizing us in Heaven. Even national traits, characteristics that are supposed to distinguish peoples and to mark them off from the rest of the race, may be defects, or based upon defects.

The two characteristics that are unanimously agreed upon by visitors to our shores as distinguishing the typical American are his high-pitched, nasal speech and his lank and angular habit of body. The first of these is frankly ascribed to the universal prevalence of catarrh, and the second to the American habit of bolting food and of promiscuous expectoration. It was Abernethy, I think, who, when consulted by an American Secretary of Legation in regard to his dyspepsia, advised him curtly "to talk through his mouth instead of his nose, and to save for his digestion the saliva that he was wasting upon his carpets."

In fact, I believe that, to the average European mind of even the intelligent class, an American without a catarrh or a dyspepsia would be as unthinkable as an Irishman without a brogue. That this popular impression is considerably less than a half-truth is certain, but what precise percentage of truth may underlie it is impossible of accurate determination, for the reason that no data or statistics as to the actual prevalence of either catarrh or dyspepsia exist on either side of the Atlantic, neither of these diseases being fatal. Catarrh of all sorts is exceedingly common in both hemispheres, and any one who has had experience in nose and throat clinics in New York, in London, in Berlin or Vienna, would find it very difficult to state on which side of the Atlantic it is more prevalent.



Work in a Gentle Current of Air

What They Think in England

ONE thing that much confuses the matter is that in Europe in general, and in England in particular, disturbances of nose and throat are very seldom referred to as "catarrh." I have heard intelligent Englishmen, who were perpetually snuffling and hawking, indignantly repudiate the suggestion that they had catarrh—"that disgusting American disease!" They had only a little stuffiness in the head, a chronic bad cold, and "everybody runs at the nose a little in the winter months!" As the American stands aghast at the laconic frankness with which the average Englishman or Englishwoman will, in ordinary conversation, refer to the different sections of his or her anatomy, so the Englishman is shocked by the frankness, and even cheerfulness, with which an American will admit that he has catarrh or dyspepsia and proceed to discuss delightedly his symptoms in public. At least two-thirds of the supposed difference in the prevalence of catarrh in England and America is due to the fact that the American talks about it and the Englishman doesn't.

Therefore, we may rid our minds of the uncomfortable beliefs that catarrh is a peculiarly American disease, a new disease, or an increasing disease. These impressions may be correct, but we have absolutely no trustworthy data upon which to base them, and all the presumptions and probabilities of the cause run strongly in the opposite direction.

Inasmuch as catarrh is chiefly due to repeated infections, to foul, overheated air, to lack of cleanliness and proper care of the nose and throat in childhood and to unsanitary conditions generally, the probability is that it is steadily diminishing in frequency and in severity, as all these conditions are being improved or wiped out. Certain it is that the more repulsive and distressing forms and results of the disease are rapidly becoming rarer as a result of increasing intelligence and the quickening of the hygienic conscience.

Whether the high pitch and nasal twang of American speech are due to catarrh is an open question. Certainly other nations and localities have catarrh without having their voices made nasal thereby; indeed the affliction seems rather to make the voice more guttural and husky.

What is catarrh and why does it attack the nose? Few things are more difficult to make than precise definitions. They are impossible, in fact, in any but the exact sciences, and medicine is not yet one of these—it has too much human nature in it. Catarrh is an exceedingly vague and general term; oddly enough, even more so in medicine than in popular usage. In medicine catarrh is the name of a symptom, without any reference whatever to its cause. Roughly speaking, any disturbed condition of a surface attended by an unusual amount of discharge, or flowing, is called catarrh. Thus, the catarrh of popular speech is known as nasal catarrh; attacks of stomach disturbance attended by the pouring out of mucus are known as gastric catarrh or catarrhal gastritis; and we may have catarrhal disturbances of the liver, the intestines, the appendix, and practically any region of the body that is lined by mucous membrane. In the olden days we used often to speak of inflammations of the skin attended by much weeping or flowing, such as eczema, as catarrh of the skin. This is in accordance with the meaning of the word catarrh, which is derived from two familiar Greek words, *kata*, down, and *rheo*, to run or flow—literally, a "pouring down" or discharge.

Even nasal catarrh is very far from being a single, individual, definite disease. Strictly speaking, there is no such disease, as the name is based solely upon results and means only a chronic irritation of the nose and throat, usually accompanied by more or less discharge, thickening and obstruction, which may be due to forty different causes. It is, in fact, as vague a term as headache or lameness or general debility. We are not even sure whether it is due chiefly to external or internal causes—to dust, gases, microbes or other irritating features breathed in through the nostrils, or to peculiarities and lack of vigor and resisting power in either the nose in particular or the system in general. Probably in most cases we have a combination of both these factors. Few permanent cures of catarrh are ever effected by treating the nose alone.

To put it briefly, there are three main factors in the production of that delightful complex of choke and snuffle and hawk that we call catarrh. These are, first, the irritating features of the air inhaled, such as cold, dryness, dust, gases and germs; second, the shape and size of the nose and nasal passages; and third, the general vigor or weakness of the entire system, and the corresponding poorness or richness of the blood. At least two of these conditions must be present for catarrh to develop. The most infectious of germs, the most irritating gases, the rawest of air will fail to develop more than a mere temporary inflammation or irritation, which is quickly thrown off by vigorous, healthy individuals, who take plenty of exercise in the open air, plenty of cool baths, and who sleep with their windows open. On the other hand, it is extremely doubtful whether even the feeblest and flabbiest of individuals, not actually diseased, would ever develop a catarrhal condition of the nose or throat so long as the germs and dust were entirely excluded from the air that they breathe. And the worst and most obstinate cases of catarrh are usually found in individuals who have the third factor present—some blocking or deformity of the nasal passages.

Some Popular Fallacies

CONTRARY to popular impression, neither climate nor occupation plays any important part in the production of the disease. It is of nearly equal frequency and severity all over this American continent, from the Arctic cold of the Hudson Bay to the tropical heat of Florida and Louisiana, and from the raw moisture of the New England coast and the New Jersey marshes to the Sahara-like dryness of Arizona. That the dry, sunlit regions of the great Southwest are exempt from catarrh is little more than popular illusion based upon ignorance. Many patients going there from raw, cold, changeable Northern and Eastern states improve for a time, but are apt to relapse or to develop the trouble in some other form; while not a few individuals who go there without catarrh at all develop it from the dust and the stinging, cracking dryness of the desert air.

Man was born under water, grew up in the marshes, and became an amphibian and later a land animal at a comparatively recent stage of his career. Moisture is as indispensable to his existence and welfare as sunlight, and a too dry air and climate are even more unwholesome than a too damp climate. Indeed, as we shall see, the most elaborate and unstable part of his nasal mechanism is that which is devised for the purpose of moistening the air that he breathes, and dry, hot, foul air is responsible for far more catarrh than moist, cold air, however raw.

Almost the only influence exerted by climate and occupation in the production of catarrh is the indirect one of the amount of confinement in unventilated, ill-lighted rooms, filled with air that is foul whether from emanations from human skins, breaths and teeth, or from the irritating chemicals, gases and dusts of some industry or occupation.

There are regular and recognized forms, for instance, of occupation catarrhs—diseased conditions of the lining membrane of the nose due to incessant and perpetual

Man Was Born Under Water, and Grew Up in the Marshes

irritation by dust or gases floating in the air. Thus we have fur-workers' catarrh, from the perpetual tickling and irritation caused by tiny particles of broken hair and fluff breathed into the nose; carpet-makers' catarrh, from constantly breathing air thick with lint and, where shoddy is used, loaded with disease germs and all kinds of filth as well; printers' catarrh, from inhaling the clouds of carbon dust due to the dried printers' ink that is rubbed and shaken off the type as it is handled; match-makers' catarrh, from the fumes of sulphur and phosphorus; and a dozen others. Most of these occupations have, also, a very high death rate from consumption—due, of course to the germs that float about and are inhaled with the dust in the crowded, ill-ventilated rooms in which the work is done. These appear either to be inhaled directly into the lungs through the mouth, on account of the obstructed condition of the nose, or else to be enabled to penetrate into the blood by means of cracks and ulcers and other weak spots in the chronically inflamed and irritated mucous membrane of the nose.

This brings us to the most important single fact in the whole problem of catarrh—namely, that the much-abused and much-enduring nose is not running and stuffing up out of pure incompetence or natural cussedness, but as a vicarious atonement for the rest of the body. What it suffers it suffers in a noble attempt to protect the rest of the body. The nose is both sentinel and scapegoat in one—one of the real unsung heroes of the body state—and all that it gets in the way of reward for the matchless devotion and splendid courage of its unfaltering attack upon every enemy that comes on the wings of the air is catarrh and contumely. We are quite prepared to accept the warning of Proverbs to "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life"; but we are forgetful of the twin hygienic commandment that should run: "Keep thy nose with diligence, for into it are the issues of death." Most of us forget that we have such a thing as a nose except when it blocks up or begins to run or makes us disagreeably aware of cooking or of the passage of the modern Juggernaut, the automobile.

Man as a Salt-Water Animal

WHETHER we ever were water animals, marine organisms, or not, the solid, unquestionable and immensely practical fact remains that all our body cells still are such, and can live and work and reproduce only when kept submerged in and saturated with water—and salt water at that! Every life process must take place in the wet, under water; and dryness is death, or suspended animation. We are literally walking aquariums, except for a fraction of a per cent of the cells upon the surface of our skin and in our hair and nails, and most of them are from one-half to three-fourths dead before they even begin to be dry.

Evidently, then, the only way in which air can be safely drawn into the moist, warm, living interior of the body is by arranging for its warming, moistening and purifying as near the point of entry as possible. This is precisely what the nose undertakes to do, and is the fundamental why and wherefore of catarrh. How wonderfully successful it is in its attempt may be seen from the fact that air drawn into the nostrils at, say, forty degrees is in the incredibly short distance of about three inches raised nearly fifty degrees, saturated with moisture and purified of nine-tenths of its dust and germs. A curved thermometer passed in through the mouth so as to reach up into the back of the throat behind the soft palate shows that every breath of air drawn at an outside temperature of fifty degrees has been raised to eighty-five degrees by the time it reaches the pharynx. Also, it has been moistened and purified in proportion.

Do you wonder that the warming, moistening and purifying apparatus of our poor noses sometimes breaks down under the strain of this miracle? How does the nose accomplish this warming and purifying process? On the familiar principle of the warm coil or the steam radiator. Instead of remaining a straight, smooth-walled, double passage it thrusts out from each of its walls three great elastic cushions, one above the other, called the turbinated—"scroll-like"—bodies, composed chiefly of coils of blood-vessels supported by a thin skeleton of bone and covered with soft mucous membrane.

On account of the elasticity of the meshes of blood-vessels in them, these bodies are capable of being puffed out like great air cushions, so as in an emergency almost completely to close the nostrils, thus rendering it difficult to draw air through them. You have all experienced this protective, balloon-like action in the promptness with which your nose blocked up when you stepped from a warm house into a temperature of ten degrees below zero on a winter morning.

The method of the nose for straining dust out of the air is simple in principle, though elaborate in application. It is the familiar fly-paper, or sticky surface, covered in this case with a mucus tenacious enough promptly to tangle and stop all articles floating in the air, whether dust, lint or germs. Chronic nasal catarrh, or catarrh proper, is, in the majority of instances, due to the "hang-over" or after-result of acute catarrhs or colds. In fact, a chronic catarrh might be defined as a permanent or at least very lasting, half-cured acute catarrh or cold. The big cushion valves—turbinated bodies—remain about half distended. The soft, delicate mucous membrane is swollen and sodden and spongy. The cushion-valves can neither expand to shut out sudden rushes of cold or dirty air nor contract so as to allow the free inflow of pure, clean air. Such dust and germs as are caught upon the mucous fly-traps, instead of being washed down and swallowed, stick and accumulate until they produce a raw spot on the surface of the membrane that cracks and deepens to an ulcer. These ulcers, by perpetual succession of irritations, get deeper and deeper until they eat even into the cartilages of the nose itself.

The secondary effects are almost as injurious. The victim, unable to breathe comfortably through his nose, draws in air through his mouth. This rushes directly back almost unwarmed, unmoistened or unpurified, or very imperfectly so, to the back of the throat or pharynx, and into the voice organ or larynx. Here, combined with the sticky, half-putrid, pus-containing discharge from the back of the nostrils, it sets up an irritation in the pharynx, and a chronic sore throat results, which process is very likely later to extend to the larynx, producing hoarseness and discomfort in using the voice. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that two-thirds of the diseases of the voice and vocal organs are due and secondary to diseases of the nose!

Meanwhile, the irritation and inflammation in the pharynx has been spreading in another direction, upward and outward. It soon reaches the mouths of the Eustachian tubes, those little remnants of the first gill-slits which run from the back of the throat or pharynx up to the drum cavity of the ear. The inflammation closes the mouth of the tube so that bubbles of air can no longer be sent from the throat to keep the drum properly inflated. The air of the drum cavity is absorbed into the blood, making a partial vacuum behind the drum. The pressure of the atmospheric air on the outer side of the drum promptly pushes it in, and we have the first stage of that sinking in and thickening of the drum membrane which is the cause of two-thirds of our deafness.

Later the inflammation spreads right up the Eustachian tube from the throat into the ear, and we get an attack of earache with, perhaps, rupture of the drum or, more probably, permanent thickening and dulling of the hearing.

The American Talks About It and the Englishman Doesn't

Three-fourths to nine-tenths of all diseases of the ear and disturbances of hearing reach it from the nose and throat The only safe and sure time to cure either ear trouble or laryngeal trouble, in nine cases out of ten, is while it is in the nose! If these diseases are treated in their nasal stage nine-tenths of them can be cured. If they are left until they have reached the ear seven-tenths of them cannot be cured.

Now, what is to be done to prevent the lion's share of catarrh and catarrhal trouble due to germs? Warfare against such myriads of tiny enemies, that dance about us everywhere like motes in a sunbeam, looks almost hopeless. Fortunately, however, it is far from being so. While we do not know the names of most of these catarrh criminals and have not even their pictures in our pathological rogues' gallery, yet we do know something of their habitat and the company they keep, which is exceedingly useful for practical purposes. Unfortunately, their favorite company—with apologies to Lindley Murray—is us, but, luckily, us only under certain conditions and surroundings Not one of them, for instance, is found anywhere in the fresh, open air of the country or in the air of reasonably clean and decent areas of the city. All of them, without exception, are to be found in the stuffy, mousy, unventilated air of rooms, halls, churches and theaters which has not been changed for half a century. Keep out in the open air as much as you can; work, whether standing or sitting, in a gentle current of air, and sleep with the windows open—if possible, in a breeze—and you will avoid two-thirds of your risks of colds and catarrh.

Where the Pole-Seekers Caught Their Colds

THE testimony as to the impossibility of catching cold in the open becomes more overwhelming and unanimous every day. It is only necessary to note the last addition to it—that of both the claimants to Polar honors Neither Peary nor Cook, nor any one of their parties—starting, of course, as picked, vigorous men free from disease, dirt and germs—had a trace of a cold, bronchitis, pneumonia or catarrh during the whole of the sojourn in the Arctic regions, though often under the most trying conditions as to cold, wet and exposure. The moment, however, that they reached civilization on their return—Cook in Greenland and Peary at Sydney—from one-third to one-half of their parties took furious colds and sneezed and snuffled and wept to celebrate their return to warm houses and foul air.

Against this cause of catarrh there is only one protection, and that is the gods of the fields and the woods, the west wind and the sunshine. Spend as much of your time as possible out-of-doors—and that ought always to be two-thirds of it in childhood—and resolutely bring the outdoors indoors at every hour of your working and sleeping day. At the same time insist upon the most rigorous and scrupulous cleanliness of clothing, hands and person; of floors, carpets, walls and hangings—anywhere,

(Continued on Page 52)

Sneezed and Snuffled and Wept to Celebrate Their Return to Warm Houses and Foul Air

On the Other Side of the Ridge

"I Take You to Witness—
They're Traveling in a Circle"

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

THE automobile attacked the drift with a sort of concentrated fury; the winged whir of its six cylinders became a cry. It rose swayingly, topped the obstacle—and then suddenly went dead. The wheels made another half-turn, then settled slowly into the sand with a slight crunch.

The two men upon the seat looked at each other blankly, their ears intent to that small crumbling noise beneath them. The man at the wheel, a vigorous, gray-haired, clean-shaven man, moved a lever back and forth without conviction, pressed something with his foot. "No," he said; "no use. We've done it at last. It was bound to come."

Close to their right rose a long, high ridge, topped with mesquit, shutting off the view like a wall. But ahead, to the left, behind, the desert stretched in low sand mounds and glistening alkali flats to black mountains, afloat in the sky like a hallucination.

"Stalled in the middle of the desert," cried the younger man, with an inadequacy of inflection unmistakably English. Also, he wore puttees and checked riding breeches. "I say, this is an adventure. Stalled in the midst of the desert!"

"We must make Rhyolite tonight, Earl," said the elder man, declining to share the other's puerile enthusiasm. "What we've got is too good to take chances with. It's Rhyolite tonight, Earl."

But they remained there upon their seats, a bit stupefied by the cessation of movement, by the great silence; torpid beneath the white downpour of sun. The elder man, though, was planning.

"I think we're off the trail, anyway," he said. "I think we got *off a few miles back. I feel as if it were on the other side of this ridge.*" He pointed to the ridge, at their elbow like a wall.

The young man preserved the discreet silence of one ignorant of the country.

"We'll make sure, anyway," went on the elder man. "I'll stay here and overhaul the machine; she's probably all choked up with sand, anyway. Meanwhile, you climb that ridge and go due north, say for half an hour, keeping your eyes peeled for the trail. If she's not within half an hour she's not on that side at all."

"Very well," said the young man, shaking off the slight stupor which had fallen about him and springing to the ground.

The elder man, getting out more heavily, drew off his gauntlets, raised his goggles, took a monkey wrench from the tool box, opened one of the flaps over the cylinders, and peered within.

The young Englishman, though, did not start right away. He was sauntering about aimlessly, in sheer distaste of the effort before him, examining the soil, the brush, the dunes.

"It's a rummy place," he said at last. "Blind snakes and white lizards that run with their heads up. And when I look at you I can see right through you! And you vibrate, by Jove! You undulate——"

The elder man glanced up from his peering scrutiny. "You'd better go, Earl," he said mildly. "Walk due north by the compass for half an hour, then turn and come back."

"I go," said the young man. "But you do undulate, really you do. And now your left leg is longer than your right."

"The heat waves," said the elder man. "You'll see worse than that. You'd better start now."

"I'm off," said the young man, and climbed up the ridge. He looked back from the top. His companion was already flat on his back beneath the machine. "Good-by," he called out, waving his hand, and slid down the other side of the ridge.

Having placed the ridge between himself and his companion the young Englishman stopped and looked at his compass. "Due north," he said, setting his direction. He drew his watch from his pocket. "Half-past two. I'll walk till three, then start back. And eyes peeled for the trail."

The high ridge now at his back like a wall, he was in an intricacy of low sand mounds caught in the meshes of half-submerged mesquit and forming a labyrinth of twisted gullies. The heat there was intense. Neglecting natural configurations and following the compass' pointing needle, the young Englishman proceeded to muddle through, going straight up and down the successive hillocks at a fair pace, in spite of the sand catching like live hands at his heels. From the higher points the tortured landscape seemed to lower ahead to a final flatness, as of a sea. "It looks like the sea, but it isn't," he remarked profoundly. "What looks like sea is sure not to be sea. It's a rummy land!"

The heavy sun blinded him; he lowered the vizor of his inadequate cap to his nose and toiled doggedly. Suddenly he stopped, pivoted, jerked back his cap, and looked behind.

"By Jove!" he said, evidently astonished to see behind him nothing but the brush and the sand. "By Jove!"

He remained thus the part of a minute, gazing with mouth open, then with a movement of the shoulders that threw off the problem, whatever it might have been, he turned, lowered his cap, and resumed his heavy, determined pace. This did not last long. Again he stopped, turned and looked behind. "By Jove!" he said, "that's rummy! I could have sworn ——"

When he started again there was in the way he held himself something that spoke subtly of design. He went ahead very fast, with head lowered, looking neither to the right nor the left, for several hundred yards, then, turning about a large mesquit bush, he sat down abruptly, facing the way he had come. His face peered through the leaves with an expression of amused confrontation, as that of a child behind a door, ready to spring out and say "Booh!"

But he did not say "Booh," and the roguish expression faded gradually, leaving him piteous as one whose jest has turned against himself. He rose. "I'm an ass," he declared, ostentatiously, to the ambient solitude. "It's my own shadow, I fancy. Here I am in the middle of the desert, squatting behind a bush to catch my own shadow. That's rummy!"

And evidently determined to give the incident no further importance, he tramped forward again. After a time there came to him definitely the reason of the feeling of presence that thrice had stopped him. To his right, on his flank, a man was stalking him behind the dunes—a man with a big, black hat. He had just flopped out of sight behind one. Now he reappeared, for the flash of a moment, on the summit of another, then out of sight again.

A deeper red tinged the young Englishman's fair cheek, and his breath quickened; but he made no gesture, no change in his attitude, and continued to plod forward as though he had seen nothing. His eyes, though, out of their corners, were watching attentively. Soon he saw that his first impression had been a false one. The man was not stalking, was not hiding; the broken ground, the lying refraction of the light, had made it so appear. He was simply, as the Englishman himself was doing, traveling a straight course across the land, taking rise and fall as they came. The top of a mound showed him for a moment clear against the white sky—striding with a light, even, slender stride; a tall, gaunt figure, the face in the shadow of the wide hat, a long gun laid lightly across the crook of the left arm. Then, almost instantly, the vibrant desert atmosphere came between observer and observed like a cracked pane of glass, and the gaunt man stretched, distorted, like a huge marionette across the horizon, and disappeared behind another rise. When he reappeared the young Englishman again caught him clear for an instant, with his wide hat, his gaunt figure, his slender stride, and his long-barreled rifle across his arm. A little further observation convinced him that he was nearing, little by little. The two men, seemingly traversing the desolation of the desert in parallel and incommunicable lines, were really drawing together.

The young Briton, true to the reserve of his race and his class, did not alter his course; the stranger kept to his; and thus, as if ignorant of each other's presence, the two men drew closer, little by little. Finally they were each on a side of the same dune. They came out upon a little flat and they were side by side.

There was no greeting. The men went on side by side, as if unaware of each other. Stiff in his corselet of reserve, the young Englishman marched on, eyes rigidly ahead, attending to his business of looking for the trail; but he could hear at his side the swish of buckskin, a slight crunch of sand, and he had the picture in his mind of a tall, gaunt man with a large, black hat, striding with a long gun across his arm.

Suddenly the silence was broken.

"You'll let me walk with you?" said a soft voice in his ear. "You'll let me walk with you, sir?"

The softness of the voice, the wistful humility of the prayer, sent a sudden warmth to the young Briton's heart and a blush of regret to his brow. "I should say!" he cried, turning with a frank smile upon his interlocutor. "I should say! It's mighty pleasant to have a companion in this queer land; mighty pleasant to have a walking companion."

The stranger seemed to ponder oddly over this response.

"Yes, companions are all right, I reckon," he said, going along with his incredibly-smooth, light stride. "Companions you choose. But what about companions forced upon you by chance? Companions as you're weary of

and you can't lose—can never lose? Companions chained to you—what about that kind of companion, stranger?"

"I lack experience on that side," answered the young man, inwardly smiling at the uncouthness of the speech. "I have had a chance companion of late, and we get on very well."

"He doesn't spit all the time through his teeth, does he?" asked the stranger anxiously. "Or he doesn't have one eye smaller than the other? Or say, he doesn't say 'I swan' all the time? Tell me that: he doesn't say 'I swan' all the time? He doesn't do that, does he?"

"No," said the Englishman. "He might," he added reflectively—"He *might* say 'I guess' a bit too often. But it hasn't had time to wear."

"Time! You've said the word. It's time as does it. To have it always, always, always along with you, and not be able to get away. But a new companion—ah, that's different! A new companion—that's what I like! I'll light out and scout, and go off miles and miles, just on the chance of meeting one. Just to meet one and walk by him, and feel his clothes, maybe, and have a little chat—and, perhaps, a smoke; miles and miles I'll go just for that—a little chat and then, perhaps, a smoke."

The young Englishman fumbled in his pocket for his tobacco pouch, found he had left it in the machine and, embarrassed, lapsed into silence

They went on side by side, over the baking sand, beneath the torrid sun, in speechless companionship. The Englishman, surreptitiously, was examining the stranger. The heat waves were baffling him. The stranger had no outline; he vibrated, he undulated; at times his form telescoped down to the ground, at times it stretched elastically to the sky. But there were moments when the shimmering fluid was still and when the observer could see. The main impression given by the stranger was one of dryness—an absurd but distinct impression of dryness. His buckskin garments, his moccasins were dry to the point of petrifaction; they seemed stiff and resonant as so much armor, their fringes stuck out hard and brittle as the quills of a porcupine. His face was shrunken; the skin of it tanned to the condition of the buckskin blouse; the young Englishman had the sensation that if he were to strike the man's cheek it would resound like a drum. His body was dry, it seemed possessed of a wafer-like lightness; it was as if the desert for years, for decades, had pumped at its cells, had robbed it of moisture, had reduced it to a sort of pumice-stone. He walked dryly, with a stride incredibly light. And there was a singular dignity in that light, sure walk; in the arid stoicism of the face beneath the shadow of the wide, black hat; in the way the long, slender rifle lay across his arm, tranquilly vigilant and free of puerile threat.

"I take it," hazarded the young Englishman, "that you are—er—what is it called—ah, yes—a prospector—that you are a prospector?"

"No, not a prospector," answered the stranger. The question seemed to have thrown about him a gloom. "Not a prospector. A scout, you might call it. I just leave the train and scout a bit. I do it every day." He was silent. "It's a rest," he added.

The young Englishman did not understand. "There are—trains, in this part?" he asked doubtfully, after a moment.

"There's our train," answered the stranger apathetically; "our wagon train."

"Oh—wagon! A wagon train!"

"Yes, a wagon train. Wagons and wagons." He spoke bitterly. "Wagons and cattle and men. Men and women and children. And dogs!"

"It should be jolly," said the Earl. "Jolly to travel that way!"

"As you like it," said the stranger. "Men that growl, and women that weep, and children that squall. Cattle that fall and dogs that howl. And starvation. And water that's poisoned!"

The rumbling force of the tirade left the young Briton speechless for a moment. "It will soon be over," he said finally, in limp consolation; "it will soon be over."

The old man was pondering. "Perhaps," he said. "Some day. It may straighten out——"

The word straighten sent his thoughts into another channel. "I watched your machine," he said with sudden warmth. "That's the way to travel. It goes straight, straight, straight. That's the way to travel," he continued, dropping to a musing tone. "Straight. Straight as a line, straight as a bird, straight as God's will. That's the important thing—to go straight."

"We'll take you with us!" cried the young Englishman, momentarily losing all reserve; "we'll take you with us!"

The old man shook his head. "It wouldn't be according to the agreement," he said; "not according to the game. I must stick to my parda, stick to the train."

They went on, side by side, in amicable silence. The young Englishman was beginning to suffer with the heat. A molten drip seemed to percolate through his cap, to his scalp, into his brain; the violent light kept his eyes half-closed and at times dizzied him. But his companion slid on with his slight, indefatigable stride, light as a wafer, his gun across his arm. They came upon a rattlesnake coiled beneath a bush. With a stone the stranger crushed the reptile's flat head. The Englishman was astonished. "You do that as though you were accustomed to it," he said. And then, "By Jove! By Jove!" he cried.

The snake was crawling off rapidly down the dune. "Incredible! It's still alive!" cried the young Briton.

The old man, leaning forward, was following the reptile with gloomy eyes. "It won't die," he said, with weary conviction. "Oh, Lord, nothing dies here!" he sang querulously. "You live deaths and do not die!"

"I remember now," said the Englishman, laughing, and at the same time aware of the inadequacy of the laugh. "They told us at Ballarat. Rattlers die only at sunset. That one will die at sunset."

"Perhaps," muttered the old man, with the air rather of one not wishing to argue than of one convinced. "Perhaps—perhaps—who knows?"

They came to a sink between the dunes—a glittering little flat, pierced with long blades of black grass and spotted with shallow puddles of cloudy water. In the puddles small flaccid fish lay squirming, side by side, by the thousands. "They're blind," said the elder man.

The Englishman stooped, and with a strange feeling of loathsomeness saw that the fish were without eyes.

"We're all blind in this land," said the stranger.

"Oh, come," said the Englishman, still cheerful; "you're not blind!"

His foot broke through the crystalline crust; immediately his leg was up to the knee in a black, sucking-under slime. The old man threw out his gun and drew him up. "Rummy stuff!" exclaimed the young Englishman.

"Follow me," directed the stranger. "Step where I step. Walk in the puddles, and keep away from what looks hard. What looks soft is hard; what looks firm and good is just slimy treachery. It's one great lie, this land, with traps that look like safety, dead things that look live—and poisoned springs. Lord, the poisoned springs!"

The secret passion thus, for the second time, displayed filled the Englishman with an uneasiness which in one less stolid of mind might have been a definite suspicion. "I suppose there is some chemical in the waters hereabouts," he said, with ostentatious negligence.

"And bleached bones," added the other. "Clear, bubbling springs—and bleached bones lying about."

The Englishman drew his watch from his pocket "Half-past three. Time I should return," he said.

They were again within the interminable sand dunes. The old man stopped. With head lowered he looked up very humbly at the younger man. "Don't go yet," he begged. "It isn't—it isn't the way I talk as makes you want to go, is it?" he asked anxiously; "it isn't that as bothers you, is it? Because I won't do it any more. I won't any more."

"No, but I must go back," said the young Englishman "'Go due north a half-hour and then return'—that is what my companion told me. And I haven't seen a sign of a trail."

"There is no trail this side of the ridge," said the old man. And then, wistfully: "Come on a bit longer. Soon we'll be in sight of the train. I'll show you the train. It's a sight!"

"I'll go on five minutes more," decided the young man.

The stranger immediately became excited. "And then maybe you can answer something I want to ask," he said breathlessly. "Something I often ask of myself; a sort of hypothesis I would like to get an opinion on—the opinion of an unprejudiced party, as it were."

"Perhaps," said the young Englishman evasively. "Perhaps."

But the old man was now seized with shyness. They were again toiling side by side through the interminable intricacy of brush and dune, and the young Englishman could feel upon himself the other's furtive and beseeching eyes; but the stony lips trembled without asking their question. "What is it?" finally asked the young man. "What is it that you want to ask me?"

"It's this way," broke out the old man. "It's this way." The words were now pouring from him and he shook with a suppressed excitement. "There's two wagon trains and one water hole Understand? Two wagon trains and one water hole. Understand?"

"Yes, I see."

"One train gets to the water hole and there's just enough water for it, comfortably for it; and it's camped there as the other train comes up—a train full of thirsty men and tired women and crying children. Crying children, you see."

"I see," said the Englishman.

"There may be another water hole farther on—but no one knows. And there's just enough water in the first hole for the train that's there. So the first train intrenches and fights, and drives the other off. And they of the second train, they go on, and they find a poisoned spring—and they die."

(Concluded on Page 50)

"They're Still Wandering About Here—Men, Oxen, Wagons and All"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1910

¶ In the Postal Deficit the esteemed New York Herald has found another Doctor Cook

The Magazines' Cost of Living

IMAGINE yourself, gentle reader, a coal miner anxious to ship your product. Coal is not perishable and it can take its time and chances in open cars. Yet the railroad company on which you must depend for transportation insists on shipping your coal in refrigerator cars, at express-train speed, on icing it two or three times in transit, and on charging you the tariff for which such a service calls. Naturally, you would feel annoyed at such treatment, but the postal authorities expect the publishers to accept a similar situation pleasantly.

In his admirable analysis of the postal deficit, Mr. George W. Wilder makes it perfectly clear that the magazines are being given and paying for a service which they do not want and do not need. For instance, the Post-Office Department is charging $13,821,100 of the cost of rural free delivery against the second-class mail. Now, rural free delivery was established as a matter of Government policy, and we believe in it, but it is not fair to charge one dollar of this expense against the magazines. It is undoubtedly of benefit to the daily newspapers, but the Department is trying to exempt them from an increase in rate. The magazines do not need or want once a day or twice a day deliveries on these rural routes.

Continuing, let us quote from Mr. Wilder, whose figures and conclusions are based on the Department's reports:

"First: In the year ended June 30th, 1908, the weight of second-class matter compared to 1907 *decreased* 18,000,000 pounds. The postal expenditures *increased* $18,000,000. There is something in it besides second-class matter.

"Second: In the Postmaster-General's Report for 1909 the cost of second-class matter is figured on the basis of weight for all second-class matter 792,580,967 pounds. It should be figured on the basis of 694,865,884 pounds. This makes about $7,000,000 difference.

"Third: In this same report among the items of cost charged to second-class matter there is rural free delivery $13,821,100. That is, the loss caused by the Government's policy of rural free delivery is charged to second-class matter.

"Fourth: In arriving at the amount of transportation and other expenses based on weight to be charged against second-class matter, the estimate is made on a percentage of weight of second-class matter to the mail carried which is claimed to be 63.91 per cent. This should be 35 per cent instead of 63.91 per cent. It makes a difference of over $13,500,000.

"Fifth: Length of haul is not the determining factor in reaching the cost of transportation per pound carried. Other elements enter into it that make a pound in the shorter-hauls average to cost the Department more than a pound in the longer hauls. When the recommendation is made that because the magazines have an average haul of 1088 miles and the newspapers 291 miles the newspapers should be charged the less, the recommendation is up against the fact.

"Sixth: The Postmaster-General's Report for 1909 says: 'Because of its long haul it costs 5 cents a pound to transport magazines and 2 cents to transport newspapers.' Granting the premises, and allowing for *handling*, the cost of transporting and handling a pound of newspapers is greater than the cost of transporting and handling a pound of magazines.

"Seventh: The average haul on magazines is not 1088. Certainly not over 882, and probably much less. The average haul on newspapers is not 291, but 372 miles.

"Eighth: If the Post-Office Department charged at regular rates for the matter it carries free there would be no so-called deficit.

"Ninth: The Postal Department is being paid by second-class matter at the present rate all that it should ask for the service it renders. It receives from second-class matter all that on fair terms it costs the Department to carry second-class matter.

"Tenth: If through the Department's method of management, and more particularly through its methods of bookkeeping, the cost of handling second-class matter is made high, such cost price is not necessarily a fair price to publishers.

"The item ($43,000,000), designated by the Department 'Railway Transportation,' is by no means railway transportation in its true sense. It is far more than transportation. As a Joint Commission of the Senate and the House said in a report issued in 1899: 'In view of all the services rendered by the railroads, we are of the opinion that the prices for transportation are not excessive.'

"What are those services and are they in the interest of second-class matter?

"Well, there are special trains run at very high speed that add enormously to the railroad expense.

"For instance, if the Pennsylvania or the New York Central puts on a 24-hour flier to St. Louis the mail must go accordingly. Is this done in the interests of second-class matter? Of course not. Second-class matter is not in any such a rush. And so all over the country the Government is doing this same thing. It compels the railways to keep up a constant rush. To rush the mail here, to rush the mail there, to make up special routes, and to do this and to do that, all in order that the letter you write today may reach your business connection or your sweetheart tomorrow. Second-class matter isn't in such a hurry. The subscriber to a magazine wants his book on the same day every month. That's all he wants, and he does not care whether it takes five days in transit from New York to Chicago or goes on the Twentieth Century Limited in eighteen hours. And meeting his wants, getting it to him on the same day every month, is all the publisher wants. He isn't asking the Government to rush the magazines through in eighteen hours. The Government may take five days, only take the same length of time each month. And Government officials realize this situation, because, whenever the mails are crowded, second-class matter really becomes second class, and *waits*.

"If in its rush to transport first-class matter the Government chooses to put the second-class matter on the same train, the second-class matter should not be blamed for mixing with expensive company and be charged accordingly.

"Then there is the transportation given mail clerks, which Mr. Kruttschnitt in his Argument (page 20) on Railway Mail Pay, estimated at $12,500,000. Mail clerks do little service for second-class matter. Their transportation is practically all chargeable to other matter.

"Then there is the transportation of postal commissions and Post-Office Department officials—very little made necessary by second-class matter.

"Then there are about six hundred traveling commissions issued to post-office inspectors, etc., that railways must honor on all trains on all lines on which mails are carried—very little made necessary by second-class matter.

"No criticism of the Government transportation contract, in fact, or by implication, is intended in these remarks. For special and extraordinary services the railways are entitled to special and extraordinary pay. But none of these extraordinary services are for the benefit of second-class matter or made necessary thereby, nor would any of them be discontinued were second-class matter excluded, and second-class matter should not be charged with them or made to account for them either directly or indirectly.

"In fact, second-class matter should not be charged for transportation any more than the rate at which it would be carried by the railway in ordinary business, *and it should be given any advantage the Government may gain because of quantity carried.*

"Therefore, under these circumstances, in fair play we should not plead guilty to over 75 cents per 100 pounds or $5,600,000 for transportation, and that is the extreme. The Department has charged us $29,511,205, a difference of about $24,000,000.

"Roughly speaking, therefore, a summary of the differences is as follows: Rural Free Delivery, $13,800,000; Railway Mail Service, $4,000,000; Railway Post-Office Car Service, $2,350,000; Postmasters, etc., $17,000,000; Transportation, $24,000,000—total differences and reduction in estimate, $61,150,000.

"And now I beg to advance the proposition that if through the Department's method of management, and more particularly through its methods of bookkeeping, the cost of handling second-class matter is made high, such cost price is not necessarily a fair price to periodical and newspaper publishers.

"I recall the famous witticism of Senator Evarts, delivered to a friend at his Vermont farm when he asked him: 'Which will you have, a bottle of milk or a bottle of champagne?—they cost the same.' The Senator realized that though the bottle of milk by his methods of management and bookkeeping cost him as much as the champagne he could not get the champagne price for it. And I repeat: the price that the Government figures as the cost price is not necessarily a fair price to publishers.

"The fair price to publishers is the price that could be made to them by a private corporation having the opportunities of the Government and the monopoly in handling mail matter. And the present rate of the express companies for 500 miles from their principal shipping points and the rate of the railway companies for freight transportation for 600 to 1000 miles should be a very large element in determining what that fair price is. And these companies do business for profits.

"Just here it occurs to me that before the Department is charged with a deficit it should be credited with the work it does for nothing. I do not mean that charges should be made for this. I do mean that the Department should be given credit for this work and that no one should be compelled to bear this expense, it being truly a Government expense. It should be credited first with newspaper circulation, for which there is no charge; second, with the franking privileges, for which there is no charge; third, with the shipments of the Government itself, for which there is no charge.

"Newspaper circulation, for which there is no charge, amounted to 53,156,094 pounds in 1908. (Page 62, Postmaster's Report.) This matter is small country newspapers and 70 per cent of it originates in second, third and fourth class post-offices (page 23, House Document 910), and is carried over those most expensive short routes. It's a question at what rate the Department should be credited for this work. It will probably claim only one cent per pound, but you know from what has been shown here it costs much more. It would be mean to say a credit should be given on the basis of cost, but we may say magazines shouldn't be compelled to make up deficiencies thus caused.

"Page 256, Postmaster's Report, 1908, says: 'Franking privileges weighed 4,555,634 pounds. They certainly cost the average price of all mail in all ways. And Governmental matter for Departments other than the Post-Office weighed 18,644,010 pounds.'

"*This report says* that if the matter was charged at postal rates it would yield a revenue as follows:

Second-class	$ 531,560.94
Franked matter	3,987,546.44
Government matter	16,362,131.95
Total credit due Department	$20,881,239.33

"And that awful deficit disappears.

"It is impossible that a business of over $200,000,000 should not offer an opportunity for enormous savings. And a business like that of our great Postal Department, with endless ramifications, must offer endless opportunities.

"Why deceive ourselves? No Postmaster-General entering his position to-day, with all the duties befalling a Cabinet official besides running his Department, no matter how great his intelligence or how fine his training, can grasp the details of this enormous business before he disappears. There is no time given to him to find these opportunities to save expense. The affairs of the Department must, for the most part, be administered by those under him. There is no concern today doing $200,000,000 of business that would think of intrusting its interests to a man who would consider less than $25,000 per year salary—or even $50,000 per year. And following him there would have to be a string of men commanding $10,000 to $15,000 per year. And here's a business of $200,000,000 vitally affecting business many times that in amount, run by officials paid salaries ridiculous for the positions. I have no criticism of them. I have a criticism of a Government that, in its regard for the opinions of those who really know nothing about business, refuses to pay its servants fair prices for their services, and thereby gets such a result."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Senatorial Heart-Throbs

SPEAKING about heart-throbs—or, were we?—well—anyhow speaking about heart-throbs, the place to find them, outside of the sentimental ballads and the moving-picture shows, is in the first official biographies prepared by new Senators. You see, being Senator is a big job, and the fresh ones are usually overwhelmed at the sudden importance they have assumed and wonder how in the world it all happened. So they seek to justify themselves in the biographies they prepare for the official Congressional Directory.

As they grow older and more calloused in the service they begin to edit and, after a few years, the sketches of their lives usually contain nothing much but a bare recital of where they were born, the offices they have held and when their terms will expire. Of course, there are some who allow their original exploitations of self to remain, but ordinarily the biographies grow more condensed with each new edition of the Directory. Light breaks, as it were.

There was Senator Harry Richardson, of Delaware, who started his career with this beautiful indorsement: "By his businesslike methods and strict honesty in all things Mr. Richardson has attained to positions of honor and trust without his own solicitation, and by so doing has won the respect and confidence of all who come in contact with him." That was eminently true, no doubt, but, presently, Mr. Richardson cut it out. It is not there now. There have been other and similar tender personal tributes to great statesmen that have moved all to tears, but have now succumbed to the blue pencil.

Still, history, in official Senatorial biographies, as elsewhere, repeats herself, or, taking the sex of the Senators into consideration, himself, in this instance. We come now to the official biography of Wesley L. Jones, Senator from the great State of Washington, who recently turned a handspring into the limelight by his impassioned defense of R. Achilles Ballinger, on the occasion of Mr. Ballinger's demand from the Congress of an investigation of everything that led up to the Ballinger-Pinchot row, a defense which Mr. Jones heroically made, notwithstanding his knowledge that there are a lot of insurgents out in Washington, among his constituents, who have ideas contrariwise.

Mr. Jones, we learn, worked on a farm, and taught school and labored to get his education, which is not unique. Many other Senators have done that. It is what comes later that stamps Mr. Jones as a Peerless Paragon of Kitsap, Skagit, Cowlitz, Klickitat, Snohomish, Wahkiakum, Walla Walla, and such other constituencies as there be in his commonwealth

Listen: "His nominations were given and his election secured without a promise, combination, or the improper expenditure of a dollar to influence a single vote." And, further, when speaking of his campaign for the Senatorship: "He declared he would spend no money and make no promises or combinations to secure support, and directed his managers to make no promises or combinations; his personal expenditures during his candidacy were less than one thousand dollars"—cheap, I should say—"and he was successful by a large majority."

Then comes the glittering climax: "Mr. Jones has never acted as attorney for any railroad, telegraph or express company, or for any public-service corporation, and has no personal interests, directly or indirectly, in any public-service corporation, with the exception of two shares of stock in the Horticultural Union of North Yakima."

Pausing and Paining the Politicians

THERE! What do you think of that? If that doesn't describe a statesman eminently fitted to trail the octopus to its lair, what would? It may be a matter for regret among the friends of this fearless and unfettered young statesman that he retains those two shares of stock in the Horticultural Union of North Yakima, but since he has made this frank confession, perhaps it can be forgiven. Many other Senators could make similar statements, could they not? Yes—they could not, and there is where Wesley L. Jones shines. No shackles impede him. No stocks and bonds distort his clear and unfaltering vision, unless, perchance, there might be a horticultural measure up, but it is not to be supposed for a moment that those two shares of stock would influence him. Nay; he would cast a horticultural vote as bravely with the two shares as if he were not encumbered with them.

He made no combinations or promises when he was elected first to the House of Representatives, back in 1898. Indeed, he did not. He didn't have to, to say nothing of having expressed publicly, here in his biography, the fact that he didn't, which means, without doubt, that he wouldn't. As a matter of fact, Wesley turned a trick on the political leaders of Washington, when he was first elected, that gave them pause and pain. He put one over on them, as the saying goes, and since that time he has had things all his own way, for he made good at the start and the people are with him, which rather left the political leaders out in the cold, and caused them to be with him, too, inasmuch as the political axiom pertains in Washington, as elsewhere, that a political leader without followers is as useless as a last-year's birdnest.

Jones, Who Owns Two Shares of Stock in the Horticultural Union of North Yakima

Washington went for free silver in 1896. A combination of Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists chased pellmell after Mr. Bryan and his incandescent doctrine, and carried the state by about thirteen thousand. Then came the Spanish War, in 1898, and the taking over of the Philippines. Meantime, Wesley Jones was a lawyer in North Yakima, and the late Frank Cushman a lawyer in Tacoma. They were both Republicans and both good speakers, and anxious to get out on the stump for the advertisement. Thus, whenever the State Committee had a particularly forlorn spot on hand that needed a speech, either Cushman or Jones was sent there. It might mean travel all day in a canoe, or on horseback, or in a wagon along mountain trails. Other and older speakers were reserved for the cities. Jones and Cushman were sent to the outposts. They went, made their speeches, came back and went again.

Washington had no Congressional districts at that time, but elected its Representatives at large. The silver fusion had carried the state. Things looked hopeless for the Republicans in 1898. Thus, when Jones and Cushman mildly intimated they should have some recognition for all their work in the years past, the state leaders clasped them warmly by the hands and said: "Why, of course, boys. You deserve recognition. You have done noble work. Now, we've got to nominate some men this fall for Members of Congress. How'd you like to run?"

Clever state leaders! They would put up these men in a year when there was no chance to win, eliminate them, and then pass on to happier days.

Jones thought it over. He was wise enough to see that the taking and retention of the Philippines meant expansion of business on the Pacific, and he said he would run. All the leaders chuckled. It meant the last of Jones. Meantime, the people of Washington began to think McKinley's Philippine policy would be a good thing for the State of Washington. They forgot Bryan and silver, and they elected Jones with a whoop. Whereupon, Jones stood in North Yakima and told the state leaders to go where they belonged. After that he was regularly returned to the House of Representatives, and remained there until the direct primary law gave him an opportunity to run for the Senate as opposed to the reëlection of Ankeny. He ran and was elected and is now Senator Wesley L. Jones, sole owner of two shares of stock in the North Yakima Horticultural Union, but, as previously set forth, in no wise affiliated with any other corporation.

Jones is a big, husky, virile chap, a hard student, not given to display, and a conscientious lawmaker. He made a good record in the House, especially in his work on the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and is extremely popular at home. He will never be a showy Senator, but he will be a solid, substantial one, and he will always have his ear close enough to the ground to know what his folks want.

But it does seem he should sell that horticultural stock. Now that we have a Jones in the Senate again, after a hiatus of some years, that Jones should be unfettered, untrammeled and unstocked.

Not Mr. McChanic

SCOTCH highlanders, who still speak the Gaelic at times, settled much of the country north of Toronto.

One day Doctor Rutherford, locally famous, was looking for some men to do some work for him. He went to a village blacksmith shop and found several of these Scotchmen standing about.

"Are you a mechanic?" he asked one of them.

"Nay," he replied. "I'm a McCuig."

"But what is your occupation?"

"Scotch."

In Slippery Places

MOST of the old Colonial mansions in Virginia have winding staircases of polished wood.

There was a party at one of these a time ago. Presently the brother of the host came in. He was somewhat exhilarated. He glanced about the room, and, realizing his condition, took up a student lamp from a hall table and started upstairs.

He reached the next to the top stair without accident, although everybody was expecting something to happen. Then he slipped, emitted a loud whoop and came down the stairs head over heels, with the lamp, which had gone out, following, or accompanying, to put it accurately.

The guests rushed out in the hall. The brother picked himself up slowly and painfully. He braced himself against the stair-post, waved away all who offered assistance and, beckoning to his host, said: "Brother, you should tell the man who waxes those stairs to be more careful. Somebody will fall down them some day otherwise."

Hunting for Trouble

A TRAVELER stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning, and he went downstairs and asked for some.

"What for?" the landlord asked.

"I want to wash my face."

The landlord directed him to a creek near by, and he went there for his ablutions, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveler washed his face and combed his hair, as best he could, with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide-open eyes. Finally the largest boy said: "Say, mister, do you-all take all that trouble with yourself every day?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ William J. Gaynor, New York's new mayor, is a pedestrian of Weston qualities.

¶ The only man on the House Naval Committee who ever had any naval experience is Representative Hobson, of Alabama.

¶ Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has the finest set of near-Cabinet whiskers in Washington.

¶ Wilbur J. Carr, who is the diplomatic sharp of the State Department, and has a profound store of knowledge concerning all our foreign relations, began as a stenographer.

¶ Representative Scott, of Kansas, who will be Secretary of Agriculture if Secretary Wilson ever decides to retire, looks more like a New York banker than a Kansas editor, which he is.

¶ Maxwell Evarts, the busiest man in Vermont, who runs about everything in that commonwealth, besides practicing law in New York, has added another enterprise to his already long string. He is now engaged in inventing a new type of the Morgan horse.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Winter Wild-Fowling on the Southern Seacoast

NOT all Americans realize what a wonderful country our America is. Which of us, for instance, stops to reflect that our country covers a continent, east and west, and a year, north and south? Northern shooters are apt to oil down their guns at Thanksgiving or Christmas, yet at that time the best of the sporting year is just beginning in the Southern States. In fact, the sporting year for us is a continuous cycle, something that is true of no other country in the world.

Thus it becomes a privilege of Northern shooters who have the inclination and the price to take train in midwinter and in a couple of days to reach the winter grounds of the wild fowl almost as quickly and rather more comfortably than did the wild fowl themselves in their southbound migration. As the wild fowl of the Northern continent are strongly concentrated at this season of the year the Northern sportsman of the present generation may obtain an experience that to him will seem wonderful—a sight of myriads of ducks, geese and other birds, so many that at first he will be ready to exclaim that their numbers can never appreciably be lessened, and so many that he will be quite willing to accept the increasing stringency of the game laws of the Southern States. It is a grand sight to watch a square mile of white geese milling around over a piece of green, wet prairie somewhere on the Texas or Louisiana Gulf coast, or to note five miles of honkers go out in a straight line from the sea, or to see in a day ten thousand jacksnipe instead of a couple of dozen, or to watch a sweeping band of a thousand curlew instead of a sparse half-dozen here or there, or to study the habits of a score of species of shore birds unknown to the Northern shooter. The first winter trip of a Northerner to our Southern shores in wintertime is apt to linger long in his sporting memory.

Success in this Southern winter sport means the following of the general rules of wild-fowling that obtain in any territory at any season. The birds will have a resting or roosting ground which they will leave for their feeding ground. In addition to this, it must be remembered that all of the wild fowl that take their midday rest on the salt-water flats or bars go inland at least once a day for fresh water, even though they find most of their feed along the salt water. Of course, too, the question of weather is to be considered here, as it is in the North. Rough weather is always best for duck-shooting, and especially is it best along the Southern coast, where a severe "norther" may drive down to the salt water practically all of the fowl that have been wintering in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas.

Some Obliging Bluebills

Even in fair weather one may be reasonably sure of good sport on deep-water ducks at any of scores of points along the Gulf coast in midwinter. The best way is to take a cabin schooner on which one may cook and sleep, and sail coastwise until one has located a good body of birds. Such a body is most apt to be found in some one of the wide and shallow bays that run back from the Gulf. After the birds are located it is best to spend some time studying their feeding grounds and lines of flight before attempting to obtain workmanlike sport.

In this Southern country, where the refinements of sport are not yet so necessary, the cumbersome and elaborate sink-boxes or batteries are not generally used. In many of the better-known bays one is apt to see, scattered here and there, permanent blinds made by driving down long poles into the mud and interlacing the tops with boughs, tules or grass. The unwritten law is that the builder of such a blind owns it, but if it is not occupied consent to shoot from it is easily obtained, in which case one will not be at the trouble of building his own blind, which sometimes is difficult along a bare seacoast.

Such a blind is left open at one or both ends for the access of the boat, and the shooter must stand or squat upon the somewhat uncertain floor of the heaving waters which, on a good ducking day, are sometimes so tempestuous as to cause the novice more than a little trepidation. As these blinds are built on the better-known feeding beds of the deep-water ducks the use of decoys is, of course, necessary, and the more decoys one has the better. A band of ducks, looking for feed and safety combined, is most apt to head for the largest body of comrades that happens to be in sight. These Southern decoys are apt to be somewhat battered specimens, but they serve their purpose, for deep-water ducks are not overnice, and the continual motion of the water gives a lifelikeness even to a clumsily-fabricated block of wood. One has seen bluebills decoy very comfortably to a fleet made of pieces of two by four, with a stick and cross-piece nailed on top. They made rude counterfeits, but were obligingly accepted as the real thing. Deep-water ducks are anxious to get as soon as possible over the grass beds or the far rarer wild-celery grounds, in brackish coast waters, which offer them their feed.

Irene, Steel Common and Ducks

In a certain sporting print which, perhaps, you have seen, a well-known artist has made a nice picture of a gunner crouching in his boat in much such a salt-water blind as the one above mentioned. He has painted in a goodly flock of decoys and given a good deal of realism in his details, with one exception. He has painted in a flock of ducks coming in to the decoys, but, unfortunately, he has shown his ducks coming in downwind, the head of their harrow almost touching noses with the head of the decoy fleet. There is a lesson by reverse in this picture. Wild ducks, for mechanical reasons, always alight against the wind. The shooter's decoys should, therefore, be so arranged that when they do alight they will be coming in closest to him. Sometimes in marsh shooting it is well to put the decoys parallel with the blind, but in this open-water shooting they should be placed downwind from the blind. It is not necessary to give them any regular order in arrangement further than to put the main mass within good range of the blind. Obviously, the artist had never done much duck-shooting.

When one has performed the labor of getting out his decoys and has taken up his station in his blind one must remember that great rule of duck-shooting, which is to keep down in the blind. In his foolish way the wild duck is conventional. He ought to know that there is danger in this big and bulky blind, but when hungry he will often conventionally ignore that danger unless he sees a human face sticking up over the top of the blind. He and his have seen that face before, looking up from below, from stubble, grass, willows, tules or tall trees, all the way from Athabasca to Texas. Nothing startles the wild duck like the sight of the human face, and nothing attracts his attention to the human figure so quickly as motion. If you can hold yourself still and make a noise like a stump you can sit in an open boat in full view and kill ducks over decoys. The slightest motion, even at a distance of a mile or more, will discover your real nature to a passing flock of birds. If you can imitate the raucous purr of the deep-water ducks, the canvasback, redhead or bluebill it is well enough to call once in a while, but not to call too often. The real duck knows that a feeding fowl has his mouth full most of the time, if he is lucky, and so is not given to announcing his whereabouts all the time. Keep to the ancient rules of wild-fowling. Don't stand up in the blind. Don't move any more than you must. Don't shoot at anything but your desired game. When you see a flock coming in don't turn around and follow them when they go behind you. Get ready and keep low, and watch the space over your decoys. Keep your face out of sight as much as possible. Wait until you are sure the ducks have come as close as they are going to come.

If one had steady shooting all day long one would soon exceed the legal bag-limit of twenty-five birds. Perhaps the shooting is not so steady or comes by fits and starts. There are long, barren stretches in the day of the salt-water fowler lying out in his blind with the wash of the sea around him. Yet it is fine to watch the white-topped waves race by, and to look at the driven clouds that pass, and to study the changing colors on the adjacent sea-marsh where the grasses grow. After the rush of the morning flight is over and the warmer hours of midday approach one is apt to have time to reflect on his own misspent life, and to wonder if Irene is going to relent, and to ponder whether or not he can afford that new automobile, and whether Steel Common is ever going to stop, and whether the office rent is going to be raised, and whether or not Taft is really making good. But even at midday, and even as one ponders on some of these things, through a crack in the blind there may come a glimpse of a hurrying, dark line of low-flying birds. They sight the decoys and swing in without hesitation, after the headlong way of deep-water fowl. You can hear the hiss and hurtle of their wings as they pass near by. Don't move, and don't shoot, but wait till they swing to draw over the decoys. In this anxious moment you crouch down, eyes glaring, giving an excellent imitation of a dog pointing game. Indeed, you are only an animal now.

Perhaps the flock swings so wide that you think they have left you; but, granted good luck, they swing swiftly and uniformly and drive straight in for the decoys. They make a stirring sight as they come on, wings hooped out with speed, spread feet pushed out ahead of them, necks erect, heads bent a little, and bright eyes shifting and searching continually. You can hear the hiss of their wings as, precisely at the time you think them about to drop among the decoys, they swing into the wind once more. Hastily you fire at the head of the flock and, to your surprise, a somewhat lonesome fowl drops out at the other end of the flock. Probably it is only crippled, for the birds were farther than you thought, after all. You shoot at it again and again on the water, but it gets away. Well, anyhow, it was a duck. All at once the sun begins to shine very brightly. You are sure that Irene is going to say Yes, and that Steel Common will come out all right, and that it is a cinch about the automobile.

Leading and the Personal Equation

No two flocks of deep-water ducks will perform just the same, but any one of them is an interesting study in itself. The low, strong, steady drive of a bunch of "canvas" is the very embodiment of speed and confidence, and the wedge of redheads will impress you much in the same way. The bunch of bluebills or blackjacks, which come backing down the aërial stairway in all sorts of twisted shapes, wings whistling, feet dangling, and in all manner of impossible positions in the unstable element of the air, will sometimes seem so comical in their haste as to make you laugh outright. Your position, cramped up as you are in your shooting skiff, would seem none too comfortable after a few hours, were it not for the continually changing interests of your sporting day.

It will not have taken you long to learn the wisdom of the man who declared it to be impossible to shoot ahead of a canvasback or redhead. This is almost impossible, at least for the beginner, who time after time will fire at birds that he ought to kill, and miss them clean. Yet here, alone in his blind, the beginner has the best possible chance to improve himself. Very often the birds fly so close to the water that he can see the splash where his charge of shot strikes. With astonishing regularity this spot will be found to be behind and not ahead of the duck he thought he was going to kill.

The beginner who has seen a finished duck-shot kill bird after bird stone dead, high in the air, or far off over the water, asks the expert how far ahead of these

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birds he has held. That is something no man can tell to any inquirer. There are no two shots alike in duck-shooting, and there are no two men who agree as to the proper way to make the same shot. If you will go home and do a little figuring you will discover it to be mathematically certain that, in order to hit at forty yards a duck flying eighty miles an hour, you will have to shoot ahead of it about twenty feet. But no one can tell how much twenty feet is, measured out there on the air. What seems ten feet to one man may be one foot to another. Moreover, some of the best duck-shots will tell you that they do not lead their birds at all, but just swing on their heads or a little in front, and "pull as they swing." Experience will prove to you beyond a question that if you swing with your bird and do not stop your gun when you pull the trigger you will not need to lead your bird so far. One country shooter expressed it to the best of his belief when he said he "jes' slung the shot at 'em."

But the muzzle of your gun is a fixed point when the shot leaves that muzzle, whether or not the muzzle is stationary at the time, and the shooter cannot control the charge of shot after it has left the muzzle of the gun. It figures out rather strangely to the average man, and all a beginner can do about it is to keep on shooting until he has established touch with that strange quality which scientists call the personal equation. Some men have to lead a bird farther than others in order to kill it. One engineer may declare a level or a transit to be in perfect adjustment and be able to do perfect work with it. The next engineer on the same corps will declare the instrument to be all out of shape and will readjust it to suit his own eye. Both will do perfect work with the same machine. Why is this possible? The answer lies in the personal equation.

The Honk That Has No Smell

In addition to this shooting with decoys and blinds there is often good pass shooting to be had on the flyways taken by the birds while going in and out from the salt water. Especially is this the case if one has been able to locate a good body of wild geese. The Canada honker is one of the wisest of all wild creatures, but he has his weakness and his blind side, like all other game creatures. Most of all is he apt to be betrayed by his fondness for drink. He has to have fresh water once or twice a day, even though he needs to fly fifty miles for it. Moreover, he is most apt to use the sandbars of the seacoast as a resting ground, where no enemy can approach without being seen. His feeding place is apt to be far away, and this feeding ground he will visit twice a day, just as regularly here in Texas as he did on the stubble fields of North Dakota. The first feeding flight will go out in the early morning and will return to the sandbars at about ten o'clock. After that the birds rest until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when once more they go out and return somewhere near dusk. Be sure that these lines of flight will be selected by the wild geese over those parts of the shore line offering the least possible concealment for the shooter. Never does Papa Goose lead his cohorts out over the nice, flat, tule-covered marsh that runs invitingly into the bay. He is far more apt to select the bare headlands where the grass is too short to make any sort of blind. The slightest change in the appearance of the ground at such a place is enough to cause the whole flight to leave that route for another.

Perhaps you have located a good goose-flight passing over some such high and bald headland along the edge of a good bay somewhere on the Gulf coast. The short grass here has been kept down still shorter by the cattle that feed here. You scratch your head for a time, wondering what to do about it. Ah! at last you see light. These cattle have, after cow fashion, worn paths in the ground. Here are paths six inches deep and almost as wide as a narrow man when he lies down. Chuckling, you wonder whether Papa Goose has noticed these paths. Experimentally, you fit yourself into one of them, then arise and go to tell the other boys.

The next morning you are out there on the headland, with the cold wind sweeping your upturned face as you lie flat on your back, trying to squeeze the lower portion of your city chest as near to the level of the surrounding earth as you can. Your arms lie flat down at your side, and your gun is hid in the path. This is worse than squatting in a duck-blind, for you dare not move at all and can only look straight above you. At last, you begin to hear a faint and far-off sound, the musical honking of the wild geese as they take wing.

The sound of the honking steadily grows more plain. In the dusk all the air seems vibrant with it. Soon you hear the fanning of heavy, deliberate wings. If you budge an atom all chance is gone. If you lie still, looking straight up above you, your hat almost covering your face, at last you may see the front of the first flock cross your line of vision. The geese are apt to be flying low, and they are certain to look enormously large. As the leaders cross your path in a line from your eyes to your turned-up toes you can wait no longer. Suddenly you sit up and fire at the front of the flock, once, twice. You hear the click of the shot cutting into the heavy pinions and, as the orderly honking turns into a terrified babble, you see drop out, not from the head, but from the rear of the flock, one, two, possibly three or four, enormous brown bodies which strike the ground with a thump loud enough, it seems to you, to be heard across the county. You rush out to gather up your dead birds and, to your astonishment, find that you have to travel, perhaps, sixty yards instead of twenty or thirty. To any beginner the stately wild goose seems slower than he is, and also closer. It is better to cover the end of his nose than the butt of his wings, and better yet to see plenty of daylight ahead of him along your gun.

Since not all of the raft of geese will leave the salt-water bars at once, the flight is apt to continue in scattered bands for some time. Best hasten back to your cow-path, therefore, and wait until again you hear the coming chatter of the honkers, louder and louder—the sweetest, strangest and most stirring sound of all the sounds heard in the open. In spite of yourself you, perhaps, turn on edge to catch the first sight of the black line as it rises over the edge of the headland. Again the wonder how long it will take them to get over you and the anxious question whether or not they will pass within range. Sometimes you will not score, although they seem so close, but again, even in the full sunlight of the incoming morning flight, when the straggling bands musically announce their coming even before you can locate them, miles away, with the eye, you may see them advance, with deliberate and stately grace and strength, until they pass almost directly over you as you lie motionless. You can see the white bar under the throat of them, see even their black, beady eyes. Such a moment comes rarely to the Northern shooter at any time. One such morning, with its results of a dozen or a score of these magnificent game birds, is something to remember as long as he lives.

Guns, Gauges and Garments

In earlier days heavier guns were used than are customary today in wild-fowling. The twelve-gauge is now practically universal, and the tendency is to lighter rather than to heavier arms. Many sportsmen use the sixteen-gauge, even for goose-shooting, and in one Texas city there are scores of sportsmen who shoot twenty-gauges. Let no one suppose that such an arm is a toy, or that its load is a mere squib. One has seen five Canada honkers killed stone dead in air by the two barrels of a twenty-gauge out of a flock passing overhead at long range for twelve-gauge. With these smaller weapons the spread of a load is less, but the stringing of the shot is rather greater. The use of such an arm requires greater skill than is necessary for the twelve-gauge or ten-gauge.

The loads for salt-water shooting are rather heavier than those needed for upland game: say, for twelve-gauge three and one-quarter drams of the nitro powders—some people even use three and one-half drams. Number six shot will do for decoy shooting, and number four is large enough even for goose-shooting on a flyway. As to clothing, the Northern shooter should have the same heavy woolens and rubber boots that he would need in the North, because in the Gulf region the changes in temperature are apt to be sudden, and one feels the cold of the Gulf coast "norther" more keenly than he would the same temperature a thousand miles farther north.

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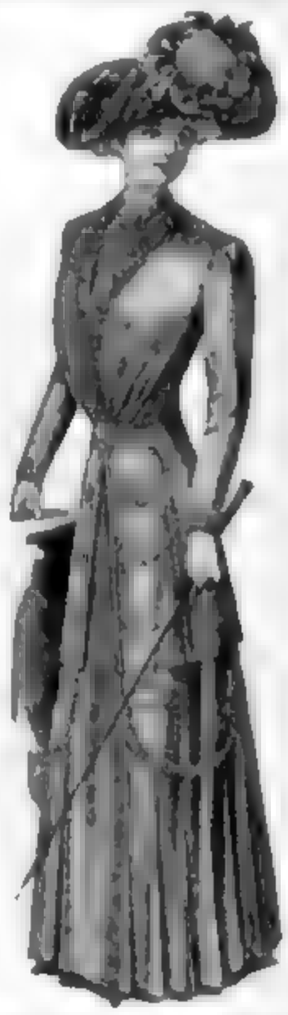

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The Senator's Secretary

THERE never was a President who had so many gratuitous advisers as President Taft. Apparently, all the letter writers in the country have marked him for their own, and they pour in on him long communications telling him exactly how to do everything, from formulating a conservation message to taking a bath. Most of his pictures printed since he was first nominated have been pictures showing that smile. This has stamped him as an easy mark for the Pro Bono Publico Boys and they are helping wipe out the post-office deficit by buying many two-cent stamps and sticking them on letters to him.

Not all resort to letters, though. If they are within walking distance, or have the price of a railroad ticket, and many of them have, they come over personally to advise, and try to get in to see the Big Man and tell him what is what. A lot of them do not get in, but plenty do, and the President is held at his desk for hours while wise well-wishers tell him how to steer the Ship of State. They all know how to do it. If they have had a previous acquaintance with the President so much the better, but that isn't essential. Any stranger with the good of the nation at heart seems to himself to be qualified to advise, and makes strenuous efforts to get an opportunity to deliver his cargo of instructions at the original dock, which is Mr. Taft's desk.

Now, Mr. Taft is a patient man. He is good-natured. He listens much. He lets them ramble—and they certainly ramble—as long as he can without giving up all his time to them. He reads many of the instructive letters, but there are limits to human endurance. Occasionally he bursts forth. Once was, when, a few days ago, he told a visitor, with a tremendous explosion: "I loathe patronage!" and another was when he said: "Well, thank Heaven, I shall be President for three years longer, at any rate, and that is settled." What he meant was that the advisers had been pressing him very hard with croaks that if he didn't do thus and so, or if he didn't stop doing this or that, he could not be renominated in 1912.

The Trials of Taft

Most of the Taft advisers are well-meaning people, but frightful bores. His old friends seem to think they have a mortgage on him and are his guardians. The worst of the lot are those smirking citizens who come in with the "Now, Bill, you know I do not want anything for myself. I am only doing this for your own good, but I say to you if you persist in this ——" and so on for as many minutes as he will listen to them. Old friends, old classmates, old associates in the law, old Cincinnati comrades, old chaps he met in the Philippines, old anything else with whom he ever shook hands, and all loaded to the guards with advice and slopping over. It's a wonder he doesn't begin seeing red, when a bunch of them are at him, and turn loose with a chair. There must be times when the President wishes he hadn't an old friend in the world, not a single, solitary acquaintance who could even think, by any stretch of the imagination, that he ought to go around and tell the President something for his own good. Still, that wouldn't make much difference, when one comes to think of it. The strangers would arrive promptly. It is the first and foremost inherent right of an American citizen to tell his Chief Executive where to get off—or on—as the case may be.

The patronage question vexes the President. He isn't used to it. He fusses with it too much. If there are a dozen candidates for a place he mulls over the whole lot before he picks out any one. He studies and investigates and compares and lets himself get bothered, and it is no wonder he loathes the whole business. He wants to be sure he is right before he appoints any one. That is commendable, of course, but it leaves him open to the Volunteer Advisory Board, for he takes so much time to considering appointments and making sure he is sure, that he gives all his old friends a chance to drop in and tell him how about it. Moreover, the Republican Representatives who are to be reelected next fall, and the Republican Senators whose terms expire in March, 1911, and must needs get past primaries or garner legislatures to send them back, are very keen on the patronage question. They want all that is coming to them, and more. They are insistent, and the President doesn't fancy insistent people. He likes to take his time.

Furthermore, he is averse to beating on the big bass drum. When he was preparing his railroad message and his conservation message everybody knew what he was doing and what he intended to say. The result was that the messages went in and did not create a ripple, and, when one comes to examine them, they are far more radical than any similar messages ever sent in by President Roosevelt. The Taft method of expression is different from the Roosevelt method. Moreover, when Colonel Roosevelt would have prepared everybody for an explosion and had men out with red flags in every direction warning people to stop, look and listen, Mr. Taft sent his messages in without any of this and they were received and filed. They didn't make a ripple at the start. Later, Wall Street began to get agitated, filled with a "vague unrest," as the financial writers put it, and stocks tumbled some. So far as popular approval or disapproval was concerned there was none. The editorial writers wrote their pieces about the messages and let them go at that. The laws to carry them out were drafted and introduced, and all was calm and stilly.

After the bills were introduced and referred the leaders of the Senate began their search for a buffer. And what is a buffer? asks the gentleman on my left. A buffer, fellow-citizens, is a proposed law that is brought before the Senate and kept there in order to prevent the consideration of other and more vexatious legislation. It is a slick old scheme. The Senate of the United States is in no great hurry to pass more laws regulating railroads. It will pass some, for the leaders have told Mr. Taft they will, and they keep their words in matters of this kind. However, there is no hurry.

Therefore, they pick out a nice, unobnoxious bit of proposed legislation, a bill that requires much discussion and amendment, and they put it on the calendar and make it the regular order of business. Then they can discuss it until they are ready for an appropriation bill or some law they want to hurry through, when they lay the buffer aside, temporarily, and proceed to do what business is to be done. After this the buffer resumes its place as the regular order of business, and it is discussed and wrangled over until something else important comes along, when it is temporarily displaced again and as regularly brought back when it is needed.

The Benefits of the Buffer

There is no cloture in the Senate and no way to regulate speech. Any Senator can discuss the buffer until he gets ready to stop. Meantime, no other business can be brought in, and the man who has charge of the buffer is the only one who can consent to the displacement of his pet measure. This keeps the bills over which there might be trouble in the background, holds them off the floor and gives the leaders time to make their plans. They will have a fine buffer in a short time. It may be the Alaskan Government bill, or some other similar technical measure, that will require a lot of learned debate, but it will be something that will last on the calendar as long as it is needed, and if Mr. Taft is in a hurry for his railroad bills he will have to take it out in being in a hurry, for the Senate does things in its own peculiar way.

It is a beautiful scheme, and simple. Suppose, for example, the Alaskan Government bill is chosen for the buffer. The President wants that. If he complains to the Senate leaders that his railroad and conservation bills are not being pushed, it will be explained to him, kindly, but firmly, that the Senate cannot do two things at the same time. "Our dear Mr. President, we are working very hard to get your Alaskan bill enacted into law. You want that, do you not? We thought as much. As soon as we get that out of the way we shall take up the other measures you desire. Still, our dear Mr. President, you know the Senate. Unfortunately, we have no cloture there. There is no way of limiting debate, and as long as this bill is on the calendar as the regular order of business it must remain there. We hope you understand, our dear Mr. President. Certainly, of course. Lovely weather we are having, isn't it? We trust you enjoy your walks."

Can't you hear Nelson W. Aldrich and Eugene Hale saying it?

There was a general impression in Washington that somebody put the soft pedal on Gifford Pinchot when he began to write his statement after he had been separated from his job. He announced two or three times that he would have something to say, and shut himself up to incubate that something. Then, one morning, he issued his statement and it lacked blood and bones. It was a wishy-washy sort of a statement. It was not the promulgation of a fighting man. It was a soft-spoken effusion, calculated to do nobody any harm and, by the same token, did not do Mr. Pinchot any good. If Mr. Pinchot had spoken his mind freely and comprehensively about the events that led up to his retirement as Chief Forester it would have been lively reading and a distinct addition to the liveliness of a somewhat bored Capital. As it was, he dwelt in generalities, and those who read what he had to say forgot what he said ten minutes after he read it. Nearly everybody looked through it to see if he called anybody out of his name, and finding nothing but an essay on the value of conservation and the pledge to devote his life to the work, threw it away and took a hack at R. Achilles Ballinger's defi, in which he told Representative Hitchcock that certain statements he made were "unclean and indecent lies," a bit of tautology, by the way, unless Mr. Ballinger knows some kinds of clean and decent lies.

Mortals and Immortals

R. Achilles certainly is in hard luck. After coming to Washington to be a member of the celebrated Legal Luminary Cabinet, with honors heaped on him, and all the Northwest cheering in his enraptured ears, he opened his desk first day and found a hornets' nest in it, and the hornets have been stinging him ever since. He hasn't had a bit of fun since he struck the Capital in the early part of March last and took the oath as Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Knox, as Secretary of State, has had his troubles, and so has Mr. Hitchcock, but the rest of the Cabinet have gone along peacefully and calmly, legally luminarizing in a quiet and contemplative manner. With Ballinger it has been biff! bang! bing! every minute of the time, with hoarse cries of "You lie, you villain, you lie!" floating on every breeze that has blown in his vicinity.

There are those political seers who say that Ballinger must go. There are those other political sages who say he cannot go, cannot retreat under fire. Both are beside the mark. What he can and cannot do are entirely up to him. Nor is there any need of worrying. He is an able man, and he knows what to do. Moreover, he knows what the President wants him to do. There is no mistake about that. What Ballinger needs more than anything is somebody to come around, pat him on the shoulder and tell him to cheer up. Still, how he must envy the peaceful lives that are being led by Jacob M. Dickinson, the Secretary of War, for example, or Charles Nagel, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Not a cloud on those skies. Nothing to do but work fourteen hours a day and go to seven dinners a week. Oh, happy! happy!

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, introduced the other day his long-expected bill establishing the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the American Academy of Immortals. The Senator waited too long with this bill, for several of his immortals have died since his list was prepared. Still, there is a provision permitting additions in the case of death or resignation. So that doesn't matter so much. The striking thing about it was that the Senator could find only two men, in the nearly five hundred in Senate and House, sufficiently skilled in arts or letters to be worthy of a place in the list. One was James Breck Perkins, the French historian, and the other was the Senator himself.

A Lenten Delicacy

YOU cannot judge Campbell's Tomato Soup by the price.

No better nor more satisfying soup is made at any price.

The choicest tomatoes that grow are raised in the New Jersey market gardens near our plant specially for this soup. And we put them up the day they are picked, using only the pure meat and thick juice. We flavor and season this most daintily with crisp tender celery, fragrant parsley, high-grade spices, and uncolored creamery butter. This soup contains no meat-product. It is not over-sweetened. It is seasoned just enough to bring out perfectly the natural spiciness of the tomato. The most critical taste is satisfied by the delicate racy flavor and creamy richness of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is served in many of the most luxurious and best-appointed homes, and on the most important occasions. It is exquisitely pure and wholesome. It contains no preservative nor coloring-matter. You can prepare it in three minutes. And it is condensed, so that it makes twice its volume of good rich soup.

There is no real substitute. Insist on Campbell's; and judge it for yourself. If not satisfied the grocer refunds the price. And so with all of Campbell's soups.

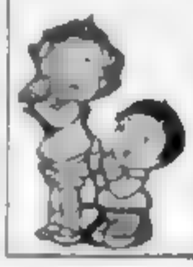
21 kinds 10c a can

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Shall we send you a copy of Campbell's Menu Book, free?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

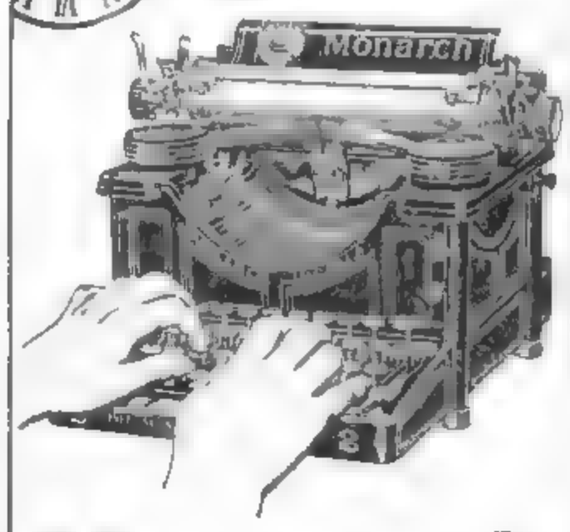


Sir:
There's another in your way.
In vain your soft inflections!
He gives me *Campbell's Soup* each day;
And *wins* my young affections.

More Work Better Work and Easier

In a commercial sense, the employer is interested in the quantity and quality of the output of his typists. It is evident, too, that it is to the best interest of the operator that each day shall show a satisfactory amount of work well done.

Therefore, both employer and operator find in



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Light Touch

a sure means to a desired end. This exclusive feature of the Monarch Typewriter results in more work because the Monarch is so much easier to operate than other typewriters—less physical energy is required. The work is uniformly better because the operator is not hampered by "Three O'Clock Fatigue," and finishes fresh right up to closing time.

Illustrated, descriptive literature will be sent for your upon application. Inquiries are invited from business men and persons desiring demonstrations arranged to take place on your own office

The Monarch Typewriter Co.
Executive Offices:
Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York
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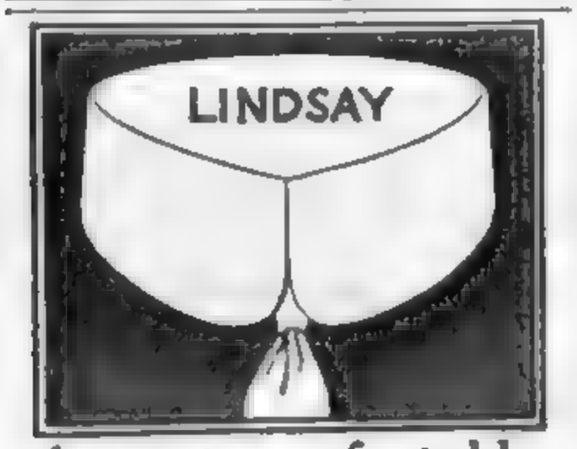

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ARROW
COLLAR

15 cents each—2 for 25 cents
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, 459 River St., Troy, N.Y
ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents a Pair

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IRON CEMENT
No 1, for Household Use. Permanently repairs cracks in Stoves, Ranges, House Heating Boilers, Stoves, Furnaces, Sinks, Pipes and iron or steel articles.
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Anyone can apply it. 15c a Box or 20c by Mail.
Smooth-On Mfg. Co., Jersey City, N. J.

MAGAZINE MEN

Days Off: Snapshots Of Well-Known Writers at Play

Dr. Henry Van Dyke and His Son

Mrs. Riggs. Not Rebecca, but the Author of Rebecca, at the Well

John Kendrick Bangs

Jacob Riis

Ten-Day Trial Tube and Test Papers Mailed Free

ACID in the mouth is the cause of tooth decay. The acid attacks the enamel, giving a foothold to bacteria which complete the destruction of the tooth. The regular use of

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

keeps the mouth free from acid, cleanses the teeth perfectly, polishing and whitening them to a marked degree, and leaving a clean, refreshed sensation, which makes its use a daily pleasure.

Only by trying Pebeco can you realize its remarkable efficiency.

Send for Trial Tube

We gladly send it and the Test Papers, which afford an interesting test by which you can promptly tell if you have "acid mouth" and also demonstrate how Pebeco overcomes this condition, thus preventing decay.

Pebeco relieves tender gums, overcomes unpleasant breath, and is a complete prophylactic for the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of **P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany,** and is sold everywhere in large 50-cent tubes, or we will mail, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Only a small quantity is used at each brushing of the teeth—Pebeco is very economical.

For Trial Tube and Test Papers, address

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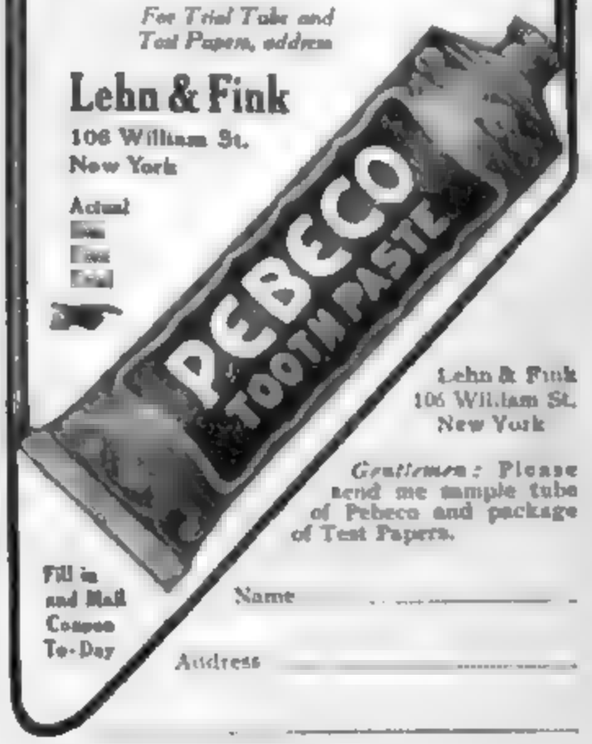
106 William St.
New York

Actual



Lehn & Fink
106 William St.
New York

Gentlemen: Please send me sample tube of Pebeco and package of Test Papers.

Fill in and Mail Coupon To-Day

Name _____

Address _____

The National Growth

The Great Dodge Plant Is Now Made Even Larger

ALREADY the world's largest machine shops nearest the center of population, the Dodge Plant has been made still greater in the past year. New buildings and broader acreage proclaim the continued success of the Dodge Idea.

Twelve more buildings have been added to the Dodge Plant. It now covers 24 acres of floor space.

In this vast plant is produced everything for the mechanical transmission of power.

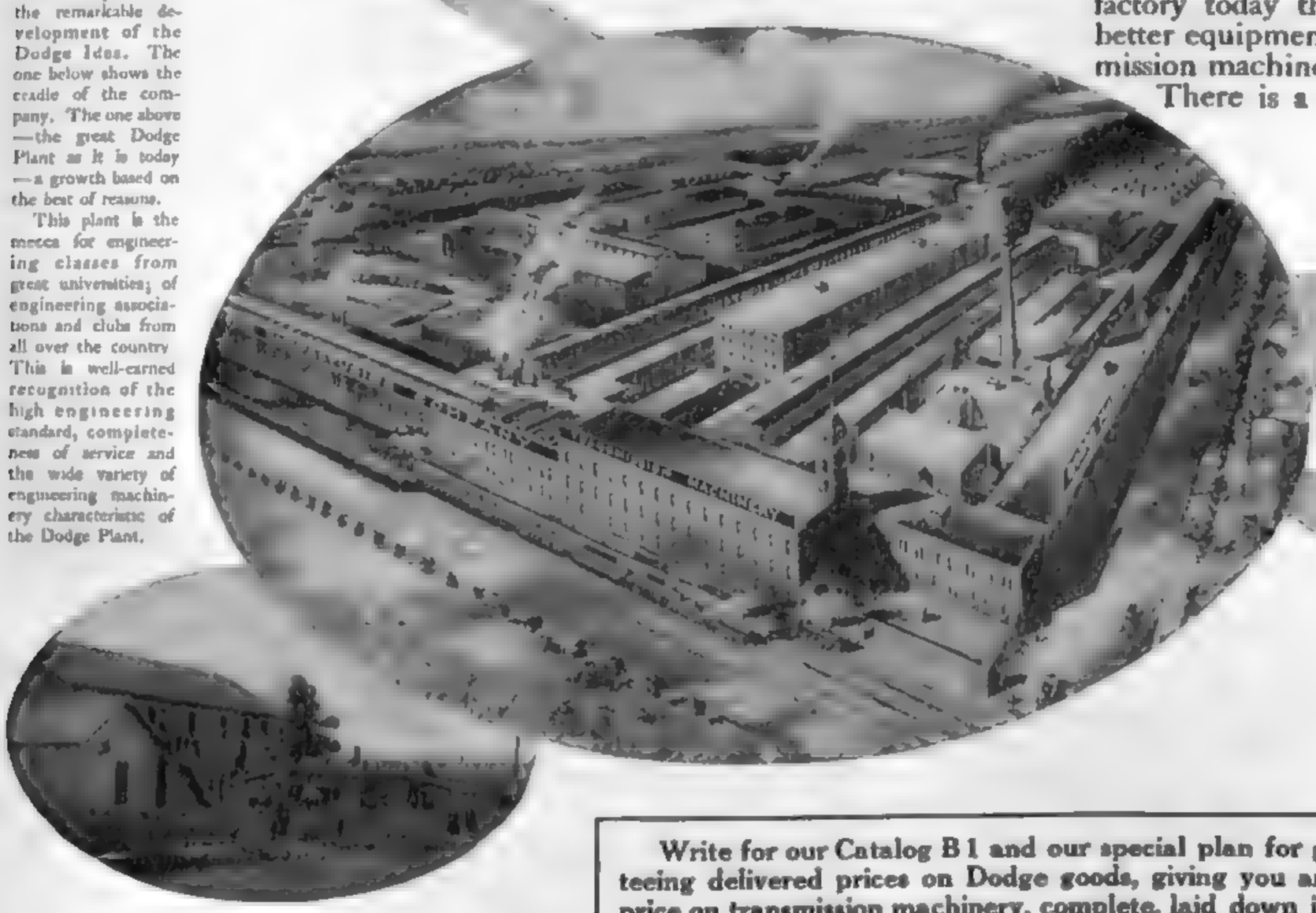
Here *every* complete mill *outfit* of Power-Transmission Machinery is given a gruelling try-out by engineering experts at the factory—where it is made. This is only one of the many distinctive and superior features of the Dodge Service which you gain when you buy Dodge goods.

Each outfit is set up, fitted and run just as it is to be used in actual service—yet the test, under expert eyes, is even more severe than ever could be encountered in usage.

This, as well as construction work, has required additional space—as the demand grew greater—as more and more thinking men came to realize that the adoption of the Dodge Idea means money saved.

Learn from us the *saving* possible with the Dodge Line of Power-Transmission Machinery.

Compare These Two Pictures



Here are two pictures! They illustrate the remarkable development of the Dodge Idea. The one below shows the cradle of the company. The one above—the great Dodge Plant as it is today—a growth based on the best of reasons.

This plant is the mecca for engineering classes from great universities; of engineering associations and clubs from all over the country. This is well-earned recognition of the high engineering standard, completeness of service and the wide variety of engineering machinery characteristic of the Dodge Plant.

The E Power Transmis

IN modern mill and factory the Dodge Idea has become the accepted creed. Mill men and factory owners generally are awake to the saving of power in transmission gained by the Dodge Idea.

For the growth of the Dodge Idea has been national. Its success has *compounded* year after year—since its birth 27 years ago.

As America's industrial life has enlarged—so has the success of the Dodge Line grown.

In the year just past, the increase in our business has been amazing—*four times* greater than in any former year.

What is the real, the big meaning of this?

The enlargement of our *already* great plant—with new ground covered, new buildings erected—the expanding of our *service* to come into closer touch with *every* section of the United States—by the establishment of new distributing branches—what do *all* these things mean to you as a thinking manufacturer?

Standardization is the answer.

These continued expansions prove that in mill and factory today the movement is overwhelming toward better equipment—toward *standardization* of power-transmission machinery.

There is a lesson in this for you—that you should

Dodge Manufa

Largest in the World

Power-Transmission Engine of the Dodge Line Power-

Main Office and Works:

Station B1, Mishawaka, Indiana

Branches and District Ware

Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Pittsburg; Cincinnati; St. Louis Minneapolis; London, England.

And agencies in nearly every city in

We carry large and compl Branches for immediate de service, communicate by lon with branch or agency neares

Write for our Catalog B 1 and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you an exact price on transmission machinery, complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.

n of the Dodge Idea

ra of ssion Economy

have a *shop-standard* in transmission equipment—thereby gaining uniformity and interchangeability in equipment and simplicity in shop accounting.

The Dodge Line should be *your* shop-standard because it embraces everything for the mechanical transmission of power—with the split feature and *interchangeability* wherever possible—wonderful reduction of friction in transmission, saving every possible dollar of power waste—the immense economy of self-oiling bearings—and friction clutches to control departments independently—assuring both safety and economy.

You should be absolutely certain that you are *not* wasting power in transmission—losing money.

Let us place the scientific advice of our Board of Expert Engineers at your service. Let them help you determine any requirements—help you on every point of installation and maintenance.

The Dodge Line of Power-Transmission Machinery alone offers you such service, as well as everything in highly perfected transmission machinery.

Make it a point to look for and *insist* upon the Diamond D—the Dodge trade-mark, on every piece of power-transmission machinery you buy. It is your protection. For this is the Era of Power-Transmission Economy. It is the *Dodge Era*.

.cturing Co.

ers and Manufacturers Transmission Machinery

ouses:
Philadelphia;
Atlanta;

the U. S.

ete stocks at all our
livery. For quick
g-distance telephone
t you.

More Distributing Centers To Give You Even Better Service

TWO new distributing centers for the Dodge Line have recently been established. They are: Atlanta, for the South, and Minneapolis, for the Northwest. This makes ten in all, as you will see by the list below.

There are, as well, agencies everywhere in the United States.

The Dodge Line is *produced* in the world's largest machine shops, nearest the center of population in the United States.

In all these ways, distribution is made easy—and delivery costs are made much lower for you.

And, since all types of bearings are interchangeable in the various classes of frames, the Dodge dealer at all times has available to you just what you wish, without delay and bother of "special orders"—whatever part of the country you may be in.

The Dodge Line is as near trouble-proof as machinery can be. It means systemized service and saving.

Write, describing your equipment. We will advise you fairly and frankly as to what power machinery will best fit your needs—how it can be installed and maintained most efficiently and economically. Get the advice of our engineering board—it's free of obligation to you.

New Minneapolis Warehouse
Where Dodge stock for Northwest is carried, and located at 312-320 First St., North, with fine shipping and receiving facilities.
Two New Branches
DODGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DODGE MANUFACTURING CO
DODGE MANUFACTURING CO

Dodge store and warehouse, 84 Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

Minneapolis Dodge store and office 202-204 Third St., S

Our Magazine "The Dodge Idea" Free

Throughout 1910 "The Dodge Idea" will contain many articles of interest and value to manufacturing executives and heads of mill and factory departments. We want every owner, manager, superintendent, master mechanic, chief engineer and purchasing agent of power-using plants on the mailing list.

Dodge Mfg. Co.
Station B 1, Mishawaka, Indiana

Without obligation on my part, send me, FREE, your Magazine, "The Dodge Idea."

Firm I am with

My capacity

My name

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THRIFT

Taking Toll of the Income

JOHN BANNISTER, the English comedian, was one of the few actors of his time who retired with a snug fortune. He protested, whimsically: "They say it is my wife who has taken care of my money and made me comfortable in my old age, and so she has—but I think I deserve a little of the credit, for I let her do it!"

A level-headed business girl married a salesman. She had earned her own living before marriage and had felt the pinch of hunger once or twice, and didn't want to feel it again. So she insisted that something ought to be saved. The husband laughed. He made a good income, and had manœuvered through a few tight corners without ever getting a real nip from the wolf, and rather liked the excitement of a tight squeeze. Why be miserly? It would always be easy for him to make money. His weakness was that of many other men of unusual native ability—he was versatile, and stuck at nothing long. Now he would accept a new position because he had tired of the old, and again change connections for a larger salary, landing nowhere when the company burst. But he always lit on his feet, and they lived well in hotels and flats, as they drifted from place to place the first few years. The wife urged him to settle down in some city and buy a home on installments. But he assured her that only the real-estate promoters made anything at that game, and went no further in thrift than taking out a life-insurance policy for about one year's income. Apart from this difference of opinion, their life was altogether congenial. After a time the wife stopped urging and quietly took action on her own account.

Ballast in Pin Money

The husband paid all expenses, and gave her pin money whenever she asked for it, usually a five or ten dollar bill. But he kept no accounts. Too close attention to dimes and nickels narrowed a man's vision and lowered his earning power, he said. During the first eighteen months of their married life the wife put away a hundred dollars, at the same time keeping track of all pin money handed her. She might easily have asked for more, putting it into savings, but she wanted to be honorable. She felt that thrift was not of much consequence unless she could sell it to her husband.

Finally, she submitted a straight business proposition. During the past twelve months he had handed her, in odd sums for shopping, theaters and so forth, a total of about three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Pay me twelve dollars a week regularly as pin money," she said, "and I'll get along on that and also take care of your life-insurance premiums." This offer was accepted, and as the insurance came to less than fifty dollars quarterly, she had a still wider margin for saving. During the following year it was possible to set aside above two hundred dollars. Then she made another proposal. Her husband had been paying milliners' and dressmakers' bills, amounting to a couple of hundred dollars yearly. She agreed to buy all her own clothes if he would add five dollars a week more to her regular allowance, which was accepted. A year later she induced him to take out more life insurance and increase her weekly stipend to twenty dollars, she paying the premiums.

At the end of four years of married life she had a thousand dollars in the bank. For more than a year past they had been living in the same place, the husband having stayed with one company that long, something unusual with him. So the wife made him another offer, this time to become their landlord, moving out of their flat and into a house which could be bought at an attractive price because the owner wanted to dispose of it quickly. This property was worth six thousand dollars, but was offered for four thousand five hundred dollars. The husband made no objection, though warning "the capitalist of the family," as he called her, that they might move again on short notice, necessitating a quick sale at a loss. The wife agreed to take this risk and the deal was made, she buying the house in her own name, paying one thousand dollars cash and carrying the remaining thirty-five hundred dollars on mortgage at six per cent. Her husband paid her fifty dollars a month rent, and after interest and taxes had been paid, by adding her other savings to the installments, she hoped to clear off the debt in seven years at the most—perhaps in five.

Eighteen months later the husband had an offer of a thousand dollars a year more salary in another city. The company making it, however, was not so solid as the one for which he had worked for the past three years, and when he spoke of the matter his wife asked for a day to think it over, and then took a stand.

"Why do you want to change?" she asked. "This isn't as good a connection, and it couldn't be more congenial than your present one."

"I need the money," was his reply. "We're getting along in life, and I must get some results for my experience in business."

"But I've got a stake here," said the wife. "We've each managed part of our income. I've saved a house, and you've got only the prospect of additional salary. Is it fair to ask me to sacrifice my real property for your potential earnings?"

The husband admitted that it wasn't. His wife had visited his employer, and at the latter's suggestion the salesman stayed where he was and took an increase in salary of a thousand dollars a year for five years, to be paid in stock of the company.

Not long ago the five-year period ended. The salesman is now sales-manager at a much better salary, and has an interest in the business large enough to keep him where he is indefinitely. Through his wife's savings the rolling stone is anchored. And his wife is now buying another house.

The city editor of a newspaper was saving nothing out of his salary of fifty dollars a week, apart from one hundred dollars a year put into life insurance. By taking time to get himself on a percentage basis, however, he has reached a point where he now saves nearly half his salary.

The first three months he took ten per cent out of the weekly pay envelope, depositing it in a savings-bank and retrenching on personal expenses to make good the shrinkage in ready money. That went well enough, so he increased it to fifteen per cent for six months, and finally, during the last quarter of his first year, was able to set aside a straight twenty per cent, or ten dollars a week. But out of this he had to meet his life-insurance premium, which left two hundred and sixty dollars actual cash on hand from the savings of the year. During the following six months he continued to set aside twenty per cent, and when there was five hundred dollars cash in the bank stopped paying rent and bought a house on the installment plan. Rent had been thirty-five dollars a month. His house carried a three thousand five hundred dollar mortgage, at six per cent, so that the interest cost seventeen dollars and fifty cents a month. However, it diminished as fast as he paid off principal. So he made it a point to pay fifty dollars a month, figuring that as he was now his own landlord he could afford to raise his own rent. This gave a net saving of nearly twenty per cent of his salary in itself, for what he had formerly paid as rent was now going into property of his own. His cash percentage was also taken out of the salary envelope, as before, though for some months after purchasing his house it was necessary to drop back to five per cent. Eventually it came back to twenty per cent. Later, to take care of life-insurance premiums, he started a small syndicate for marketing articles written outside the office, turning its whole revenue into premiums. Thus, from haphazard savings that were not savings, he managed, in two years, through attention to percentages, to hang on to nearly half of his salary.

Little Business Ventures

In a middle-western city two banks were consolidated, bringing about greater stability, as well as economies of operation. But many of the men who worked for the bank which was absorbed were discharged. Upon one of them the blow fell with unusual force—a clerk of thirty, who had worked in the bank since leaving high

Puffed Wheat or Rice with Bananas

A Morning Treat

Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, when served alone, seems as good as anything can be.

But try serving Puffed Wheat in a dish of sliced bananas. Note how the flavors blend.

Crisp the wheat before serving, so you get all the nut-like taste. Then judge if any breakfast dish was ever more inviting.

Whole Grains Made Wholly Digestible

Whole wheat and whole rice—the world's premier foods—are prepared in numerous ways.

But never before were they made so digestible as they are in this process—Prof. Anderson's process—where the results are accomplished by internal explosion.

Here the starch granules are literally blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly. In any other process—cooking, baking or toasting—only part of the granules are broken.

That's why Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice seem so hearty. That's why they're so wholesome. You are getting the whole of their food value.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

These are the foods shot from guns. The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into great guns made of bronze and steel, and sealed. Then the guns are revolved for 60 minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and develops enormous pressure. Suddenly the guns are unsealed—the steam explodes—and every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The grains are thus expanded to eight times natural size. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. The gigantic grains are made porous and crisp and digestible.

Lest You Forget

Don't put off trying these curious, enticing foods. For breakfasts, luncheons and suppers they are best and best for you. Order a package of each to-day. Cut out this coupon, so you won't forget.

Made Only by the Quaker Oats Company

A Reminder to include ***Puffed Wheat*** *and* ***Puffed Rice*** *in my grocery order today.*

(32)

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery—
[illegible]

THE Agent gives character to the Firm, whether as a fop or a boor or a gentleman. So does the Stationery.

Old Hampshire Bond

neither overdoes it nor underdoes it; is neither gaudy nor plain; has the fineness of substantiality.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Made "A Little Better than Seems Necessary"—
"Look for the Water-mark"

You Can Have a Healthful Summer Atmosphere

all winter long in every room, no matter how the wind blows—no matter what the weather. Pure, fresh, uniform summer heat under perfect control and equal to any emergency.

Richardson Boilers

For Steam or Hot Water

have seven times more surface exposed to the heat than any other boiler. This means more heat, economy of fuel, and water raised to a high temperature in the shortest possible time

If you would know why Richardson Boilers give 7½ times more heat at less fuel expense than any other, write for our booklet "Truth About Heating." We send it free on request.

Richardson & Boynton Co.

ESTABLISHED 1897

Manufacturers of Heating Apparatus

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

They mend all leaks in all utensils — tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, [illegible] 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

school, and knew little outside of bank ledgers. On his salary of sixteen dollars a week he kept a family.

Breaking the bad news to this clerk was an unwelcome task to the cashier. For a year afterward the latter heard nothing of him. Then, one Saturday afternoon, hurrying through an outlying residence section, he met the ex-clerk, dressed roughly in sweater, blue overalls and cap, carrying pail, swab and squilgee.

"Hello, Harry! What are you doing now?" asked the cashier

"In business for myself," was the reply. "I'm making more than double my old salary as a window-washer in this end of town."

The part of town where he lived was populated by well-to-do people. Merchants along its chief business street had large windows that they kept very clean. Their clerks disliked the work of washing windows, however, and it was inconvenient to do it during the business day. The bank clerk soon made arrangements to wash windows a stated number of times weekly in several stores, either in the morning or at night, and in other cases when windows were emptied for change of display. Soon he was earning an income equal to his old salary and working hardly half-time

When the cashier first met him this ex-clerk was earning between thirty and forty dollars a week, with practically no running expenses. By washing the marble floors of two large drugstores, one each night after closing and the other every morning, he made half his old salary at the bank. His family lived in greater comfort, he saved money and later on began to enlarge the business. First one man was employed as a helper, then another. Inside of two years he had several men, and gave all his own time to supervision and to securing contracts. The business is now on a basis that enables him to save far more than he could ever have earned as a bank clerk.

The Progressive Prescription Man

A prescription man had worked at the same drugstore for several years. When his third baby was born he went to the proprietor and declared that it was necessary to have more income.

"I'm willing to work harder, but I've got to have better wages to meet expenses."

The boss took a day to think the matter over, and then replied:

"Your job carries all the salary I can afford to pay for that kind of work. There isn't any chance for you to work harder for me behind the prescription counter and be worth more money. But, of course, I want you to be satisfied. So I'll show you how to make more money by working a little for yourself."

This druggist was enterprising and had built up a good trade in side-lines—preparations of his own compounding, sold in other stores. He had, at one time, tested the formula for a toilet preparation, found it satisfactory, and then set it aside for lack of time to develop it. This formula was given to the prescription man, and the boss drew up a scheme for marketing it. Under his direction the clerk took a small office near the store, adopted a company name, compounded a quantity of the stuff, bottled it and began selling it over the country through women selling agents, who worked on commission, and were secured by advertising, according to the employer's scheme.

During the first year this prescription man worked nights, Sundays and holidays in that little office, spending there pretty nearly every hour when he was not behind the counter or asleep. During the first six months the business just about paid back what was put into it. But presently profits began to come in, and by the end of the year the outlook for the future was so good that the clerk felt tempted to give up his job. He told the boss this frankly, and the latter was frank with him.

"You can quit if you want to. I don't even ask you to remember that I furnished the scheme and the experience. But if you stay I'll show you how to make a good deal more out of that little business than you can ever make by the plan you're following."

The druggist thereupon bought a half interest in the clerk's outside enterprise, furnishing capital with which to extend it. He drew up a plan for placing the preparation with the wholesale and retail trade, widely extending its possibilities, and it is now becoming highly profitable.

Welch's Grape Juice

We have over a million gallons of Welch's Grape Juice for 1910—more than the combined output of all competitors. Every gallon is pure grape juice—no water, no preservatives, no additions of any kind.

We have perfected a method of transferring the juice from the clusters to the bottles which retains all of the rich flavor and food properties found in the growing grapes. Clarified grape juice is secured at the expense of food value.

Insist on Welch's because it is pure and healthful. Avoid grape juice that has been heavily sweetened. This is often done to disguise poor fruit. If Welch's is not sweet enough, add sugar; if too rich, add water.

If your [illegible] keep Welch's, send $1.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid East of Omaha. Booklet of 40 delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail 10c.

Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Concrete Steps Like These

or steps in any style, for any purpose, can be made under your own supervision, by following directions given in our

FREE BOOK

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm"

It tells how to mix the concrete, make the forms—everything you need to know, not only for making steps, but also fence posts, curbs, walks, and other home improvements. It also explains why you should use

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

in preference to other brands—a most important thing to know. Other books in the Atlas Cement Library are:

Concrete Houses and Cottages	Vol. I. Large Houses	$1.00
	Vol. II. Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction		1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction (delivery charge)		.10
Concrete in Railroad Construction		1.00
Concrete Cottages		Free
Concrete Country Residences	(out of print)	2.00
Concrete Garages		Free

Atlas Portland Cement is the Standard American Brand. It is pure, of absolute uniform quality and is made from genuine Cement rock. It contains no furnace slag. It is the brand used by the Government for the Panama Canal.

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Dept. 62, 30 Broad St., New York

MONE JUST AS GOOD

Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world. Over [illegible] barrels per [illegible]

Sense and Nonsense

The Call of the Field

BACK to the farm where the brownstone mansion's rearing; back to the farm where they still afford fresh eggs; back to the farm where the rooster, chanticleering, knows well the wealth in his pair of yellow legs; back where the cow, in the distance softly lowing, brings up fresh milk that is rising every day; back where the steak grows that keeps on going, going higher and higher and melts away our pay; back where the hens lay at sixty cents a dozen, charging for overtime and Sundays when they do; back to the land of the dear old Country Cousin—now is the time that he has the edge on you.

BACK to the farm where the money's all congested; back where the pork grows at twenty cents a pound; back where the Nation's cash is all invested; back where a dollar goes but half way 'round; back where the joys are that poets cannot utter; back where the corn shucks fifty cents an ear; back where they charge you forty cents for butter; back where there's wealth at a hundred plunks a steer; back where the pies are of ripe and yellow pumpkin, retailing now at some fifty cents a wedge; back to the home of the dear old Country Bumpkin—I guess we know who's the fellow with the edge.

BACK to the farm where the turkeys strut and hobble, listed up strong at full thirty cents a pound; back where they weigh legs and charge you for the gobble; back where the bank bills litter up the ground; back where Hi Hayseed opens wide the throttle, puts on more steam and crowds you in the ditch; back where the cream grows at forty cents a bottle; back where the squabs hatch, but only for the rich; back where the ducks in their arrogance are quacking, knowing their price tags keep them safe from harm; back where the farmhands all are busy stacking bank checks and greenbacks—back to the farm!

BACK to the farm there is riches in the flour, wealth in the beef, and money in the whey; back where the mutton's rising every hour; back where they measure money up like hay; back where the bees get overtime for working; back where the sheep grow golden fleece for wool; back where the lard sells at seven plunks a firkin; back where the old sock's stuffed and running full; back where good fortune's never false nor fickle; back to the land of the strong highwayman's arm; back to the jam and the silver-plated pickle; back where our money goes—back to the farm!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Enough

Oh, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
The stars and the noonday sun, my love,
Will satisfy me and you.
One roof is enough to cover us twain,
One little umbrell for the days of rain,
One little love-song with a soft refrain,
Will certainly nicely do.

Oh, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
There's heat enough in a ton, my love,
For any fond lovers true.
One cozy parlor will serve us well.
One dining-room, with one dinner-bell,
And one little cook and a hired "gel,"
Will carry us nicely through.

Oh, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
And when the old day is done, my love,
I'll prove it with joy to you.
I'll show you how one dear little chair
Holds plenty of room, and some to spare,
At twilight time for a loving pair
Who know how to bill and coo.

Yes, what is enough for one, my love,
Is always enough for two.
In troubled time or in fun, my love,
One portion will always do.
One dear little home with one front door,
One sweet little sea by the moonlit shore,
One heart, one soul, one mother-in-law,
Is ample for me and you!

—*Carlyle Smith.*

A Ballade of Lamb's Wool

The Lamb to some "sure thing" was tipped,
And wise and full of knowing airs
With sprightly confidence he tripped
Right gayly down into the lairs.
'Tis said by those who set the snares—
And true it is, and wonderful!
"No matter how the last one fares,
Trust to the Lamb to bring the wool"'

Into the game he blithely dipped;
He bought or sold some paltry shares,
Till lo! his foolish wool was stripped
Away, while he was unawares.
The shears were such sharp, dextrous pairs,
He never felt them pinch or pull.
When he has grown some further hairs
Trust to the Lamb to bring the wool.

He thinks his combination slipped;
He lost his charm, missaid his prayers.
The cold wind tells him he is nipped;
But how, he neither heeds nor cares.
He saw what went down was the Bear's,
That what went up was for the Bull;
In spite of this he ne'er despairs—
Trust to the Lamb to bring the wool.

L'ENVOI

What makes the Lamb so fond of Bears?
What makes the Lamb so love the Bull"
Because they both, despite all scares,
Trust to the Lamb to bring the wool.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

The Case of Miss Flora McFlutter

Miss Flora McFlutter, a personage young,
Though lowly of stature was quite highly strung.
"A sensitive child," sighed her anxious Mamma:
"A genius," confided her awe-struck Papa.
To please her fine palate, bread, syrup and butter
Were given the nervous Miss Flora McFlutter.

Out walking, she had such a sensitive air,
To ruffle her ringlets no zephyr would dare:
So close to the brim her big tear-drops she wore,
No doggie might chase her for fear she'd slop o'er.
And people to pass her stepped off in the gutter,
So fragile was nervous Miss Flora McFlutter.

When school-age approached, oh, the problem it set!
Flo surely would perish of worry and fret.
"So unsympathetic with those finely nerved
Are present-day teachers," her mother observed.
Of "world's careless heel" her fond father did mutter
Woe's me! for the nervous Miss Flora McFlutter.

Her parents at length to a Specialist went,
Concerning Miss Flora's rare temperament.
The great man looked wise as they stated the case,
And lines of profundity furrowed his face.
A book he consulted, then gravely did utter
These views on the nervous Miss Flora McFlutter:

"Your daughter's condition, which leads you to seek
Some special advice, is by no means unique;
For here in my records of treatment I find
She makes just my millionth case of the kind."
"The m-m-millionth!" with tongue-tied astonishment stutter
The parents of nervous Miss Flora McFlutter.

"'Tis Pamperus Pettum. The cure must begin
By Smackimus daily applied to the skin.
This failing to start a reaction, we try
An agent more active, and Spanko apply.
Do this, she will grow to a bouncing five-footer,
Instead of the nervous Miss Flora McFlutter."

—*Frederick Mazon.*

Modern Mother Goose

LITTLE BOY BLUE

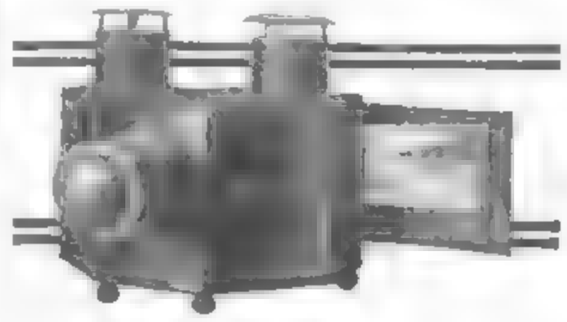
Little Pinchot, come blow your horn,
Of timber and water you'll surely be shorn.
Blow loud and deep
On plain and steep
Lest Richard Achilles go fast asleep!

Mirroscope PROJECTOR

Fun for the whole family—spring, summer, fall and winter

No better all-the-year-'round investment can be made. The endless variety in its forms of entertainment for young and old is astonishing.

The delightful evening you spent with the Mirroscope at your friend's house is only a taste of the pleasure you will have in owning one.



What the Mirroscope Is

The Mirroscope is an easily operated machine that shows pictures on a sheet or screen by means of reflected light projected through a [illegible] lens. The pictures look like [illegible] lantern views; but instead of [illegible] is shown in its own colors, [illegible] enlarged to five feet in diameter. Care should be taken to select good subjects. All imperfections in the subjects are magnified, while all good subjects are improved when shown on the screen.

3 Mirroscope Styles

ELECTRIC, GAS and ACETYLENE [illegible] generator, for city, town, farm or camp. Specify illuminant required.

Six Sizes in Each Style

$3, $5, $7.50, $10, $15 and $20. 75 per cent of our sales are in the $10 size.

Sold by

photo supply and hardware dealers, photo depts. of dry goods, dept. and toy stores.

Accept no substitute. If you can't find the Mirroscope in your town, we will ship any size or style, express prepaid. In Canada add $1.00, duty and exp. prepaid.

[illegible] catalog and prices of all styles.

The Buckeye Stereopticon Co.
5500 Carnegie Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

STYLE ECONOMY — WATERPROOFED LITHOLIN COLLARS & CUFFS — FIT COMFORT

The All-Round Collar

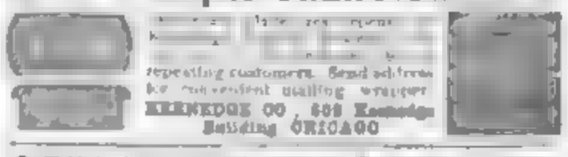
LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS

are ready for wear, fresh and neat, at any moment. Suitable for all men and all occasions, — hard work, rough sport or dainty dress. **Have the dull linen finish** and can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth. Save time, annoyance, and money. Won't wilt or fray. You can get them in any style and size.

COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.
Avoid imitations and substitutes.
If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
7 Waverly Place New York

Safety Razor Blades Made Sharper Than New 2½c 2 EA.



repeating customers. Send address for convenient mailing wrapper
KENNEDOC CO., 608 Kesner Building CHICAGO

STAMPS [illegible] Large lists free [illegible] cash [illegible] stamps. QUAKER STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

What is BEAVER BOARD?

BEAVER BOARD

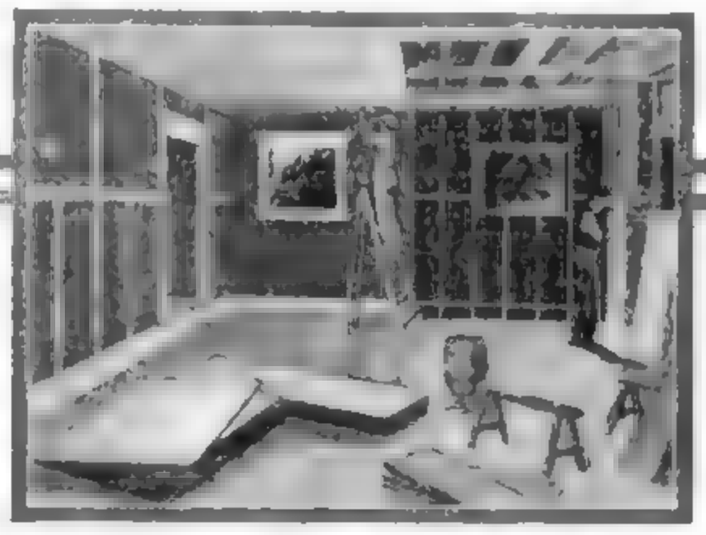
BEAVER Co BUFFALO

BEAVER BOARD is a permanent wall-board that takes the place of lath, plaster and wall-paper for the walls and ceilings of new or remodeled buildings of Colonial, Mission, modern, or any other type whatsoever. It has been in successful use for years.

BEAVER BOARD is made entirely of selected woods reduced to fibrous form and pressed into panels of uniform thickness, with pebbled mat surface.

BEAVER BOARD does not crack; it improves with age; it deadens sound; it resists passage of heat and cold; it is very slow-burning; it stands shock, strains or vibrations that bring plaster walls and ceilings down in ruins.

This shows a room in a new building, with studding and rafters ready for the application of BEAVER BOARD. *It can also be put on over lath and plaster of old rooms*



Here we have a view of the same room. The BEAVER BOARD *is being nailed to the studding. The work is easily and rapidly done without the litter or confusion of lath and plaster*

This final illustration shows how the room looks when finished. It suggests but one of very many artistic schemes of design and decoration possible with BEAVER BOARD

THESE THREE ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW HOW EASILY BEAVER BOARD IS PUT UP—HOW ARTISTIC THE RESULT

BEAVER BOARD Allows Great Beauty of Design

Paneled walls and beamed ceilings allow more artistic and effective designing than any other types.

BEAVER BOARD panels with their wide or narrow decorative stripe of wood and pebbled surface, admit of infinite variety of treatment.

They furnish an ideal surface for stenciling, tinting or hand-painting in beautiful color-schemes

How BEAVER BOARD Is Put Up

BEAVER BOARD is made in panels and nailed directly to studding (wall and ceiling beams) of new rooms, or put over an old wall without removing lath and plaster.

Any carpenter can saw it to fit and put it up. It is the simplest of operations.

Cost of BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD is sold everywhere by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers and decorators. It costs less than lumber or lath and plaster. The panels are furnished in various sizes to meet all requirements. For your protection every panel is stamped on the back with the BEAVER BOARD trade-mark. If your dealer doesn't handle BEAVER BOARD, write us direct, mentioning his name.

The room shown in the three illustrations above (dimensions 13½x16x8½) was equipped with BEAVER BOARD for a total cost of $17.29. Lath and plaster would have cost 35% more or $23.40; would have taken longer to put on and would have cost more for maintenance

An Attic Made Livable by BEAVER BOARD.

BEAVER BOARD Builds a New Room Inside the Old One

With BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings you can transform your attic into comfortable and pleasant rooms

You can change a cold, damp cellar into dry and serviceable laundry, workshop and storeroom.

You can turn an old outbuilding into a play-room for the children, an extra bedroom or billiard-room, a garage or workshop.

You can remodel any room in the house without dirt, dust, litter, or confusion.

The surprising thing is how quickly you can do it and how little it costs.

BEAVER BOARD for New Buildings

BEAVER BOARD gives the home-builder the most economical means of securing a harmonious and artistic finish in his whole house.

Walls and ceilings of BEAVER BOARD mean a warmer house in winter—a cooler house in summer

They will be undamaged by climate, will not harbor vermin, are always hygienic, and improve with age.

BEAVER BOARD in Commercial Buildings

Hotels, clubs, office-buildings, restaurants, stores, factories, garages and other types of buildings are using BEAVER BOARD with marked success.

It resists the strains and vibrations from wind-pressure and street traffic.

It will be found invaluable for convenient and attractive display-booths at exhibitions, fairs, etc.

It replaces heavy, inartistic, costly metal ceilings

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

GENERAL OFFICES AND WAREHOUSE
100 BEAVER ROAD, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mills and Factory	Canadian Factory
Beaver Falls, N. Y.	Ottawa, Ontario

BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD and the United States Government

The strength and durability of BEAVER BOARD, as well as its adaptability to varied requirements and local conditions has led to its use by the Government.

The Departments of War, Agriculture, Interior, Commerce and Labor are using it

At Fort Banks, Mass., the firing of great disappearing guns and mortar-batteries brought down plastered walls and ceilings

The War Department put in BEAVER BOARD and it stood the test uninjured.

Household Articles of BEAVER BOARD

Besides the wonderful adaptability of BEAVER BOARD to walls and ceilings of all types, it can be used in making a great variety of household articles such as panel-screens, fire-screens, taborets, waste-paper baskets, shirt-waist boxes, fireless cookers, book-shelves, etc

Write Today for BEAVER BOARD Booklets

If you will give us the name of your dealer we will send free illustrated booklets telling you all about BEAVER BOARD, and how to use and decorate it.

One of these booklets, "BEAVER BOARD Handicraft," gives full directions for making many useful and decorative articles for the home, like those shown below—with the cost of each

You and your boys and girls can make them easily, and at surprisingly low cost.

Three Good Examples of BEAVER BOARD *Handicraft*

Oddities and Novelties

Seeing From New York to Chicago

SOON after the telephone established itself in our daily life inventors began to wonder whether it would not be possible to devise a way of seeing the man to whom you are telephoning. Although such an invention is about as commercially useful at the present time as a device which would enable a man in Boston to shake hands electrically with his friend in Washington, more than one serious attempt at "television," as it is called, has been made.

All of these attempts are based on the practical utilization of a remarkable property possessed by the metal selenium. Like other metals, selenium is a conductor of electricity; but, unlike other metals, its conductivity varies with the amount of light by which it happens to be illuminated. Every television apparatus so far devised includes in its construction one or more selenium cells.

The latest inventor in this undeniably interesting, though commercially unpromising, field is a well-known German electrical engineer, Ernest Ruhmer. If some one will immediately give him one million dollars he promises to produce an electrical eye that will see in Berlin what is going on in Paris, and to install his invention at the Brussels exhibition next year. Like his predecessors, he employs selenium. Realizing that selenium is sluggish in its response to illumination and that a single cell cannot be expected to transmit the whole figure of a man, he employs hundreds of cells. The light from your collar falls on perhaps half a dozen cells, and the image of your eye on perhaps three or four. Thus you are electrically subdivided into fragments and thus you pulsate over a wire from New York to Chicago. At Chicago you are reconstructed by a corresponding group of selenium cells and made to appear to the expectant eye of the man to whom you are talking. Although you are an impalpable electrical ghost, a mere electrical presence, you smile and nod in Chicago in a very lifelike way, just as you do in New York.

It must not be supposed that Ruhmer has accomplished as much as this. He has thus far succeeded in transmitting for a short distance the image on a checkered screen. Although that is a far cry from the H. G. Wells' future of television, it is, nevertheless, a notable step in advance.

Tapping the Earth's Internal Fires

THE imaginative Camille Flammarion has come forth with an idea that would do credit to the practical brain of a Yankee inventor. Why not utilize the internal heat of the earth for power, asks the daring Flammarion. Why burn coal under a boiler when the earth itself is an enormous furnace, whose intense fires could turn all our factory wheels, light our houses and do our work?

The constitution of the earth's interior is by no means known. In all likelihood it is not the flaming inferno which old books pictured. Whatever may be its condition, however, the heat is undeniably there.

Can Flammarion's idea be realized? Stupendous as the technical obstacles undoubtedly are, the scheme is not an utter engineering impossibility. It would undeniably cost money, much money. The Schadelbach boring in Saxony, a comparatively small hole whose bottom lies 5730 feet below the surface of the earth, was sunk at a cost of about $40 a yard, and is quite useless for practical purposes. No less than $20,000 was spent on the narrow Paruschowitz boring in Upper Silesia, which reaches a depth of 6571 feet, the greatest thus far obtained. Flammarion dreams of a gigantic excavation, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, a huge mouth dug with the aid of giant steam shovels. In his mind's eye he sees the excavated rock and dirt winding up spirally out of the bowels of the earth on specially constructed railways. The finished boring is to be lined with steel plates, so that the result will be a kind of subway penetrating far down into the earth.

Some idea of the earth's internal heat may be gained from the fact that at the bottom of the Paruschowitz boring a temperature of 154 degrees prevails all the year around. If the same rate of temperature increase be maintained water could be boiled a depth of 10,000 feet, or less than two miles. Clearly the earth is a furnace of inexhaustible heat, a natural hearth upon which thousands of steam boilers could be placed. Technical details of construction Flammarion leaves to engineers, contenting himself with the suggestion that the earth's internal heat could be led upward by small shafts and conduits subsidiary to the single main shaft mentioned. Naturally, the execution of such a plan would necessitate the invention of new conveying and excavating apparatus, designed on a scale which would completely dwarf similar apparatus now employed for tunneling or canal digging.

An incidental result of such a colossal undertaking would be the accumulation of more definite knowledge of the earth's interior. Flammarion in imagination has filled museums with fossils unearthed during this tunneling of a planet, discovered undreamed-of mines of gold, iron, silver, platinum and the inevitable radium which nowadays figures in newspaper science, and definitely decided whether or not the earth is solid, cellular, or a thin crust floating upon an ocean of molten rock.

Raising Sunken Treasure by Machine

ON OCTOBER 9, 1799, the English warship, Lutine, sank off the island of Terschelling, at the entrance to the Quidersee, with about one million pounds sterling in money and bullion. Lloyds had insured the Lutine and her cargo for £1,060,000, and naturally Lloyds was loath to see her lie at the bottom of the sea. Nothing could be done toward raising this sunken treasure because England happened to be warring at the time with both France and Holland. At the instigation of France, the Netherlands laid claim to the Lutine and her cargo as a prize of war and proceeded to recover the treasure as best she could. The Dutch divers were not very successful, chiefly because it was all but impossible to cope with the shifting sands that inundated the ill-fated vessel. In 1823 Holland ceded the sunken ship to England, and the English Government in turn restored her to Lloyds. Since that time the famous underwriters have made five attempts to bring the Lutine's gold to the surface. All told, one hundred and ninety-eight metal bars and some twelve thousand coins, aggregating about £100,000, have been painfully recovered by divers.

Digging in the sand which had drifted into the Lutine's hull has proved so expensive an undertaking that Lloyds decided to carry on the work by mechanical means. An American engineer, Simon Lake, was engaged to devise a treasure-digging machine for the purpose. His invention consists of a kind of a tube which swings from a steamer's hull and which carries at its outer end a diving-bell. The tube and the diving-bell are sunk by water, and raised by pumping out the water, and also by means of a special hoisting and lowering mechanism. Divers can step out of this bell and return again without causing an inrush of water, simply because the bell is charged with air at such high pressure that the water is always forced away. The divers are not supposed to perform any labor beyond exploring the hold of the Lutine. Centrifugal pumps will suck up the sand at the rate of forty thousand tons in twenty-four hours, so that, in a short time, the treasure will probably be uncovered, and Lloyds will have no reason to regret that the Lutine was insured to the last belaying-pin on her deck.

Vaccinating the Soil

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES once made the dismal prophecy that fairly early in this twentieth century the farms of the world would be unable to grow enough wheat for the population which would then swarm over the face of the earth. He based his forecast on the circumstance that land still uncultivated would hardly yield crops enough to keep pace with the increase in population, and that there would be insufficient fertilizer to rejuvenate the soils that had been bringing forth grain in the past.

Fortunately, Sir William gazed at the future through smoked spectacles. We are now growing more wheat than he predicted the world would require when the lean

YOU CAN'T WRINKLE

Suskana Bengaline Neck Ties

TIE the ordinary necktie twice and it's full of wrinkles, out of shape, shows signs of wear.

Tie the Suskana Bengaline Necktie time after time—it will not wrinkle, will not lose its shape, will retain its freshness and newness.

50 cents at your haberdasher's. Ask him to show you the tie made of the rich, durable SUSKANA BENGALINE SILK.

All the latest and most fashionable shades—all the standard shapes. Made only by the best neckwear manufacturers.

Other Suskana Silk Ties as low as 25 cents. Remarkable values. Look for Suskana Label.

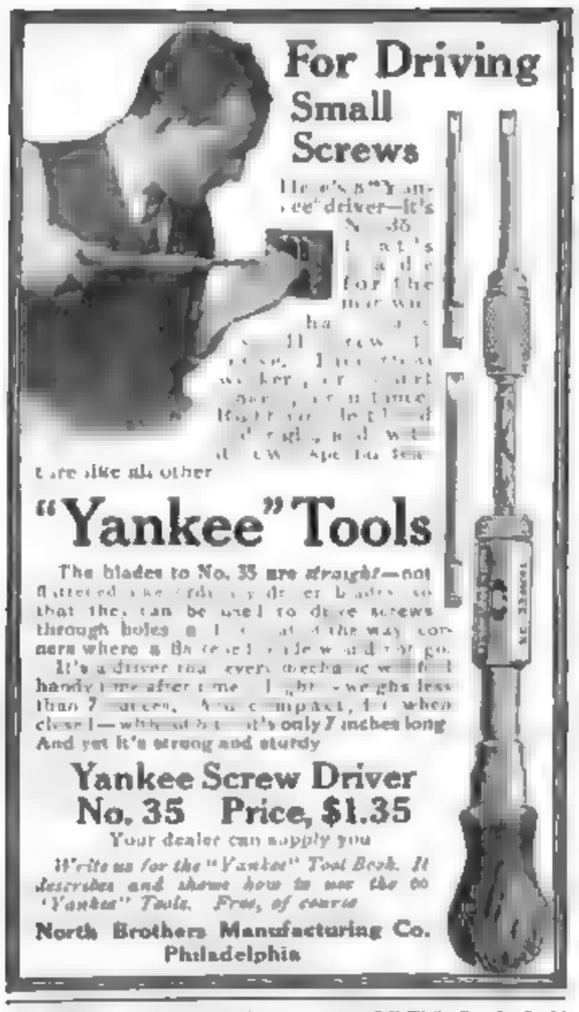
GUARANTEED MADE OF SUSKANA BENGALINE ONE OF THE Suskana SILKS LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Demand the tie with this label. It guarantees the genuine Suskana Bengaline.

SPECIAL: If you can't find Suskana Bengaline Ties in your locality, send us your haberdasher's name and we will send you one Suskana Bengaline Tie, postpaid for 50 cents. Mention style and color.

SUSQUEHANNA SILK MILLS

Dept. N, 18 West 18th Street, New York City



For Driving Small Screws

He's a "Yankee" screw driver—it's No. 35. That's made for the man who has to drive small screws. Into wood, iron or steel. In the shop, or out on the job. Right or left hand. Straight and with the tip specially ground to fit the screw slot.

Tools are like all other

"Yankee" Tools

The blades to No. 35 are *straight*—not flattened like ordinary screw driver blades so that they can be used to drive screws through holes and into the farthest corners where a flat blade would not go.

It's a driver that every mechanic will find handy time after time. Light—weighs less than 7 ounces. And compact, for when closed—which also makes it only 7 inches long. And yet it's strong and sturdy.

Yankee Screw Driver No. 35 Price, $1.35

Your dealer can supply you

Write us for the "Yankee" Tool Book. It describes and shows how to use the 60 "Yankee" Tools. Free, of course.

North Brothers Manufacturing Co.
Philadelphia

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

for six months and a copy of my new book,

100 PLANS

Bungalows Cottages, Costing $400 to $5000.

Keith's monthly magazine ... Practical Ideas ... Designs ... Estimates ... Plans ... Suggestions ... Full Working Plans ... Special Articles ... Building News ... $1.50 a year. Sample copy 15c. 64 pages each issue, full of pictures and plans by ...

No 24 $2700 One of the 100 floor plans and details.

My other books for Home builders are

100 designs for Attractive Homes $4 000 . . . $1 00
... for Moderate Cost ... $ 00 . . . 1 00
... Book ... Plans ... Rooms etc 1 00
Any one of these books and Keith's one year 2 00
All five books and Keith's one year 4 00

M. L. KEITH 840 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good Artists

Earn $25 to $100 Per Week

and upwards in easy, fascinating work. Our courses (Personal Home Instruction by correspondence are complete, practical. Twelve years' successful teaching. Expert Instructors. Superior Equipment. Positions ready for competent workers. Write for valuable Art Book Free.

Our Own Fireproof Building

School of Applied Art
(Founded 1899)
840 Fine Art Bldg.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Get Rugs and Carpets Direct from Loom and SAVE ⅓

Don't buy a nameless rug or carpet. Get one of *known standing*—the one which bears a name that guarantees—BEAUDURA

Beaudura

RUGS AND CARPETS

... Every transaction guaranteed; freight paid. Write today.

BEAUDURA CARPET MILLS, Box 4706, Philadelphia, Pa.

5%

16 YEARS

Our record for the time we have been in business, as compared in the files of New York Banking Dept., under whose supervision our business is conducted.

We have never paid less than 5% a year. Assets increased to over $[illegible] ... Surplus and Profits of $[illegible] ... Open an account with us at any time, withdrawals upon 30 days notice. Five per cent paid if money stays. Write for booklet.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co., Times Bldg., B'way & 42nd St., New York

LOTS OF FUN PLAYING "SWASTIKA"

You can play three exciting, fascinating games with Swastika cards. Get a set of these new cards and enjoy one game that ... Send for Catalog.

Swastika Card Co., Adrian, Mich.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00

Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog.

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

years would be at hand. Nevertheless, his statistical analysis of the world's food supply served the useful purpose of directing attention to the fact that we are dependent in large measure upon the vanishing nitrate deposits of Chile for our best fertilizer, and that the scientist ought to devise a means of creating that fertilizer, or its equivalent, cheaply by artificial means.

The nitrate deposits of Chile are a form of nitrogen, and nitrogen gas composes four-fifths of the air we breathe. If we could reduce atmospheric nitrogen to the form of a nitrate the problem would be solved. Unfortunately, nitrogen is what the chemist calls "inert"; in other words, it does not combine readily with other elements. Electrical methods have been devised, however, for reducing the nitrogen from the air, and we seem to be in a fair way of producing a fertilizer from the air fully equal to Chilean nitrate.

It has been discovered that certain bacteria perform the same function as these electrical methods, and perform them, moreover, with considerably more efficiency; for they actually convert the nitrogen of the atmosphere into a form that can be assimilated by the soil. The modern scientific farmer, therefore, inoculates his land with these bacteria, and thus breeds a kind of beneficent disease in such leguminous or pod-bearing plants as peas, beans, and the like. The bacteria cluster on the roots of these plants in knobs, and enrich the soil with nitrogen which they extract from the air. So successful is this method of fertilizing that the United States Department of Agriculture for a time gave away bacteria cultures to familiarize farmers with their utility; and many seed houses now sell bacteria as well as seeds.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 5)

bore his office address; by that sign he knew, even before he unfolded the yellow paper, that it was the important telegram from his partner, the crucial telegram for which he had been waiting these two days. It must have come to the office after he left. He got out the code book from his desk, laid it open beside the sheet and began to decipher, his face whitening as he went on:

BUTTE, MONT.

Reports of expert phony. Think Oppendike salted it on him. They will finish this vein in a month. Then the show will bust. Federated Copper Company will not bite and too late now to unload on public. Something must be done. Can't you use your pull with Norcross somehow?

WATSON.

Bulger, twisting the piece of yellow paper, stared out into the street. His "pull with Norcross!" What had that ever brought, what could it ever bring, except advertising and vague standing? Yet Norcross, by a word, a wink, could give him information which, rightly used, would cancel all the losses of this unfortunate plunge in the Mongolia Mine. But Norcross would never give that word, that wink; and to fish for it were folly. Norcross never broke the rules of the lone game which he played.

As Bulger stood there, immovable except for the nervous hands which still twisted and worried the telegram, he saw a sign on the building opposite. The first line, bearing the name, doubtless, was illegible; the second, fully legible, lingered for a long time merely in his perceptions before it reached and touched his consciousness.

"CLAIRVOYANT," it read.

He started, leaned on a table as though from weakness, and continued to stare at the sign.

"Who is the cleverest faker in that business?" he said at length to himself.

And then, after a few intent minutes:

"When he was a freight clerk—thirty years ago—that was at Farnham Mills—'H. W.'—granite shaft—sure it can be done!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Announcement

THE NEW IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

THE famous home defender whose safety feature is an *inbuilt, integral* part of its mechanism, has been brought to the highest perfection yet achieved in a revolver.

In this latest model of the famous "Hammer the Hammer" revolver, improvements have been made which add immeasurably to smoothness of action, certainty of fire, and durability of mechanism in a small arm.

Every spring in the New Iver Johnson Revolver is made of finest tempered piano wire, replacing the old flat springs. Coil springs are insisted upon by the United States Government in its rifles wherever possible. Note these coil springs in the "ghost picture" above.

The flat spring of old type revolvers is always at greatest tension at one point, and the metal at that point weakens or breaks down.

In the coil springs of the Iver Johnson Revolver, tension is sustained equally throughout *every* point of the coil. There is no one point to weaken and leave you defenseless in a moment when life may depend upon action. The Iver Johnson is the first and only revolver equipped with this type of spring at every possible point.

The safety action of the Iver Johnson Revolver is as impossible to improve upon as it is to imitate and has therefore undergone no change. It is the same safe and sound "Hammer the Hammer." It safeguards you from accident without your having to remember any directions how to use, to push a slide or press a button when you want to shoot—say in an emergency. It is *always* ready to shoot, instantly, accurately and hard.

The accurate, splendid shooting qualities and high penetration of the Iver Johnson are unsurpassed because the barrel (drop forged from the finest steel made for the purpose) is rifled as accurately as in revolvers that cost several times as much.

Our new catalogue, mailed FREE, explains the superior features of our revolvers, including the new models:

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **$6.00**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **$7.00**

Nearly all sporting goods or hardware dealers carry and will gladly demonstrate Iver Johnson Revolvers and their safety features.

Where our Revolvers are unobtainable locally, we ship direct on receipt of price. The Owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel mark the *genuine*.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK—99 Chambers St. HAMBURG, GERMANY—Pickhuben 4.
PACIFIC COAST—717 Market St., San Francisco. LONDON, ENGLAND—17 Mincing Lane, E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shot Guns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

ON YOUR TRIP SOUTH Challenge Collars will add greatly to your enjoyment because they save all the annoyance and bother of soiled linen. You will be delighted to find how really dressy they are—never shiny like the *ordinary* waterproof collars.

Challenge Collars have a dull finish and linen texture so perfect that even a close observer would not know them from linen.

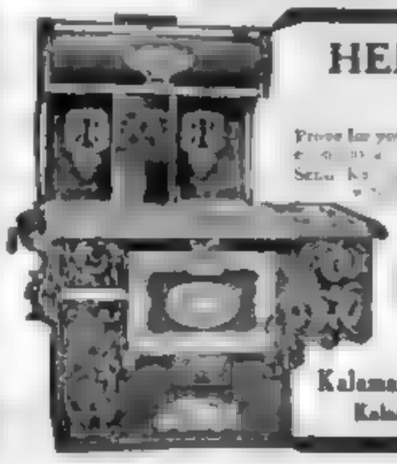
They fit like linen too and are made in the latest, most up-to-date models.

Challenge Collars are absolutely waterproof—never turn yellow—can be cleaned with a rub.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Collars, 25 cts., Cuffs, 50 cts. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book—free.

THE ARLINGTON CO., Dept. A, 725-727 Broadway, New York
Established 1883.

BOSTON, 65 Bedford St. PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St. CHICAGO, 816 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO, 716 Mission St.
ST. LOUIS, 505 N. 7th St. DETROIT, 117 Jefferson Ave. TORONTO, 54-56 Fraser Ave.



HERE IS SOMETHING NEW FROM KALAMAZOO

Prove for yourself in your own home that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect ... Send for ... with special terms and cash-or-Kalamazoo prices.

CASH OR TIME PAYMENTS

We want every home in to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo ... buy on easy time payments or pay cash if you ... Tell us any stove in the catalog. We make ... for responsible people in every ... best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

The Overland — The Car That Captured the Country

The Overland—the car of simplicity—has become the sensation of motordom. In two years, without advertising—simply by each car selling others—the demand has grown until dealers' contracts for 1910 call for 20,000 cars. Four factories with 4,000 employees turn out thirty carloads of Overlands daily to meet the unexampled demand. You should know the car which, in spite of fierce rivalry, has so quickly attained the highest place in the trade.

A Bit of History

It was but two years ago when John N. Willys took hold of the Overland car for the territory surrounding Elmira, N. Y.

There then existed only a masterpiece of mechanism. A car which embraced in one model all the best ideas which the automobile world had developed. A car so simple, so automatic, that the veriest novice, with five minutes' instruction, could run the car a thousand miles

Mr. Willys—then an automobile dealer—saw at once that this new car was bound to outsell all others. No rival car ever seen in his section stood any chance to compete with it.

Novices bought it because of its matchless simplicity. Motorists chose it because it gave more than any other car for the money. Everyone realized that here was the embodiment of all that men sought in a car.

The Overland at once became the only car wanted—the only car that Mr. Willys could sell. It was apparent that this was the car of the future. So Mr. Willys went to Indianapolis and acquired the whole Overland plant.

The Magical Growth

Mr. Willys at once sent sample Overlands into new territories, and back came the demand for more. One car would bring orders for scores.

Soon tents were erected as temporary factory additions. Then two other factories were purchased to help supply the demand. During the next fiscal year, ending last September, there were made and sent out 4,075 Overland cars.

Yet the demand was not half supplied. It was so overwhelming that dealers immediately placed advance contracts for 16,000 Overlands to meet their demands this year. That was before the first 1910 model came out.

Up to that time the demand was but sectional. Many who read this, probably, have never seen an Overland car. The car was not advertised. The demand grew up in just those sections where sample cars were sent. And that demand was so large and insistent that all other sections were completely neglected.

The Pope-Toledo Plant

Last summer Mr. Willys bought the great Pope-Toledo plant, with all its materials and all its machinery. Thus he secured hundreds of capable workmen, trained in the making of a $4,250 car.

This gave him four well-equipped factories. But even this Toledo plant—one of the largest ever built—soon proved insufficient. So, last October, an addition was built, larger than the original factory.

Now, with 30 acres of floor space, 4,000 workmen, the most modern machinery, and an output of 125 cars per day, we are meeting the calls for Overlands. Now we have agents everywhere—our distribution is national.

That is why we are advertising. We want everyone now to know this remarkable car. This spring's demand will far exceed our capacity. But we are prepared to turn out, during the present year, $24,000,000 worth of Overland cars. Buyers who act with reasonable promptness are pretty sure to be supplied.

Where Overlands Go

New York City this season takes 1,000 Overlands. San Francisco, Boston, Washington, D. C., and Atlanta each take 500. Philadelphia takes 450. Thus the Overland has captured the city trade wherever the car is known.

Texas this season takes 1,500 Overlands; Kansas, 1,000; Iowa, 1,000; Nebraska, 750. Thus the Overland has won the farming communities, largely because of simplicity.

In Dover, N. H.—one of the first towns where Overlands were sold—our agent this season takes 500 cars.

In three towns in Kansas—Wichita, Great Bend and Salina—our agent in each takes 200 Overlands. There the cars have been known but one year.

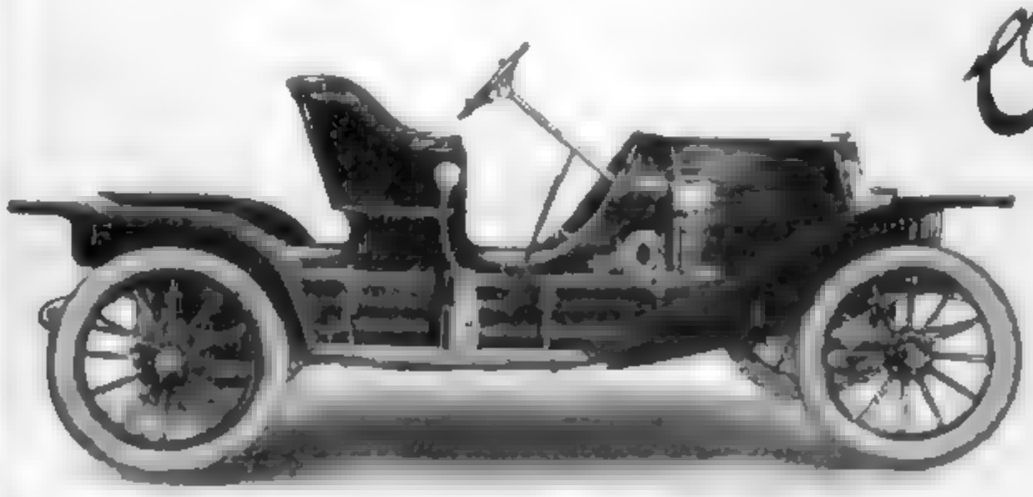
Thus the whole Overland demand has been centered around certain sections where the car has been known. Now, with agents everywhere, a thousand new sections will be calling in like way for Overland cars.

Look over those figures again. Note how Overlands sell, even in small communities, where they are the newest cars on the market.

The people who buy them are people like you. They seek what you seek. That which has won them will win you. It is only necessary to know the facts—to see the cars—to become an Overland enthusiast.

On the next page we tell you some of the reasons why such a large majority of buyers prefer the Overland car.

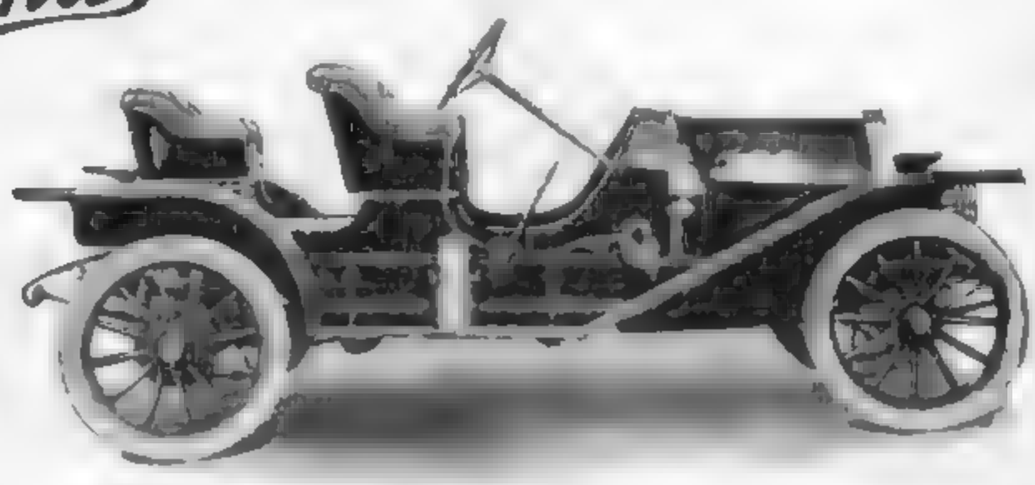
The Overland



Overland Model 38—Price, $1,000

25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, $1,050—double rumble seat, $1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, $1,100

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 40—Price, $1,250

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Double rumble, in place of single rumble, $50 extra

The First Real Automobile Sold for $1,000

The Overland

Simplicity and Economy are the two main reasons why Overland cars have outsold all the rest. The usual complexities have all been eliminated. The car is almost trouble-proof. And the Overland gives more for the money than any other car in existence. These are the features which most buyers seek, as proved by our success. Men who desire them, and who know the facts, must choose the Overland. For no other car, on these points, can compete with it.

Matchless Simplicity

Three of the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead, or backward to reverse. It is as natural as walking. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. There is no chance for confusion.

A 10-year-old child can master the car in ten minutes. A woman can handle it, in the densest traffic, as easily as she can an electric.

The U. S. Government uses Overlands in the postal service, because any novice can run them and care for them.

The lubrication system is entirely automatic. The cooling system involves no complex pump. Simply keep the car supplied with water, gasoline and oil. It will almost take care of itself.

The designer has avoided all that usually troubles the amateur. One invention does away with 65 separate pieces, another with 47.

Everything is so natural, so automatic, that anyone who can drive a horse can run an Overland.

The Amazing Prices Now Cut 20%

The original Overlands sold for $1,250. At that price the Overland showed such exceptional value that all this flood-like demand was developed.

But this year's Model 38 sells for $1,000. And it is a better car than the model which last year sold for $1,250.

It has a 4-cylinder, 25 h. p. engine. A 102-inch wheel base—a possible speed of 50 miles an hour. Again and again, in exhibitions, it has carried four people up a 45 per cent grade, starting from standstill.

It has earned a perfect score in a 10,000-mile non-stop endurance run, finishing in better shape than it started.

It is made in a factory which for years was famous for a $4,250 car. It is made by the same workmen, under the same inspection; and, so far as desirable in this lighter car, it is made of the same materials.

This is the first *real* car to be sold for $1,000. It is not under-sized, not under-powered, but a car with all the appearance, all the capacity of cars costing twice as much. Never was an equal car sold anywhere near to this price of $1,000. Yet the price includes five lamps and magneto—tool equipment and generator—a car all ready to run.

40 Horsepower for $1,250

This year the Overland gives a 40 h. p. car—Model No. 40—for $1,250. The wheel base is 112 inches. The price includes single rumble seat, five lamps and magneto. The double rumble seat costs $50 extra.

This car equipped with a 5-passenger touring body, or with a close-coupled body, costs $1,400.

Overland Model 42—price, $1,500 gives one all the power and speed, all the style and finish, that any man can want. It contains all the desirable features of the highest-priced cars that are made.

How We Reduced the Cost

The time has come when automobiles must be made and sold economically. And we are taking the lead in this tendency.

We have equipped our factories with every piece of machinery which can lessen the cost of a car. We are manufacturing practically every part of the car, cutting off the profits which others pay parts makers.

We devote a whole factory to a single type of car. Every machine is adapted to it. Every workman is schooled to do only one thing.

We conduct no experiments, for every feature is standardized. And we have no losses—due to past mistakes—which we are obliged to make up.

Then we produce this year—under one management—$24,000,000 worth of cars. It is thus that we have reduced the cost 20 per cent within the past year alone. It is thus that we make cars—grade for grade—cheaper than any one else. And, with our great output and splendid equipment, no one can hope to compete with us.

Write for These Books

We issue two books—one a handsome catalog, picturing and stating all the Overland facts the other "The Wonderful Overland Story." Both are free, and every motor car lover should have them. Write today. Cut out this coupon so you won't forget.

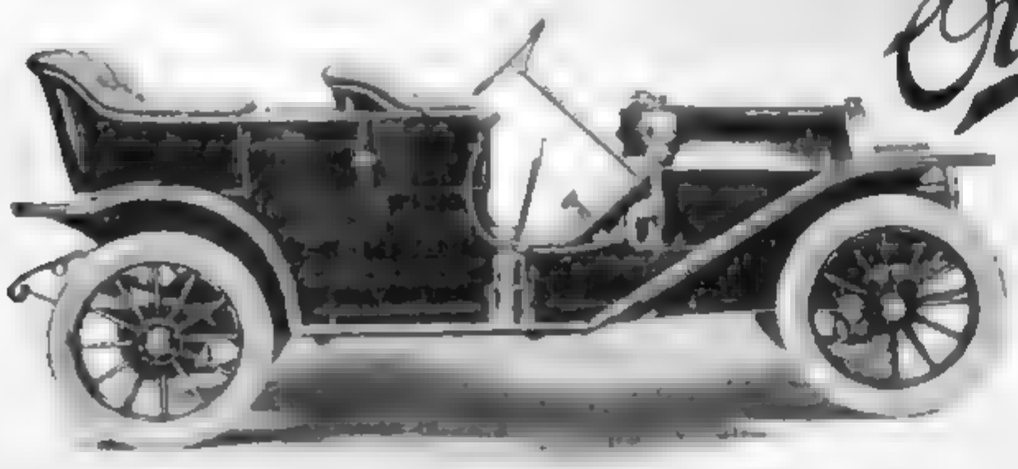
F. A. Barker, Sales Manager, 9

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Members of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers
Licensed Under Selden Patent

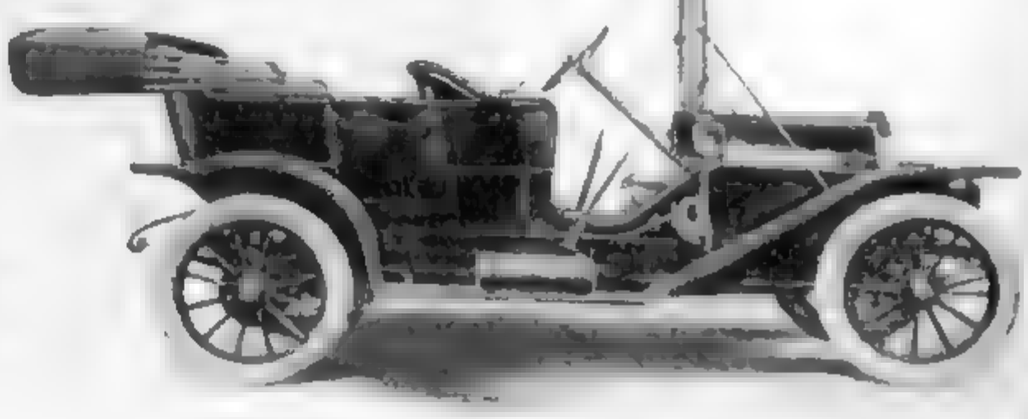
Please send me the two books free

The Overland



Overland Model 41—Price, $1,400
40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Either 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 42—Price, $1,500
Either Touring or Close-Coupled body. The folding glass front, the top and gas tanks are extras

Walking for Health

Fresh Air Exercise for Everybody

By William J. Cromie

WALKING is one of the commonest acts of life and, consequently, is considered by many persons as unimportant and almost devoid of beneficial results. This is an erroneous supposition, as a brisk, vigorous walk in the open air is one of the best forms of physical activity that can be indulged in. While walking is a common exercise, yet it is not unimportant, as one can in a few hours reach the highest total of labor of which the body is capable. To prove that it is not a trifling act observe an infant while it is learning this most necessary mode of locomotion. It has hundreds of falls before perfect equilibrium becomes established. After the infant has mastered the art of walking the will is scarcely used, and this rhythmic exercise becomes semi-automatic, due to the fact that each step or movement tends largely to prepare for the next

The reason that walking is such a health-giving exercise is because the work is distributed over many muscles, and these are the strongest in the body. None of these muscles needs be taxed to its full capacity, but may merely be used in a slight or moderate effort. It is the addition of these slight efforts which makes the whole force so great. The writer, together with nine students of the University of Pennsylvania, recently walked from Philadelphia to New York City, a distance of one hundred and five miles, in three days. Each of these students testified to the fact that he felt better after the walk than before; that, instead of losing energy, he had increased vigor. This is very interesting from a physiologic and anatomic standpoint when one considers that, in order to walk thirty-three and a third miles, each lower limb must be moved about forty thousand times, or both of them eighty thousand. The arms swinging at the sides would move about the same number, thus making one hundred and sixty thousand. Multiply this sum by two hundred muscles which are brought into greater or less action at every step, and we have a total of thirty-two millions.

A Cheap Cure for the Overworked

Of course, some will say that, after a person had walked one hundred miles in three days, and performed thirty-two million muscular movements, he is "all in," and will require a week's rest to recuperate. This statement is fallacious, as long-distance walkers keep at it month after month, and declare that they are benefited. Take for an illustration Edward P. Weston, the seventy-one-year-old youth, who averaged daily, during his recent trip from coast to coast, thirty-seven miles, and completed the trip in one hundred and five days. Carrying out the average of thirty-three and a third miles per day for one hundred days gives us the startling product of three billion, two hundred million muscular movements. Mr. Weston does not seem to have lost vigor with his increasing years, for, when he was twenty-eight and a half years of age, he walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of twelve hundred and thirty-four miles. Forty years later, or when he was sixty-eight and a half years of age, he repeated this performance, breaking his former record by a day. On the first trip the longest distance in one day was eighty-two miles, while in the latter ninety-five and three-tenths miles were accomplished. On the second trip he had an average of over forty miles per day. No one can doubt, after observing these figures, that great force is expended in a walk of thirty or more miles.

The writer has found that the best way to regain physical poise and efficiency after a strenuous winter's work is to take a five or six days' hike among the hills, or through the country. This tramping expedition is not only more economical than the shore or mountain resort, but it also gives one recreation, due to constantly changing scenes. If a business or professional man is suffering from nerves and approaching the ragged edge he will find that a week's walking trip will tone up the vitiated blood by highly oxygenating it, and cause it to flow through the body with increased energy. Horace Greeley said that "a walk of two or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October is one of the cheap luxuries of life, as free to the poor as the rich." The writer heartily concurs with this statement; but, instead of limiting it to one month, would make it good for all twelve.

During a walking trip it is not necessary to make a town or city in order to sleep in a hotel. Explain to a farmer your undertaking, and seek lodging with him. He can tell by your appearance and manners that you are not an ordinary tramp. He will, at least, let you have part of a hay or straw stack for a bed, and such a bed! It must be slept upon to be appreciated. After a breakfast of ham and eggs, bread, butter, coffee and—pie, you feel no ill effects, whereas had you eaten the same food at home you would probably have visited the drugstore before noon, in order to find relief.

Philadelphia Walking Clubs

Group walking appeals to some, whereas rambling alone is apt to become irksome and monotonous. The association and enthusiasm of others of the same mind prove an incentive to walking, and transform it from an act of labor to one of recreation. Join a walking club, or, if this is not feasible, form one. Two years ago a walking club was started among students of the University of Pennsylvania which now has over three hundred members enrolled. During the college term walks are taken on Saturdays to places of interest, and culminate in a long walk during the Easter holidays. Many colleges now have clubs of this nature, some of which give credits for walking in lieu of the physical training otherwise required of them. The Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Overbrook, Philadelphia, has a walking club for its sightless boys, who find pleasure in the changing scenery and beauties of Nature as they are revealed and explained to them by their seeing leader. During the recent street-car strike in Philadelphia walking clubs were formed, and many now prefer walking to riding. Make a hobby of walking, and walk it good and hard. You may be looked upon as being afflicted with brain-storms; but what of it if you get results? One of Philadelphia's most successful merchants was observed every morning by a street-car conductor hiking along at a fast pace many miles from home. Turning one morning to a young man standing beside him the conductor remarked: "I wonder who that old fool-killer is I see hitting it up every morning!" "Why," exclaimed the youth, "that is Dad. You see, he belongs to a walking club composed of one. Dad is all right, nevertheless; just a bit queer on the subject of walking. He says your Philadelphia trolleys are too slow for him."

Some claim that the proper way to walk is by placing the ball of the foot on the ground first. A mile walk performed in this fashion will speedily convince one that it is decidedly unnatural. It makes one appear like a stump jumper, or as if he were practicing for a hurdling race. It may be all right for a waiter in a hotel who desires to appear dignified, or for those who "tiptoe" when the baby is asleep, but never for a man who is desirous of walking twenty-five miles and whose object is to cover ground quickly. The absurdity of this mode of walking is exemplified in the extremely high French heels worn by some women. In "tiptoe" or "ball-of-foot" walking the base upon which the body rests is small, and one's foot is likely to turn and the ankle become sprained. Extremely high heels are also responsible for sprains.

Another system of walking that has considerable merit is the bent-knee walk, where the whole sole of the foot is set down flat at the same moment, the feet being pointed straight forward, and not outward. For many years, experiments in regard to this way of marching have been made on a very large scale by the French

The Only Leather Glove Guaranteed for Wear

Our Printed Guarantee In Every Pair

of Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves there is this "guarantee bond" for you. This bond entitles you to, and makes you absolutely sure of, a pair of extra *good gloves*. You have 30 days to *prove* the gloves after buying. Read the "guarantee" right now. These gloves are made in Cape, Chamois, Mocha and Glacé, for Men, Women and Children.

IRELAND'S GUARANTEED GLOVE

Not *all* the gloves Ireland makes are sold with this guarantee. It is only the *choice* of beautiful soft leathers, those *perfect* in *fit*, with sewing both strong and correct, distinctive embroideries, classy buttons, *every detail* inspected and found *right*—only this choice of the *most* satisfactory, serviceable gloves our 40 years of high class glove making can produce, are sold with this "guarantee bond" in them. It will *pay* you to buy them—$1.50 up.

Write for "The Story of the Glove"—Sent Free

This booklet tells in an interesting way, with profuse illustrations, about gloves as you should know them. Please mention your glove dealer and ask him to get you a pair of Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves

IRELAND BROS., 30 State St., Johnstown, N. Y.

Dealers are requested to ask for our "Selling Plan." New York Salesrooms: 40-42 E. 19th St.

JUST OUT! 1910 MODEL

The American Multiple Counter Autogram

Shows at a glance **total amount** of

1. Cash Sales.
2. Charge Sales.
3. Money Rec'd on Acct.
4. Money Paid Out.

Writing Space opposite printed Sales Record, eliminating Pads and *Vouchers*.

Why pay a high price for a register which adds only your **cash** when we now furnish a register giving **separate totals for each of the above items** and **at a low price?**

Our liberal exchange allowance enables every user of an old style register to get this modern machine. **Monthly terms.**

Separate Totals—No Lever to Pull—No Crank to Turn

Write Today for Descriptive Pamphlet.

The American Cash Register Co., Columbus, Ohio

Some good territories open for aggressive Specialty Men.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES Make Big Money

Stereopticons

operating Five Cent Theatres. We show you how to conduct the business [illegible] complete outfit with bills, advertising, posters, etc., [illegible] no experience whatever is necessary. We rent films and slides. If you want to make $35 to $150 a night send for full particulars.

Chicago Projecting Co 125 Dearborn St. Dept. 180 Chicago

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Sanford Manifolding Pencil. [illegible] offers for expressmen, railway mail clerks, stenographers, book keepers, etc. [illegible] prospect. Sells on sight to [illegible] Big profits for agents. Booklet free.

THE SANFORD PEN CO., 703 E. 105th St., Cleveland, Ohio

PRINT Your Own Cards, circulars, book, newspaper Press $5 Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for [illegible] THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

2 lb. AND 5 lb. Sealed Boxes!

Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!

By Grocers Everywhere!

For Winter Wear in the House For Cold Nights

Firfelt Slippers

are a real delight to slip on your tired feet or to wear about your bed room.

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Army, and the results seem to favor this method. Marey, the French scientist, claims that his apparatus shows that less force, less pressure, is used by the foot in the bent-knee walk than in the ordinary walk. It is also claimed that in walking one mile very quickly when the legs are straight the body is raised more than twice the height that it is raised when the legs are bent. While bent-knee walking may be best still it will never become popular because, on level ground, it looks ridiculous. It may be the best for marching, it is the best for hill climbing, and it rests one on a long tramp if one changes from the straight-leg to bent-knee walking.

The correct way to walk is to place the heel on the ground first, and have the foot turn slightly outward. The posture of the body is important while walking. The chest should be thrown out strongly, the abdomen drawn in, the chin drawn in toward the chest, the body erect and leaning slightly forward. A good way by which to tell whether one carries the body in a correct position or not is to stand with the back against a wall, the head, shoulders, hips and heels touching it. Another method is to practice balancing a moderately-heavy book on the head. Place a soft cushion on the head, as this gives the book more surface to rest upon. Observe the erect figures the Italian women have who carry heavy burdens upon the head. Practice any of these methods for form, and then lean slightly forward.

Never begin a long walk in new shoes or Oxford ties. Procure shoes with heavy soles and light, soft uppers, which lace a trifle above the ankles. In a long walk it is not the heart and lungs that give out first, but the feet. To toughen these bathe them in a strong solution of salt water. If they are extremely tender add a little powdered alum and vinegar. Heavy stockings should be worn, and two pairs if the shoes rub the heels. In case of sprain of muscles or tendons the best treatment is rest and hot applications. In tours lasting several days put the feet in cold water and rub them well at nighttime. Stop in the middle of the afternoon and rest the feet a few minutes by removing the shoes.

Upon observing the walk of over one thousand students the writer found that every one stepped out by placing the heel on the ground first, and that the foot turned slightly outward, but in many instances the carriage and posture of the body were improper. When students on a long tramp are becoming tired, and are walking with seeming difficulty, a college song enlivens, and the pace is consequently quickened. The whistling or humming of a song or march when alone gives a pleasing rhythm to the step. Occasional up and down hill walking is easier than all on the level, as different sets of muscles are employed. Walking tours should be conducted not for record breaking but for health. A long walk should be broken by an occasional pause. These rests should be of about five minutes' duration. Experience proves that to sit or lie down makes one more liable to be stiff and tired when one gets up again. A short halt before beginning a steep ascent gives one fresh strength and lowers the respiration. An occasional slow trot sometimes rests one.

Do not hold yourself too rigid as you walk, but swing your arms, go slow at the start and gradually increase the pace to a fast walk, and keep this up, as slow walking tends to tire one. Do not be too ambitious, and, in your enthusiasm, begin with a twenty or twenty-five mile walk. If not accustomed to this form of exercise begin with one mile a day the first week; two miles a day the second. After the first month double this distance, and, in the course of two months, you will find yourself walking eight or ten miles daily with ease and increased vigor. You will further observe that your digestion has improved This is due to the influence of powerfully oxygenated blood which causes the intestines to perform their peristaltic movements—which are necessary for digestion—with increased energy. Not only are the muscles of the legs developed, but also the muscles of the chest and back are strengthened, due to the swinging of the arms and to deeper breathing. Walking gives one health by increasing the digestion, assimilation and excretion—in fact, by toning up all the organs of the body.

GRANT—THE DEATH WATCH

(Continued from Page 15)

back. A hand-organ was in operation near the curb. The General paused, watching the swart-faced operator. An amused, curious interest was in his face. He half whispered:

"What is he playing?"

"Annie Rooney."

"That's a street tune, isn't it?"

"Yes, one of the catchy airs."

"Might be a classic, so far as I could tell."

Surprised, I glanced quickly at the General. He observed this and smiled as we started on.

"No," he added, "I'm color-blind about music. 'The success of a jest,' you know, 'lies in the ear of him who hears it—never in the tongue of him who makes it.' I think Shakspere must have anticipated the hand-organ—and me."

In this last there was an exquisite drollery. I laughed heartily and, after a few moments, I saw vivid amusement in the General's face. It must have reacted upon him—the great bard writing ahead three hundred years to fit the modern hand-organ into a combination with America's greatest soldier.

. . . . . .

The Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park is within the toss of a biscuit of where General Grant lived. Sitting on top of this wall, about daybreak on an April morning soon after Grant's critical illness, there were half a dozen newspaper men who had "talked out" and, dangling their heels against the stones, were staring into a dense fog that suddenly had shut them in. Stephen Bonsal was somewhere up the wall, playing a lone hand at watching, and we suspected that a colleague of his was surreptitiously lodging that night in the basement of the Grant house. The trees dripped slowly. The asphalt pavement had wet highlights where the street lamps shone, blinking red through the enshrouding fog.

"Fifty million people practically are now sitting here on the Park wall," quoth Torrey, of the Tribune.

"The gentleman's mind is wandering," growled Inglis, of the World.

"How do you figure that out?" chirruped Tregaskis, of the Herald. Tregaskis always wanted to know things, to see the wheels go around.

"Every inhabitant of the United States is anxious about the old man, and we fellows, the Associated Press and the rest of us, are their eyes and ears—fifty million people focused on the sharp ridgestones of this wall, right here within ten feet, this diabolic April morning. See?"

"I move—Torrey, be chairman—that we men of the Grant death watch do now and here elect ourselves charter members of the Fifty Million Club, all men of the watch to be eligible, and none other!"

And so had its birth an organization that enlarged and came to be known the country over. A Cleveland paper had just been deploring "the mob of inquisitive reporters who were daily outraging decency by hanging about the General's home." John Sleicher, then editor of an Albany daily, took up the cause of the death watch reporters and rebuked his Cleveland colleague. From this grew the slogan of the Fifty Million Club, thus:

"We—view—with—alarm—the Cleveland Plain Dealer! We—point—with—pride—to—the Albany Evening Journal!"

I think Henry Stoddard, editor of the New York Evening Mail, George Harvey, of Harpers, and others the world has known used to chant this slogan. There were signals of approval, disdain, doubt and alarm. There was an official Refectory, an official Imbibitory, the Telegritory and the Dungeon. This last and a system of fantastic fines were provided for members who attempted private enterprise by way of the Grant household chimney, or by perching upon the lintels to listen, or by dynamiting any partition wall, or by any attempt to stow away beneath the doormat. No outsider can understand how full-grown men could get so much diversion from so simple an organization, how so many watches of the nights and days were enlivened by oral contributions to the club's Book of Proverbs and Miscellaneous Observations. Some of the keenest

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Soup

to choose from.

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Entrées

"A very nutritious

Potted Beef

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"And the famous

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I will even **rent** you a Duntley Cleaner by the month, until you **convince yourself** that it is **cheaper** to **have** it than to be **without** it—and then when you decide to buy, I will apply **all** the rent you have paid on the regular purchase price—$15 to $125.

And when I am willing to take **all the risk,** won't you give me the opportunity to **prove** these statements—by filling out and mailing me the coupon below—today—**now?**

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satire, some of the purest wit of modern times was embodied in the proclamations issued by the club and posted always in the Official Telegritory—a dirty, dingy telegraph and messenger office that then was on Madison Avenue between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Streets.

The Great Heart of the City

Of all the thousands who had passed through Sixty-sixth Street after General Grant's April-day illness, none, practically, had seen him. Of the silent, sympathetic throngs that filled the street day and night in front of the sick man's house only a handful, comparatively, had seen the old soldier enter his carriage to drive or come forth for a brief stroll on the block. The city's big heart had been held close to the sufferer, but its eyes had not beheld him since his near approach to death. And just here let this be said: The crowds before Grant's home those days and nights seemed not to have come there to glut a morbid curiosity. I saw many men and women standing there quietly for hours—the same men and women. They could see nothing save the brownstone house front, a caller, a doctor coming or going. Pitying him for his betrayal and wreck in business, sympathizing heartfully for his suffering, proud of his battle against death, the people gathered about Grant's home as though to let him feel, somehow, the tenderness of their hearts, the nearness of help they would lend if they could. Aye, had Grant once thrown up a sash and whispered "Help me!" to the throng—what, think you, would have happened? Only to know how, and the streetful and the whole cityful would have torn or reared or battled at the word. It was in the air. I felt it—this allegiance to the haggard man inside there, trying to win a living for his family before he surrendered. This will not be understood by all, at this distance from the occasion, but there are some who will know. It was the same spirit in the people that, in the individual, brought the leaders of public life and thought time after time to Grant's door when they knew they could not see him—Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Hancock, Vanderbilt, Conkling, Cyrus Field, Childs, Drexel, Depew, Windom, Arthur and men from the clergy and the stage. The same spirit that prompted peers, potentates and commoners abroad to be cabling daily to ask: "How is General Grant?" The same spirit that prompted prayer meetings from Virginia to Mississippi, to save the life that more than any other wrought the yielding of the South.

Here is an incident, an instance: The Seventh Regiment marched past the Grant home on Decoration Day morning. Entering the block the great band broke forth a martial strain that might have made the dead mark time. The old General in his room heard the sound and moved to a front window whose shades had not yet been raised. Already the street was filled from curb to curb by an orderly crowd. The famous regiment swung up the street, the throng split and flattened out each side to make passageway, a shade rolled up at the front window and a solitary man stood looking down upon the scene. Glancing up at the moment Colonel Clark, at the head of his men, saluted the lone figure at the window—a stooped and shrunken figure in a dark dressing-gown, its head covered with a black skullcap, the face gray and drawn by suffering, but familiar to all—the face of General Grant.

Grant's Last Review

As the officer's sword went up in salute the old soldier's hand was lifted in response, and the people saw the hand was white and thin. A murmur almost like a groan escaped the motionless throng in the street, as it saw the figure at the window. Did they cheer? Not a sound. With the blaring brass and the rattling drums it seems as though they might have cheered that haggard man who had led troops from "the first call" to the "grand review"—him who had heard great bands on battlefields where men were killed and killing, who then as now stood quiet and alone. Hero worship would then have been very easy, but they did not cheer—only that groan of infinite pity stirred the crowd.

The band strains grew fainter and died out, the stiffly-moving ranks had wheeled from view. A moment more the General stood looking forth. In the now quiet street there was a strong impulse of the crowd toward him, and he felt it, paused, bowed and smiled a wan, thin smile. At that instant men there would have taken him, if they might, in their strong, willing arms to ward away or share his pain. But no outbreak came. Something drew the cords too tense in every throat. There were mothers who lifted their children who might boast in after years of whom they had seen. Some men uncovered, not knowing what they did. Others tightened their lips and swallowed hard to hide the feeling their wet eyes betrayed. A moment more the solitary man at the window held them so and then, with a slow sweep of the white, thin hand, withdrew from view.

A Dramatic Episode

Once more that day the constant throng in the street before his house saw Grant. Two companies of war veterans were marching by, and paused beneath the General's window. This time without the grim, black cap he stood there to acknowledge their greeting. A moment they stood still, each viewing the other—the Chief and his old soldiers. There was no pomp in the scene, no band music nor flashing arms—only a meeting once more of comrades. The gray, wistful face at the window lighted for a moment with prideful pleasure—and the veterans! One of their officers, seizing his slouch hat in one hand, threw up both arms toward the old Commander in a gesture that might almost have surrendered life for him, standing there so still and wan. The act was inspiring, infectious. The veterans uncovered, each extended his arms in a passionate reach toward him, and the sound of sobs came from their ranks, the strong sobs of men who pitied and adored. It was over in a few moments. Plainly affected by the scene the feeble man left the window lest he show too much, and the veterans marched down the street feeling they had done too little.

Grant had claimed the big headlines for many days, but he had to yield. He came forth to drive in the Park with his wife and daughter; next day half a column told the story. April and May had passed. Grant again was at work on his book. News of the case had dwindled to a few lines daily. The newspapers had withdrawn their reporters, the special correspondents had flitted away. All were tramping with the gangplows somewhere else. The wires of the Associated Press still lay in the basement hall of the banker's house next door, and beneath the banker's front steps the Associated Press correspondents and operators waited and watched in relays, day and night. The case must not be deserted, though its vivid interest had passed. The gangplows were clanging in other fields, the steam drills and shovels in other quarries.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on the last days of General Grant.

The Engineer

I don't want to boast nor nuthin',
But I've got this much to say:
If it wasn't for me that knows my biz
There'd be much hell to pay
For I lowers the miners and hoists 'em, too,
Some several times a day.

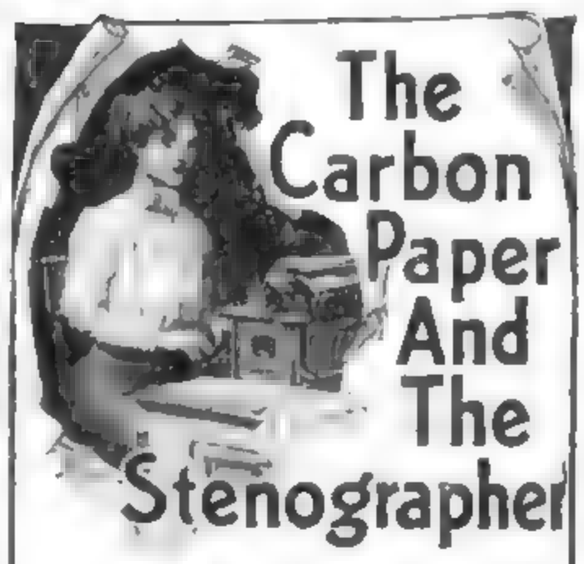
A human life don't count for much
When it's off in some foreign land;
But it means a lot when you're here on the hoist
With that human life in your hand—
And multiply that by the number on shift
And you'll see just how I stand.

A little mistake and they'd hit the sheaves,
Or land in the watery sump;
Or spatter around on the plates and guides
With nary a chance to jump—
But instead of that I lands 'em safe
With scarcely a jolt or jump.

I drops the cage to a station floor
So even and accurate, too,
That a car rolls on without a jolt
The way it was meant to do
And when she is loaded I hoists her up,
Like a limited train goes through!

Now, I don't want to boast nor nuthin',
But, as I began to say,
I reckon a job like mine is worth
The price that the bosses pay—
For I hoists the miners and lowers 'em down
Some several times a day

—*Berton Braley.*



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Deceits of the Actor's Art

By VANDERHEYDEN FYLES

WE WERE talking about Ada Rehan's acting. Doubtless I had become unbearably wearisome with my superfluous ecstasies over the poetry of her Viola, the dash of her Nancy Brasher, the infinite art in the development of her Katharine, from shrewish temperamentuousness to womanly submission—for a lady across the table stemmed my platitudinous flow.

"I'll wager there's one element of artistry in Miss Rehan's Katharine you never caught on to, no matter how many times you may have seen the performance." The speaker was a young actress who, after a brief career in the Daly company, had married and retired from the stage. "I wouldn't know it myself, but that I bribed her maid with candy till she finally allowed me just one peep into Miss Rehan's dressing-room."

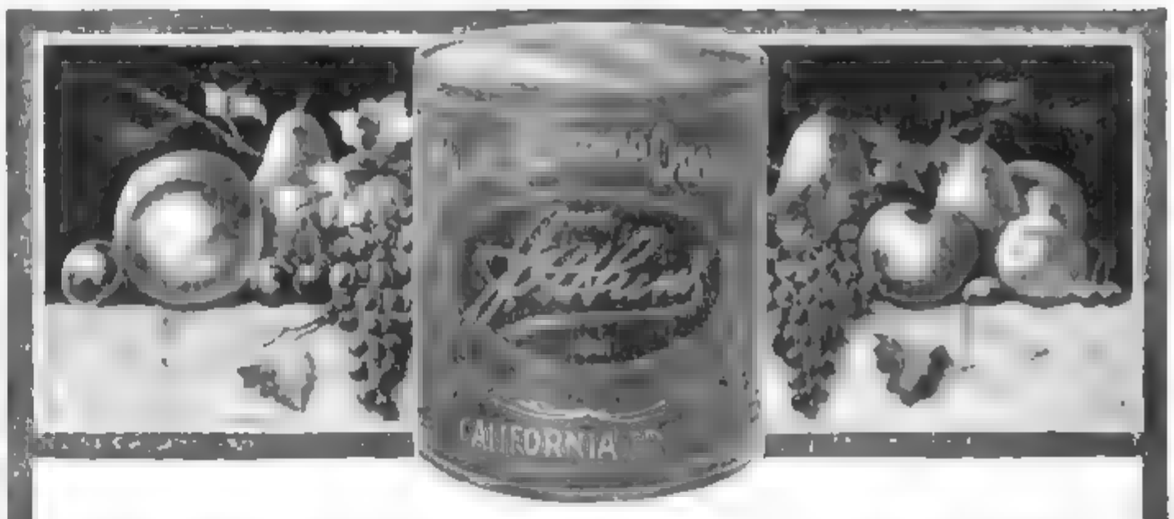
That settled it. I had no wish to wager against such rare and authentic information. I knew enough about the firmness and multiplicity of rules in the Daly days to be aware that sealed vaults of the Vatican or the most sacred recesses of the Temple in Salt Lake City were as public corridors compared to Miss Rehan's apartments in the theater. Members of the company saw her go into them and come out; but that was all. Actually to talk with one who had explored their mysteries was thrilling.

But the point is rather the bearing of the dressing-room's revelations on Miss Rehan's Shrew. It seems, in short, that the actress employed more than histrionic art to convey the gradual submission—the stages of diminishing fury—of Petruchio's bride. The transformation of her nature was mirrored in the softening of her features, the relaxing of the set firmness of her mouth, the fading of the fire in her eyes. All that was evident. But with the mellowing of this Katharine's nature her hair changed color! For it seems that Miss Rehan wore three or four different wigs during the course of the play—apparently, of course, identical, yet actually each a more moderate auburn than the one before.

A Male Star's Beauty Secret

The revelation put me on my mettle. As the only other guest at the dinner possessed of any intimacy with stageland, I felt challenged to spring one on my own account. A glance about the table wasn't necessary to remind me that a beauty secret about a romantic actor would be welcomed. I happen to have spent considerable time, one time and another, with players whose good looks are a principal asset. A star came to mind whose hair is thin to actual baldness at the back. On the stage, though, it is not. Nor does he wear a wig. I have sat about his dressing-room more than once, and know the process. Sitting before the mirror on his dressing-table, he swings another glass around so as to face it. Then he brushes such hair as he has quite clear of the bald spot. With a small brush, and paint the color of his hair, he traces fine lines on his naked head. This done he combs the strands of hair carefully back over the hirsute sketch—and our hero is as beautiful as new!

But I dismissed that secret as a not quite "clubby" thing to tell. Nor could I bring myself to disillusionize the girls who were still gushing over a young star, who certainly made a handsome Grecian youth in a tragedy a few years ago. He happened to be playing the rôle in Pittsburgh during a week I was there; and as he knew as few people he cared to bother with as I did, we put in most of our time together. As our dinner-hour had to be early on his account, that meant considerable time for me to kill before I could see a play. So I generally dawdled about his dressing-room while he made up. I think he cared about as little as human could for the adulation he received, but it was part of his business to make that Greek as handsome as he could. Nature had given him a good start—but a bad nose! His eyes were large, though the pupils a little too much so for the whites. So he painted a thin line of white along the inside of the lids. A little flesh-colored paint—he used a rather



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dark wash all over—did away with the slightly contracting closeness of his heavy brows above his nose. But that nose! It was a perfectly good American nose, but it wasn't heroic and it wasn't Greek. So he traced a line down its center, while a faint shadow underneath did away with a too prominent droop at the end.

On second thought the story of the touching up of that admired face seemed as untellable as that of the liquid hair on the other hero's head. Nor did it seem quite nice to call attention to an actor who always appears gloved, because one hand is made of wood; nor to another whose arms are so disproportionately short that he never lets them fall naturally at his sides, but always fumbles with a cigarette, snuff-box, paper—anything from a Roman scroll to a stock report. Some people must have observed these misfortunes, cleverly as they are handled, just as a proportion of playgoers must have guessed how lame one of the most lovely dowagers of the period is, and that a very pretty star is cross-eyed, though in her conspicuous career of fifteen years or so she never once has given an audience a chance to realize it by turning her full face to the footlights.

But being too short or too tall for some rôle or other is no deformity. One may mention either without cruelty. And, too, it seems footless to cite instances without names. Well, then—for years Miss Lillian Russell deceived the public. She is taller and somewhat bulkier than she might wish. So, until she went under the management of Weber & Fields, where she had to take her chances, she surrounded herself with tall and generally rather heavy players.

This applied not only to principals but to the chorus girls who, lined up behind her, made her appear less massive.

One day, several years ago, I mentioned to David Belasco an actress I thought promising. He was about to put a new play into rehearsal, though I knew little more of it than that there were many characters and that Miss Blanche Bates was to be the star. I was recounting my reasons for believing in the actress I proposed and for wishing that she might come under such masterly guidance.

"Ask her to call at my office," Mr. Belasco interrupted. Then he added: "How tall is she?" I guessed, about five-feet-five, or so. "It's no use, then—she needn't call," Mr. Belasco said.

Making the Big Seem Little

Later, when Mr. Belasco had, in fact, engaged the lady for another play, I understood his having rejected her without a meeting. For the drama in preparation turned out to be The Darling of the Gods. Miss Bates is a larger woman than the public realizes—or than Mr. Belasco has any intention they ever shall. So he engages actors for her company by the yard measure. And to think that two of her most prominent successes should have required her to suggest a diminutive Japanese!

It seemed a facer for Miss Fay Templeton when Weber & Fields announced a travesty of The Little Princess and cast her for little Miss Millie James' rôle. That a stout and by no means short woman could look a child seemed incredible. Nor did she. But she suggested childhood marvelously. She designed a curly wig on such a heroic scale that it made her face seem small and her body short. Even the bow of blue ribbon that held the curls was in proportion. And in her arms she carried a doll so large that Edna Wallace Hopper might almost have been cast for it. The result was that, when alone on the stage, Miss Templeton looked the youngster, as was intended.

Richard Mansfield excelled in the art of making himself appear the size he wished. To the last—though not tall or slender, and nearly fifty years of age—he was able to make his Prince Karl, and his Karl Heinrich in Alt Heidelberg, and other youthful impersonations, look like boys. Many playgoers, perhaps, observed how frequently he half turned his side toward the audience, instead of facing them directly; but I doubt if many knew his purpose.

Well, it was just this. No posture is more eloquent of youth than a hand resting on the hip at the end of a graceful line of long, lithe limb. Granted. But what if the line is neither very long nor very lithe? In tight breeches and high, close-fitting boots the leg is most apt to look so. And Mansfield only appeared to put his hand on his hip, whereas he very carefully did not. Turned at that angle, he was able to seem to do so, though actually his hand rested four inches above his hip.

Mansfield left nothing to chance. Even furniture he used as an aid to characterization. Of course he was not alone in that. Furniture plays a greater part in drama than the uninitiated realize.

Mansfield's Stage Devices

One night in Baltimore, some years ago, it looked as though a huge audience might have to be turned away, unless somewhere in the city a chair of just the sort Madame Bernhardt demanded could be found. It was not, as might be fancied, the period that caused the uproar. The drama was modern in scene, so that did not much matter. But the seat had to be twenty-one inches from the floor. Otherwise Madame would not play. Shops—modern and antique—were ransacked. Bernhardt was "unbudgeable." A twenty-one-inch chair or no performance! Nor could the management have persuaded her to appear had not a chair of the required height been unearthed in the very nick of time.

Why such a fuss over so small a matter? Well, Bernhardt has a reputation for sinuous grace. If she sat in a chair of only ordinary height, her knees would come up so high that the long, lithe line would be quite lost.

Such actresses as Miss Margaret Anglin and Miss Julia Marlowe are equally careful about such details. If I ever thought such points trivial I ceased to after seeing Madame Réjane in L'Hirondelle. She was, at the time, unattractively stout—certainly far too stout to be careless about it. Yet throughout a long, almost tragic scene she sat in a rocking-chair—an undramatic attitude at best—but in one so low-seated as to tip her far back. It was drawn near to the footlights; and its graceless build was such that the actress' own ample and uptilted form threw all but her eyes into impenetrable shadow. The effect was one Miss May Irwin might covet—but in the drama tearful!

Mansfield made various uses of the chairs he sat in. When the monarch he portrayed was of noble nature, he sat on a twenty-one-inch throne. For the rest, however, the chair of state was not so massive as to prevent its occupant appearing greater than the symbol of his majesty. But if the character were the shrunken, crafty, leering Ivan, for example, he crouched deep down in a throne whose seat was low enough to make his knees protrude prominently. The body then seemed shrunken, the czar weighed down, overshadowed by the splendor of his office. For not only was the seat low for such a rôle, but also its back rose high and massive above the wasted form.

E. H. Sothern goes even further. He is unfortunately short of stature for the heroic rôles he plays so well. Reversing Miss Blanche Bates' rule, he engages only actors of little above the five-foot variety. The difference was painfully felt when he appeared at the New Theater, in company with players not gathered with reference to his own measurements. But furthermore, as his own manager, Sothern has his scenery and the furniture built on a reduced scale, so that he may move majestically—at least in a mimic world.

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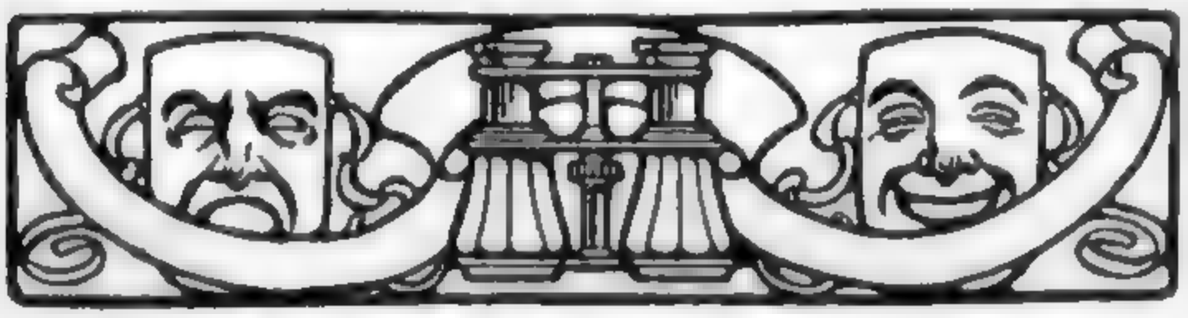

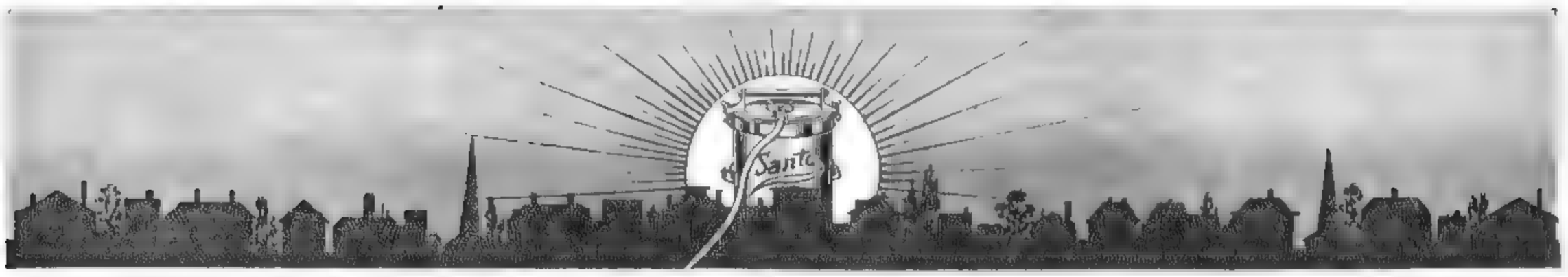

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In many cities and towns women form vacuum cleaning clubs and rent a **Santo** for a week, passing it around to each other. Or they club together in a neighborhood and have the **Santo** man come and do their work for them; or each rents a machine and has her cleaning done independently. It's all the same to the **Santo** representative.

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A BENT TWIG

(Concluded from Page 9)

Isidore Cohen to secure a portfolio within that cabinet. For more than a week he had been ready to present his application. The proof of his fitness for office was wrapped in a newspaper, under the decayed mattress upon which he slept. And he only waited a propitious moment to lay it and his application before Teacher. Her new habit of dashing away at the stroke of three had hitherto interfered with his plan, but about a week after Gertie's arrest he found courage to elude the janitor and to make his way to Room 18 at a quarter past eight in the morning.

And Miss Bailey, arriving pale, distraught and heavy-eyed at eight-twenty-five, found the lost purse lying upon her blotter and Isidore Cohen ready with the speech of presentation.

"Mine Auntie," it began—he had never had an aunt—"she don't needs this pocketbook no more. You can have it."

Miss Bailey dropped into her chair. "Isidore," cried she, "oh, Isidore! You're the cleverest boy! I would rather have this bag than anything else in the world."

A moment later her joy was gone again. The bag was absolutely empty, and Constance Bailey did some of the keenest thinking of her career.

"It would be quite perfect," said she, "if I only had a few little things in it. Perhaps a transfer, a lace collar, or some pieces of paper"—she caught the gleam in Isidore's rabbit eye and amended quickly—"Not money, of course. It would be foolish to carry money in a bag like this"—the gleam vanished—"but just a few papers and things would seem more natural."

"Stands somethings like that to my house," Isidore vouchsafed generously. "Mine Auntie don't needs them, too."

"Then, perhaps," said Constance Bailey carefully—"perhaps, dear, your aunt would let me have them."

"I likes," said Isidore, dashing off at an unmistakably natural tangent—"I likes I shall be monitors maybe off of somethings."

Miss Bailey felt the teeth of the trap, but she knew that her hand was touching the very life of Gertie Armusheffsky and she made no effort to escape. "And what sort of a monitor would you like to be?" she asked casually.

"Off of supplies," was his decided answer.

"I think that could be arranged," she replied. "And those little things to put in my bag?"

"I could to git 'em 'fore the other kids comes in," said Isidore.

And a few moments later she had obtained leave of absence from the Principal and was buttoning her gloves, while she gave her final instructions to the substitute who would minister until luncheon hour to the First Readers.

"I'm quite sure you will have no trouble. The children understand that I shall be back in the afternoon. If you want pencils, paper or anything else Isidore Cohen will get them for you. For Isidore"—and she laid her hand upon his narrow head—"Isidore is Monitor of Supplies."

Very late that afternoon a disillusioned Monitor of Supplies fared unostentatiously homeward from Room 18. He had never met candor equal to Miss Bailey's, and he was in the grip of the paralyzing conviction that, for as long as he remained within her sphere of influence, honesty would be the only expedient policy.

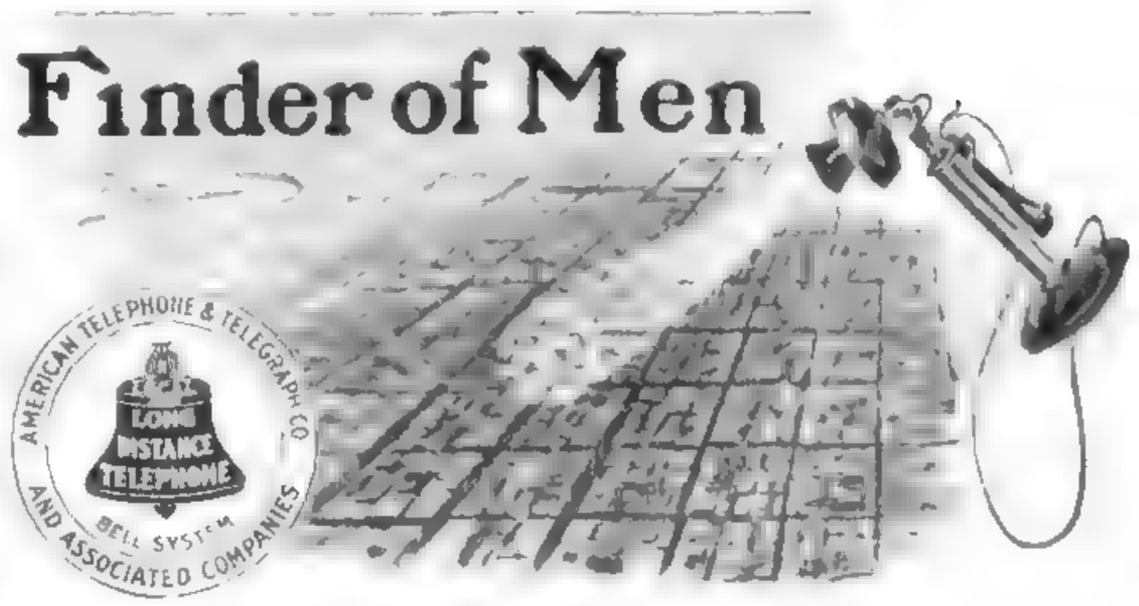
Butt and the Law

THE venerable Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, was vastly astonished the other day when a class attending one of his law lectures at a Washington school where he was expounding the Constitutional powers of the President cut loose a wild yell of laughter in the middle of one of his paragraphs.

This is what Mr. Justice Harlan said: "There is a rumor that down in the mountains of Kentucky there is being made in violation of the law a certain brand of beverage known and enjoyed by all Kentuckians as applejack.

"Now, the President can't say: 'Captain Butt, go out there and break up this pestiferous business.' No; he cannot do that. He must go about it in a lawful manner."

Finder of Men



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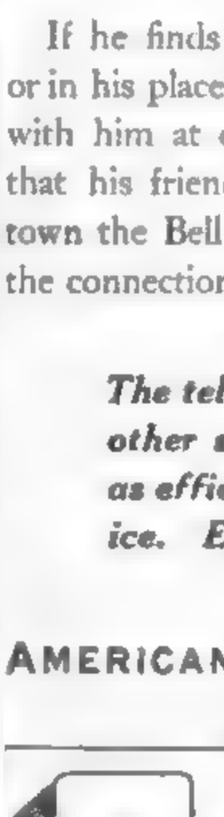

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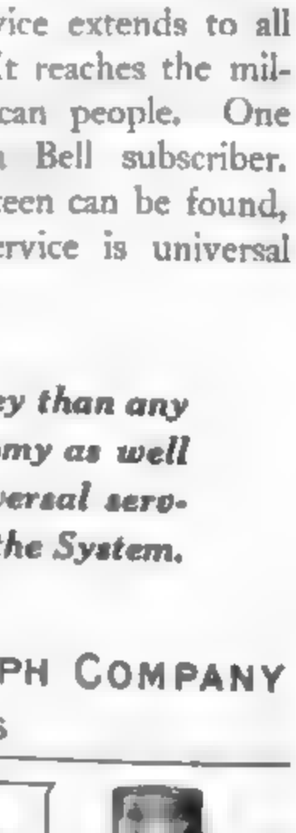

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THE BOOM IN SPOOKS

(Concluded from Page 12)

side of the face, and immediately some mysterious hand hit me a similar blow on the other side of the same face.

"That you, O grandson, would look with pity upon me, I need a watch to tell time by in the eternity where I am stopping now."

Instantly a mysterious force hit me in the stomach, and as I doubled up another manifestation of spirit power struck me on the chin with terrific force. I seemed to fall into an unconscious trance state. Probably I was overcome by the greatness of the manifestation of spirit materialization.

When I recovered my senses the manager and the press agent were congratulating me upon the wonderful séance in which I had played a part, but my natural skepticism arose in me. I feared that I might be the dupe of a mere hypnotic trick. My hands, which had been untied, felt the front of my vest. There, I knew, I would find confirmation of my skepticism, or proof of the actual existence of a spirit world. I fell back like one stunned. There was no trickery! There was no fraud! My watch was, indeed, gone! It was gone! I believed!

In a few brief, concise words I told the manager and the press agent and the medium all I thought of them and of their wonderful performance, and that I was now satisfied. I told them I knew when I had had enough proof, and I would now withdraw. I said I wished to make some notes while the séance was fresh in my mind and I still had eighteen dollars in my purse inside my coat pocket. They urged me to stay and see further proofs, but I said I guessed I'd go on home. I turned, and as I neared the door a most remarkable spirit manifestation occurred; I may say the most remarkable of the whole evening. Something seemed to strike me forcefully on the back of the head, and the blow was followed by a dull clatter on the floor behind me. It was one of the most remarkable manifestations of levitation I have ever heard about. My watch—the very watch the ghost of my grandfather Diggles had taken to the spirit world—had come sailing back from the spirit world. It had come across the unfathomable unknown and had hit me on the head! And why had it thus returned? Perhaps I was still unworthy. Perhaps because it was a dollar watch with brass lids. This is one of the mysteries that offer a field for future science. The scientists of the future will concentrate their intelligences upon the question: "Why do dollar watches with brass lids come back from spirit land?" It is a fertile field for science.

I think this report of the séance in which I took part will settle, once for all, any doubt as to the actual existence of spooks. Made under the most severe test conditions, it was a complete success. But science is not easily satisfied. Science must know, not guess. But this much at least is known—billions and billions of men and women have passed into the spirit world, if there is one. All the great minds of thousands of years are gathered there if they are. It is no wonder, then, that I and the other scientists stand in awe and wonder when we see the mighty marvels performed by the spooks—when we see those billions and billions of intelligences of thousands and thousands of years gather in their might and—tip a pine table! Cæsar's ghost!

As a subject for the investigation of sane, able-minded men I should not take spooks. I should take boarding-house hash, restaurant pie or ancient cheese. Boarding-house hash is more mysterious as a materialization of the departed; restaurant pie is more wonderful than a spook; and ancient cheese is livelier, more genial and more mobile than test tables. No scientist ever got softening of the intelligence studying old cheese, while—but there!

A little softening of the intelligence does not harm a scientist—if he is going to study spooks.

Shave Yourself

No Stropping—No Honing

Every man's shaving troubles were my troubles—before I invented the Gillette Safety Razor.

I was not satisfied with a device that would merely shave the beard without cutting the face—my idea was to shave comfortably without irritation—quickly without lost motion—smoothly without leaving stray hairs or rough patches of beard in the corners and places hard to get at.

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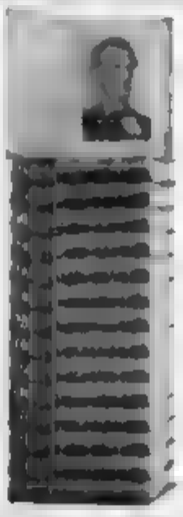

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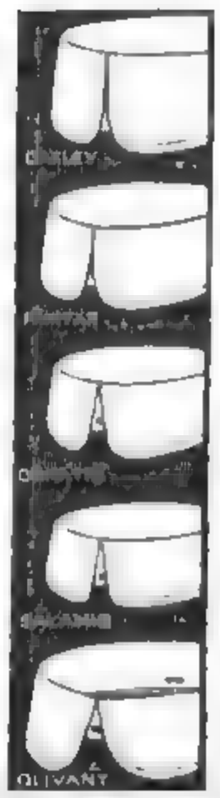

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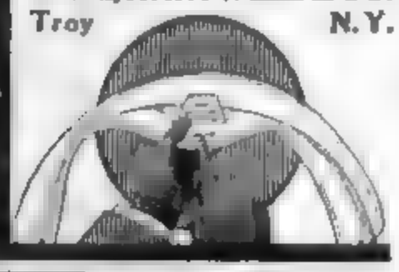

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THE LIMITATIONS OF REFORM

(Concluded from Page 11)

embezzlers from it no one can deny. The transactions based on the rise and fall of the market, which amount to gambling, should be prohibited and severely punished wherever they may take place; and with them will go one of the greatest evils of our country. The bucketshop is already condemned, and if the stock exchanges do not clean themselves of gambling they will be cleaned out by the people, for conscience has written that the gamblers must go. Too many men have been seeking wealth without the corresponding inclination to labor for its achievement. Too many have forgotten the divine injunction: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The gambling mania is the outgrowth of this inordinate desire for wealth, and with its abolition business and the prosperity that comes from business will be upon a more moral and, therefore, a firmer foundation. While no form of gambling is beneficial, there is a limit to how far law should be enacted against it. The law should not concern itself with trifles not affecting public morals. Where law is made to extend to little things by making them criminal, the result of the effort to enforce such a law would be to create a sullen feeling of resentment of authority among many who are good citizens. Because a thing is not right in our view it does not necessarily follow that there should be a law against it. These are things the individual conscience must deal with.

The tendency of unlimited reform is to go on until it brings about a reform of its own excesses. There must, therefore, be a limitation that should be regarded, in order to keep the battle pitched in the right place and to prevent the inevitable reaction resulting from a degeneration of a fight for great principles into a squabble over non-essentials.

The battle going on in the country today is an effort to accomplish through reform what in some other countries is done through revolution. The Anglo-Saxon race usually corrects abuses by peaceable reforms, while the Latin races attempt to do the same thing by armed revolution. Reform is the medium between revolution and fanaticism. The greatest enemy of reform is fanaticism, and the effort should be to keep reform from becoming fanatical attempts to control the consciences of all in accordance with our own.

Equal Conditions Impossible

The equalization of the distribution of wealth is the great reform before the people of this country today. Equality of conditions cannot be brought about, but there can be an equalization of burdens and of opportunities. How is it that some in the course of a few years can accumulate as much as under natural conditions it would take thousands of years to obtain? It could not be done if there were justice in the distribution of wealth; it is done because of some privilege that ought not to be. We have recently seen the spectacle at Washington of the privilege harpies hovering about the National Capitol demanding a larger opportunity to tax the American people by charging more than the natural prices for their products. The only purpose of the privilege accorded by a high protective tariff is to stifle competition, and to that extent give monopoly. Instead of protecting monopoly from the people, the people should be protected from monopoly. It is neither fair nor just for eighty millions of people to be taxed in order to make a few very rich.

Some of the greatest fortunes of the present have been made through watered stocks. Money cannot be made out of nothing. It must either come through the industry of the man who has it or through the labor of some one else. When Mr. Harriman built or purchased railroads for, say, ten thousand dollars a mile, and stocked and bonded them for forty or fifty thousand dollars a mile, he made a vast fortune for his estate. But this fortune must come out of the people, and must be paid by the people in larger passenger and freight rates, in order to give dividends upon this inflated value. Such fortunes as that of Mr. Harriman—I use this simply as illustrative; there are many others of the same character—are mortgages upon the earnings of the present and coming generations. It should be made illegal, through proper supervision, so to water the stocks of public service corporations, and the time will come when this will be. Some states have done a little in this direction, but the real work is yet to be accomplished.

Another method of accumulating tainted riches is through a trust controlling some necessity. Nearly all the so-called trusts are now really holding companies. The Oil Trust is a holding company, so are the Steel Trust and the Sugar Trust. Holding companies are modern creations, devised by shrewd attorneys for the pirates of the commercial seas to enable them to do indirectly what they cannot do directly. An ordinary corporation is an association of individuals. A holding company is a corporation of corporations. It holds the majority of stock in a number of subsidiary corporations, so that those controlling a majority of the stock in a holding corporation can control all of the other corporations in which the holding company has a majority of the stock. One of the judges in the Standard Oil case, recently decided in St. Louis, doubted the legality of holding companies. He pointed out that through this method all of the anti-trust laws could be avoided. His reasoning must be accepted, and holding companies will have to be put beyond the bounds of law; else it will be impossible to remedy the abuses that grow out of trusts and great aggregations of capital.

The Shield of Wrongdoers

Then there should be a greater individual responsibility to the criminal laws on the part of the operators of corporations. If one were to hunt for a corporation he could not find such a thing anywhere. He would merely find a number of individuals exercising charter powers granted by a state. The corporations these individuals conduct can be no better or worse than the individuals who compose them. A corporation can no more violate the law than can a table or chair, or any other inanimate object. A man might take a chair and through the instrumentality of the chair violate the law by striking another with it. It would be just as logical in that case to punish the chair and allow the man to go free, as it is to attempt to punish a corporation for violating a law and allow the individual behind the corporation to go unwhipped of justice. To say that there are difficulties in the way of placing stripes upon trust magnates who operate contrary to the statutes is no answer to the insistence that at least an effort should be made to teach them that the law is no respecter of persons.

Behind every political question there is a moral question. Whatever the political question before us, we may safely seek its solution in the moral law. There is not one law for the church, another for the home; one law for the pulpit, another for the rostrum; one law for the stock exchange, another for the pew. "Thou shalt not steal," the Golden Rule—these moral precepts are the foundation of all law for the government of human society. They apply to church, to commerce, to politics, to the affairs of nation and individual alike.

There are only two great contending forces in this country today. On one side are the advocates and the beneficiaries of special privilege; on the other are those who stand for equality of opportunity to all. It is an issue between money and morals; between dollars and men. In this battle the effort should be to maintain inviolate the principles of popular self-government; to secure the largest liberty of the individual consistent with law and order; to aid in the enforcement of laws and in the counteracting of any attempt to defy them; to join a sincere devotion to religious faith with the broadest religious toleration; to attack the abuses of wealth, not wealth itself; to fight the wrongs in business, not business; to combat the conditions that make undeserved poverty on one hand and tainted riches on the other; to assail not men but the evil that men do

The rights of one man necessarily limit the rights of another. In becoming members of society, each must give up some natural rights in order that the freedom of all may be promoted. The object of all real reform is freedom. Freedom must be safeguarded by law and "the limitation of freedom is fair play."

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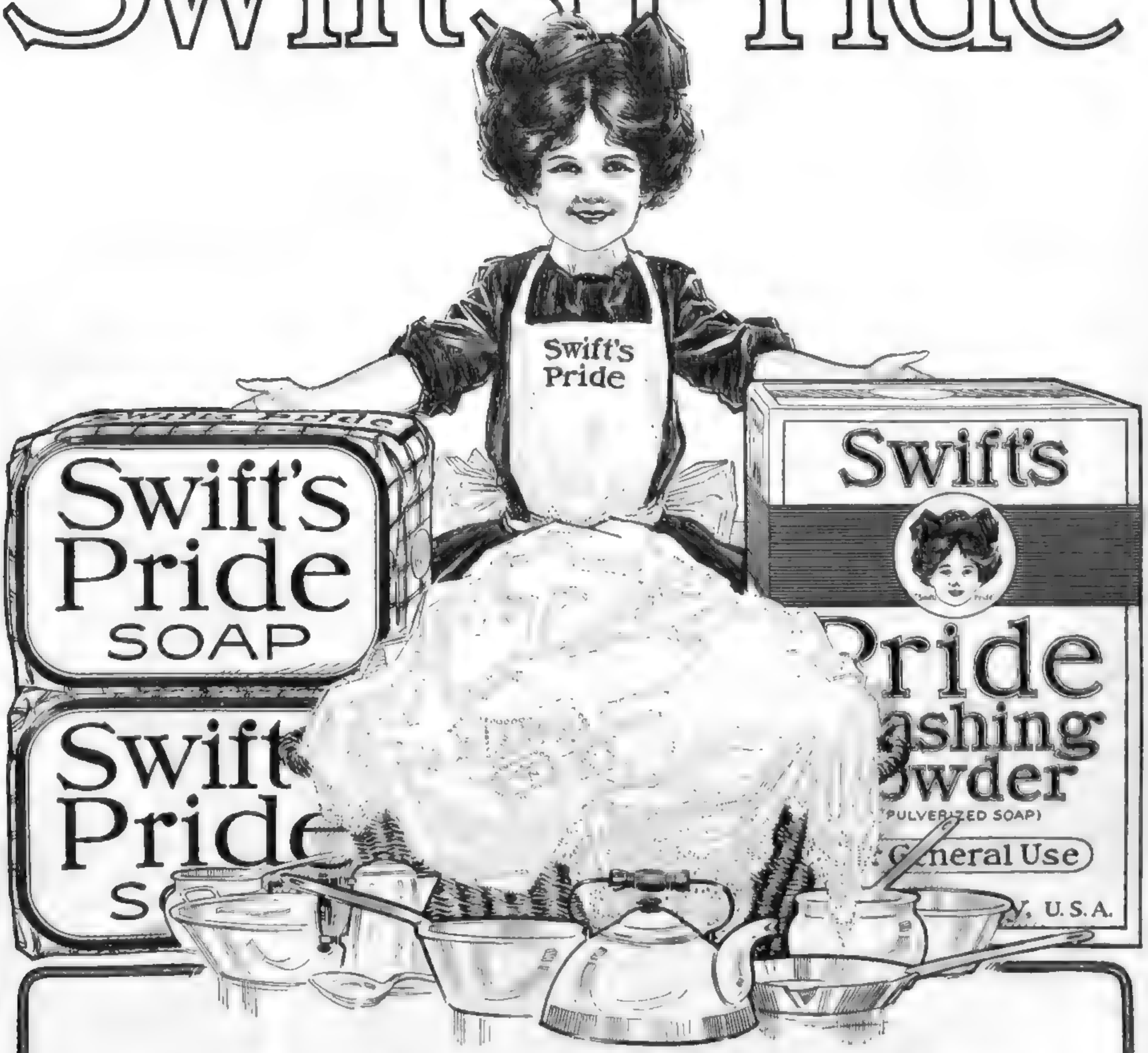

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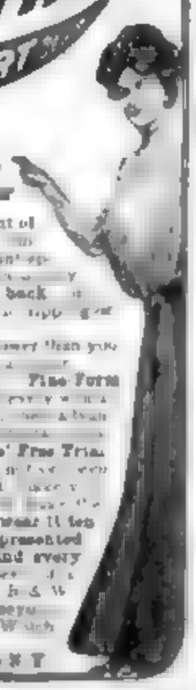

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

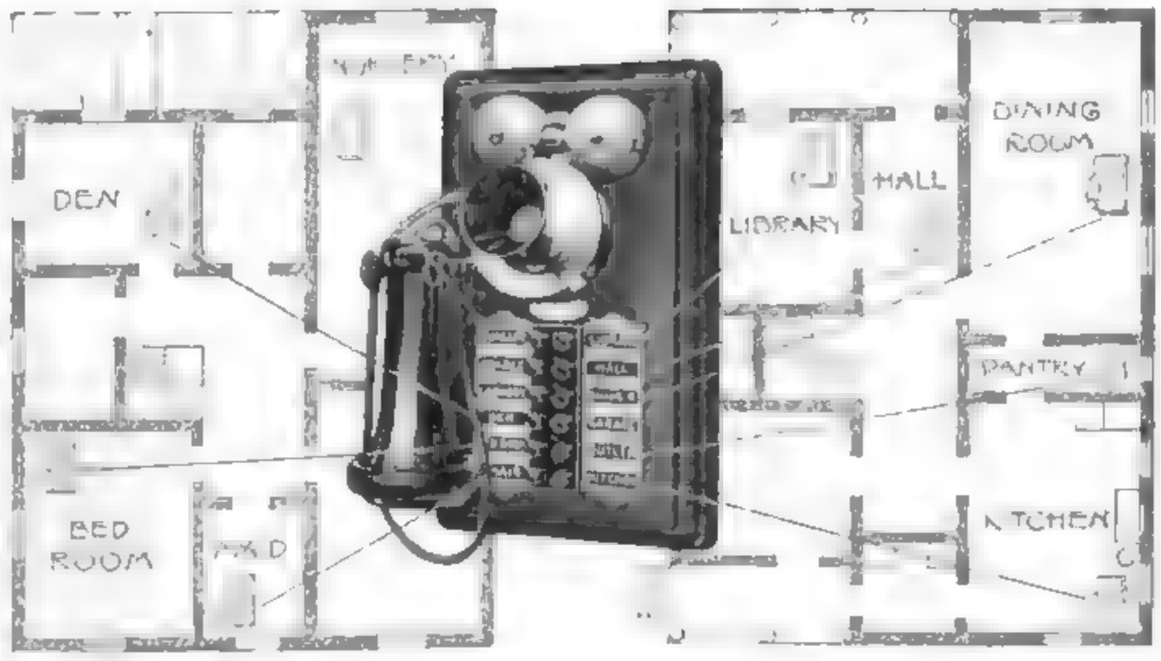
women there had too little sense and too much virtue to go through such complicated intellectual processes to deceive themselves and others, they took narrow, almost persecuting, views of right and wrong. But these teething saints in the town churches had a too broadminded way of speculating upon their very narrow moral margins and too few steadfast convictions of any sort. The women were the worst, as I have already intimated. Many of them were in a fluid state, dissolved by their own minds; others sustained the same relation to their souls that young and playful kittens do to their tails. They were always chasing them and never really finding them. But the most dangerous of them all is the one who refuses to take up her bed and walk spiritually and who wants the preacher to assist her at every step. There is something infernal about a woman who cannot distinguish between her sentimental emotions and a spiritual ambition.

After observing William very carefully for thirty years I reached the conclusion that the wisest preacher knows nothing about the purely feminine soul, and the less he has to do with it the better. The thing, whatever it is, is so intimately connected with her nervous system that only her heavenly Father can locate it morally from day to day. And I have observed that the really good women are never guilty of the sacrilege of showing their immortality to preachers. I lived with William for thirty years, and had more than my share of spiritual difficulties. But I would as soon have asked him how to cut out my dress as what to do with my soul. No man's preaching benefited me more, but in so far as my soul was feminine and peculiar to me I took it as an indication that Providence meant it to remain so, and I never betrayed it, not even to him.

But I could not keep other women from doing so. There was a beautiful lady in the church at Orionville who gave Bible readings as if they were soprano solos. She was always beautifully gowned for the occasion, and had an expression of pretty pink piety that was irresistible. She was "not happy at home" and candidly confessed it. The lack of congeniality grew out of the fact that her husband was a straightforward business man who took no interest in her Bible readings. But he was about the only man in the church who did not. And it was only a question of time when she would have betrayed William in Second Samuel if I had not intervened. She had been coming to the parsonage regularly for a month, consulting him about her interpretation of these Scriptures. She asked for him at the door as simply as if I had been his office-boy. And William was always cheered and invigorated by her visits. He would come out of his study to tea after her departure, rubbing his hands and praising the beautiful spiritual clearness of her mind, which he considered very remarkable in a woman. Poor William! I never destroyed his illusions, for they were always founded upon the goodness and simplicity of his own nature. But when Mrs. Billywith began to spend three afternoons of the week with him in his study, with nobody but the dead-and-gone Second Samuel to chaperon them, and when William began to neglect his pastoral visiting on this account, I couldn't have felt the call to put an end to the interpretations stronger than I did if I had been his guardian angel. The next time she came he was out visiting the sick.

"Come right in, Mrs. Billywith," I said, leading her into the study and seating myself opposite her when she had chosen her chair; "William is out this afternoon, but possibly I can help you with the kind of interpretation you ought to do now better than he can." She stared at me with a look of proud surprise.

"You and William have spent a very profitable month, I reckon, on the Second Samuel; but I've been thinking that maybe you ought to have a change now and stay at home some and try to interpret your own Samuel. Your husband's given name is Sam, isn't it? He seems to me a neglected prophet, Mrs. Billywith, and needs his spiritual faculties exercised and strengthened more than William does. Besides ——"



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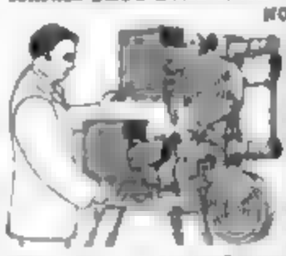

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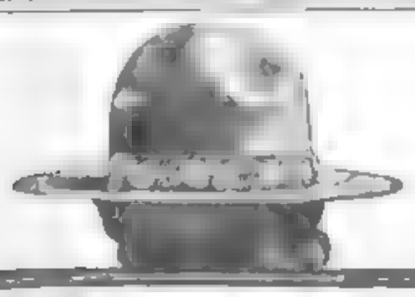

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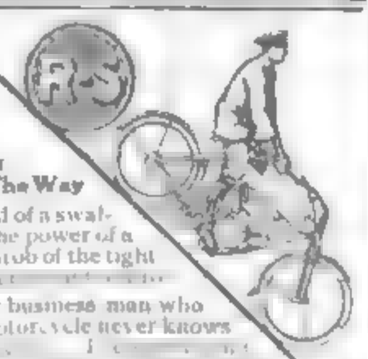
Riding an R. S. Motorcycle
Is Like Coasting Down Hill All The Way



It has the speed of a swallow. There is the power of a [illegible] in every throb of the tight [illegible]

The tourist or business man who rides an R S motorcycle never knows [illegible]

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Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles
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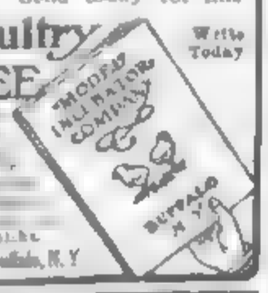

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Get Mennen's [illegible] Mennen's [illegible] Toilet Powder
GERHARD MENNEN CO Newark, N J

I never finished the sentence. Mrs. Billywith rose with the look of an angel who has been outraged, floated through the open door and disappeared down the shady street. William never knew, or even suspected, why she discontinued so interesting a study, nor why he could never again induce her to give one of her beautiful Bible readings on prayer-meeting nights.

You will say, of course, that I was jealous of my husband. But I was not jealous for him only as a husband—I was even more jealous for him as the simplest, best, most saintly man I had ever known. And the preacher's wife who does not cultivate the wisdom of a serpent and as much harmlessness of the dove as will not interfere with her duty to him in protecting him from such women—whose souls are merely mortal and who are to be found in so many congregations—may have a damaged priest on her hands before she knows it. And there is not a more difficult soul to restore in this world, except a woman's. Ever after it sits uneasy in him. It aches and cries out in darkness even at noonday, and you have to go and do it all over again—the restoring.

Some one who understands real moral values ought to make a new set of civil laws that would apply to the worst class of criminals in society: not the poor, hungry, simple-minded rogues, the primitive murderers, but the real rotters of honor and destroyers of salvation. Then we should have a very different class of people in the penitentiaries, and not the least numerous among them would be the women who make a religion of sneaking up on the blind male side of good men, without a thought of the consequences.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Officers' Mess

MUCH of the wellbeing of officers in life at sea depends upon the way a mess is run. A well-conducted mess tends toward contentment of its members, and consequently—as Admiral Goodrich once remarked—toward efficiency, in that men will naturally be more cheerful about their work when able to look forward to reasonable comfort and congenial surroundings in their moments of rest or leisure. There are vessels—the destroyers, for instance—where the quarters are anything but luxurious. Even on the Yorktown, a seventeen-hundred-ton ship, the wardroom at the time of her first cruise was anything but a spacious apartment, yet, in spite of all drawbacks, what pleasant company its junior officers made! The sleeping-rooms opened directly on the messroom, and the space between these and the table, when the officers were at meals, was barely wide enough to permit the passage of the mess attendants. To make the way still more difficult there was a hatch about midway in the room's length which led directly to the steam steering-room on the deck below. At sea this was habitually kept open, and the servants, while passing the food, had to grasp a rope, suspended from the beams overhead down into the hatch, with one hand, balance the tray with the other, and swing themselves across the yawning aperture. As the Yorktown can safely take on almost any motion in a seaway short of turning "topside down," the accomplishment of this feat without spilling of soup or gravy over those seated near by, not to speak of the sudden disappearance of attendant and food into the depths below, was a thing to be thankful for. But nowadays they design ships, large and small, with more regard for the health and wellbeing of those on board, and on the whole naval officers live pretty well and at a comparatively moderate cost as compared with civilians of similar conditions of refinement and education. Although not many visiting strangers are quite as lacking in decent manners as the fellow who, on being offered a cigar in the wardroom of one of our ships, helped himself to a handful out of the box of perfectos tendered to him, and stowed them away in his pocket with the remark that, "As Uncle Sam pays for them I might as well have my share," there seems to be an impression with some people that our naval officers are maintained at the public expense. They are not. They pay their way as do others, and in addition often entertain people in whom they have no personal interest, but with whom they are brought in contact in a social-official way.

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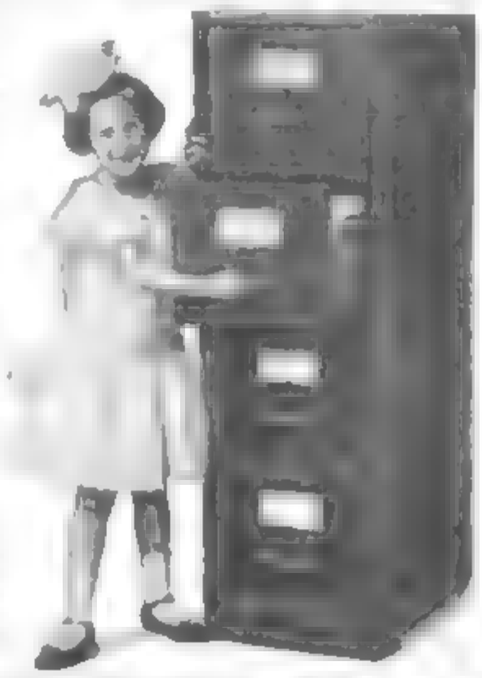
THE NEW STEEL VERTICAL LETTER FILE

Everlasting as Steel [illegible]



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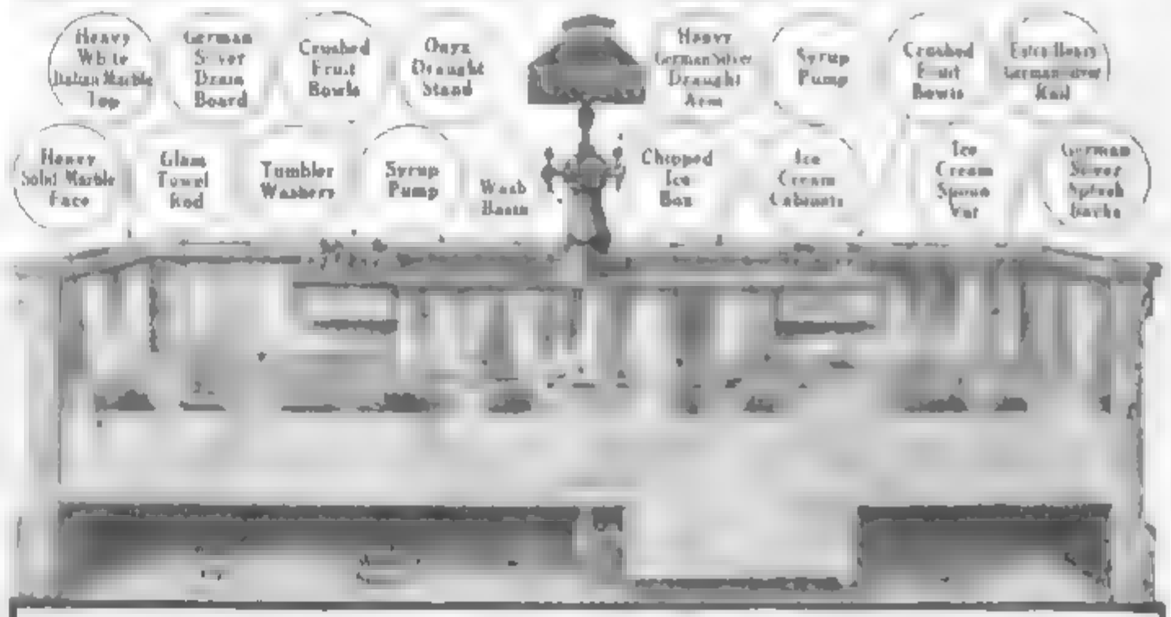

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Is one that any responsible dealer will endorse—one that you will thank us for telling you about the minute you learn the details. It is simple, liberal and fair. By it any **Decatur** Fountain you select will be installed in your store at [illegible] initial payment you will be glad to pay is all that is necessary [illegible] an increasingly profitable summer's business. You simply pay the balance *as your Fountain pays for itself*—in easy monthly payments.

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THE DECATUR FOUNTAIN CO.
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Sign and Mail this Coupon
The Decatur Fountain Co., Decatur, Illinois

On the Other Side of the Ridge

(Concluded from Page 21)

They walked on silently side by side.

"They die—men and women and babies, they die. And, and"—his voice rose suddenly to a hoarse shout—"and what do you make of that, stranger; what is the right and the wrong of that?"

So vehement had been the question that the young Englishman had stopped in his tracks. The two men stood there a moment, facing each other. But in the older man the fire had gone, and his bowed head and his averted eyes were humble. Tacitly they looked forward again and went on.

"That is not for me to settle," said the young man at last. "'Tis a question for God."

"Aye, for God. But He has settled already. And listen to this: Among them of the first train are some who want to share; to share the water hole. But the leader will not let them. He is a real leader and he alone sees straight. He knows that to share means death to his people. He alone sees straight. He is masterful and eloquent—and he has his way. And what do you think of that, stranger; what is the right and the wrong of that?"

The young man again pondered. "It is for God," he said simply—"for God to decide."

"Aye—but He has ruled already. Ruled hard. And I did want to have some other judgment—some poor, frail judgment of man. And listen: This leader of the first train, he who sees straight, he preserves his people for no idle reason. He has big plans. He has wonderful plans. He is taking them to their Promised Land; and in them is the seed of humanity's salvation: the salvation of all this poor, suffering humanity. And he must preserve them; he must preserve the seed of all good to come. He must preserve them for the glory of the Lord, the Lord who punishes ——"

A new softness had come into the stranger's voice; it was falling to a singsong almost like a chant. "What do you think of that?" he asked wistfully. "What do you think?"

"I don't know," answered the young Briton, at once moved and irritated. "It is not a problem for me."

"That is what the leader wanted to do with his people; that is why he must preserve his people. At all cost. At all cost. And he does. And tell me why. Why should there be punishment?"

"I don't know," exclaimed the young Briton impatiently. "I tell you it is no case for me. It is for God to judge; for God alone."

"Aye," sighed the old man. "It is for God, and He has judged. But I would have liked to get some human opinion, some poor, frail man-judgment on the thing. Never mind, stranger, never mind—if you can't give it to me. There's no harm done, no harm; I meant no harm."

"There is no harm done," said the Englishman. "I cannot answer you, that is all. I'm sorry."

"And here is the end of our walk," said the old man. "Here's the flat—and yonder you'll see the train."

They were within the stifling coil of a gully between two dunes. They debouched abruptly into the open, and the young Englishman stopped with a murmur of astonishment. At his feet the sand dunes were ending in ripples, and before him there spread the intolerable splendor of a plain. It spread before him, immensely silent and immensely white, unmarred of tree, shrub, grass or scar; smooth, raked by the caress of past zephyrs, undisturbed of voice, flap of wing or whisper of water, and shimmered blindingly beneath the sun. Beyond it mountains rose, sharp-crested and black against a violet sky.

"And here's the train," said his companion. "See! The train coming out of the hills."

And the young Englishman saw the train. Like a long snake it was pouring out of a cañon and stretching out upon the plain—wagon after wagon, canvas-covered as he had seen in pictures. It wound slowly, in long links, along the base of the mountain; the sun, slanting across the plain, enflamed above it the impalpable dust into a column of fire, and within the shifting base of this glowing pillar the rounded canvas tops appeared and disappeared like bubbles of opalescence. He could see the plodding oxen, small as mice, drawing it, the mounted men flanking it, dots of dogs running behind; he imagined flaps opening to peering heads—to dishevel heads of toil-worn women, to tear-stained faces of tired children. It passed slowly along the hills, followed by the flaming pillar; the distance nullified the heave and sway of the wagons; and it seemed to slide, to glide, with an effortless movement irresistible and fatal. And from it came no sound—no clank of harness, no dry creak of wheel, no detonation of whip, no whinny of horse, no bark of dog, no voice of man. But the young Englishman, listening there with tensed ear, imagined that there came once to him, lone across the glistening distance, the acid wail of a babe.

The voice of his companion recalled him to himself. "Yes, there is the train," he was saying; "the train and my people. There they go," he went on. "Men, women and children; oxen and dogs. And in a circle. I take you to witness—they're traveling in a circle."

Looking, the Englishman thought that, indeed, the train was describing the small arc of a great circle.

"I alone see it," whispered the man. "I alone see straight—and I have lost my leadership. And thus day after day, month after month, year after year; seeing and they not believing!"

With an abrupt movement he picked up his gun and laid it lightly across his left arm. "And now good-by," he said, holding out his right hand. "I must catch them before night. Good-by and good luck, and a straight trail to you. You've given pleasure today—more pleasure than you can think. Good-by, good luck, and a straight trail!"

"Good-by," said the young Englishman. "Good-by and good luck."

And turning he made for the dunes, while the stranger strode out upon the plain. From the top of a rise he gave one last look back. The stranger, already, was well on his way. His feet splashed noiselessly in the luminous mist lying along the white surface; he seemed gradually to sink within it, as one wading out to sea, to the ankles, to the knees, to the shoulders. Finally his head alone was visible, with its big, black hat, as though he were swimming now, upon a lacquer sea, toward the train, which now seemed traveling far up in the skies.

The young Englishman turned and again started on his way.

. . . . . .

His companion was waiting as finally he topped the ridge; he rose from the step of the automobile, where he was sitting, as he saw the silhouette appear against the sky. "Hello!" he called out. "I was beginning to worry about you. Hurry down; we're all ready!"

The Englishman was sliding down. "I went on a bit too far," he apologized.

"Everything is all right," the elder man declared. "We're on the road; I found it a bit ahead. And I've got all the grit out of her"—patting the machine—"and she runs like a watch. We'll make Rhyolite tonight. Hop on."

The Englishman paused on the step. "What part of the country is this, anyway?" he asked negligently.

"This?" The elder man was heaving at the crank. He gave one turn, but the engine did not start. "Don't you know? It's Death Valley. The Mesquit arm of Death Valley." He gave the crank another turn, again without success. "Hereabouts is where the Tracy party disappeared."

"The Tracy party?"

"Yes. You haven't heard of that, have you? It was an emigrant train. Fifty years ago. Sort of religious fanatics, I think. They wandered down here looking for a pass—and never came out again. Sixty years ago, it was; in the fifties. California gold rush."

Again he bent at the crank, and suddenly the engine started, with a purr as smooth as a trail of smoke rings.

"There's some people," he went on, as he came toward his seat—"There's some crazy old prospectors as claim they're still wandering about here—men, oxen, wagons and all—as claim to have seen them."

He laughed and rose to his seat. He lowered a lever. The machine, grinding out of the sand, started forward slowly.

"Rummy idea!" said the young Englishman. "A rummy idea!"

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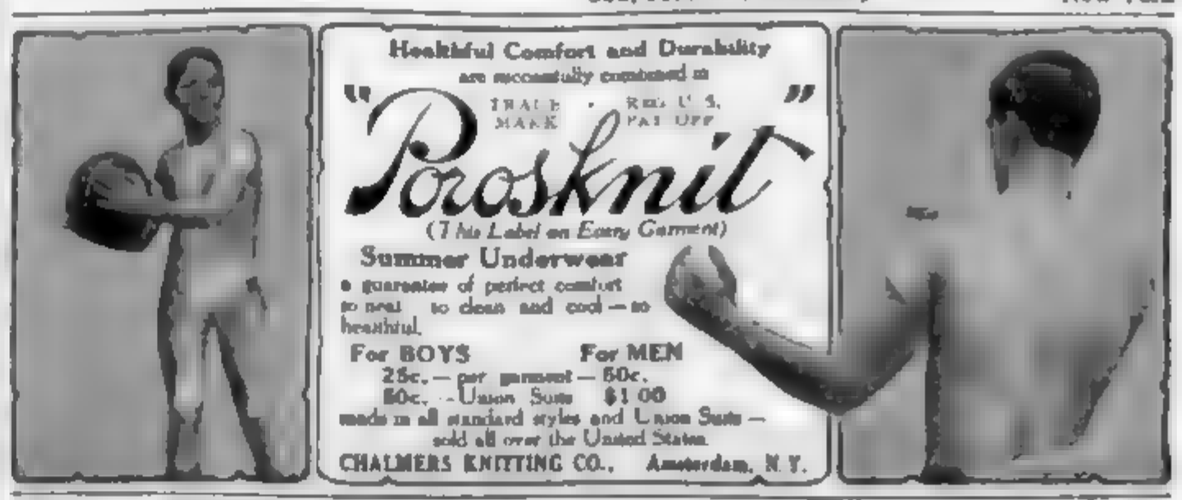
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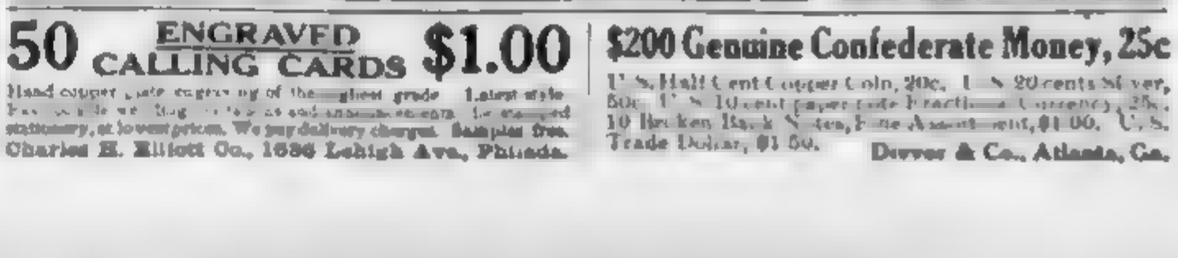
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Eugene Zimmerman, known as "Zim," is the famous Cartoonist of "Judge," and is one of the best known Cartoonists in the world. He sent us this sketch with the following letter:

"Here is a rapid-fire sketch which was inspired by a recent visit to the Metropolitan Art Gallery, New York, where I saw at least three canvases with the same inscription, 'Rembrandt: by himself.' Of course, there being no other figure in the picture I took it for granted that he was by himself as the pictures plainly show. At any rate it inspired me to do for you as Caruso did for you, and I hand you 'myself by myself.' Use it as you see fit.

"I am yours fraternally, "ZIM."

Correspondence Institute of America, *Dept. 336* Scranton, Pa.

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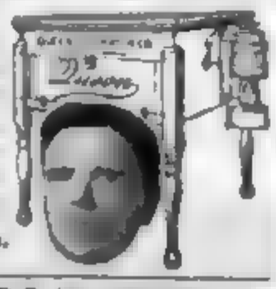

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Catarrh, a National Nasal Luxury

(Continued from Page 19)

in fact, where dust or dirt can lodge, and germs can and do lodge. The more spotlessly clean and flooded with sunlight any house and its occupants can be kept the more nearly germ-free they will be. One reason why there are so few germs of harmful character out-of-doors is that they cannot live and thrive in sunshine and fresh air. It is only the houses that we build that are their hatcheries—literally, greenhouses for germs.

But germs are not the only things that are required to produce catarrh. On the one hand, some people would have trouble with their noses if there never was such a thing as a germ in the air; and on the other, thoroughly healthy, clean, wholesome individuals can with their nasal sieves strain out nine-tenths of the germs that float in the air, choke them in their nasal mucus and sweep them down the gullet to where the stomach will literally eat them alive. A certain amount of lowering of tone, of vigor and of vital resistance is necessary to allow the germs to get a foothold, particularly a permanent one, and it plays an important part in catarrh. This lowering of the vital tone is not solely in the nose—although the nose, for various reasons, is peculiarly vulnerable—but is a general or constitutional condition that affects the nose as it does every other part of the body. In one sense it is quite true that, in popular language, catarrh is "in the system." Most fortunately, however, this fact, instead of complicating matters, simplifies them, for this lowering of resisting power, this slackening of vital tone in the nose, is chiefly and most commonly due to underventilation, overconfinement in hot, stuffy rooms, lack of vigorous exercise in the open air, underfeeding—in fact, to the very conditions that promote and increase the presence and infectiousness of germs.

There is yet another way in which systemic or other conditions are believed to produce and promote catarrh. We are all familiar with the promptitude with which, on exposure to cold, not merely our faces and hands, but the skin of our entire body surface, becomes first pale, then cold and, finally, almost wrinkled and gooseflesh. This means that the great skin mesh of blood-vessels is emptying itself of its blood so as to preserve the warmth of the body.

Cold Air to Kill Catarrh

Unfortunately, at the same time that the skin is emptied of its blood and this blood is thrown into the internal organs, the purifying or excretory action that the skin was exercising upon it is stopped also. And this action, relatively slight, but appreciable and important, has to be assumed by some of the internal surfaces of the body: lungs, nose, throat, liver or food tube.

If these happen to be perfectly healthy they can take up the additional burden of purification without difficulty; but if any one of them happens to be already a little overtaxed, or fighting against some irritant, such as dust, food-poisons or germs, then this little overload is the proverbial last straw that breaks the camel's back, and we get a catarrh, a bronchitis, an attack of indigestion or even of jaundice. The strong probability is that to turn this into a real inflammation of any sort requires the assistance of a germ; but there can be little doubt that the extra duties thrown upon the air passages and the food tube, our so-called "internal skin," encourage attacks of cold and catarrh—and this is the enemy against which the cold bath or splash is so useful. It makes little difference how cold water is applied, whether by splash, sponge, shower or tub; the one thing needful is that the skin shall be given a sharp chill—enough to make you gasp slightly for a moment, as well as to make you acquire the habit of reacting promptly and of becoming, instead of colder, warmer than you were before.

It is not even necessary that the cold should be applied in the form of water. Exposure of the body to cold, fresh air in one's room, accompanied by vigorous rubbing, will do almost as much good as the tub or the shower. The main thing is to get the skin, not merely of the face, hands and arms, but of the entire body, so trained that it will react promptly to cold by

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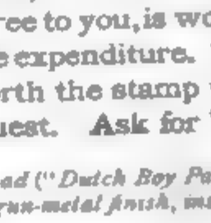

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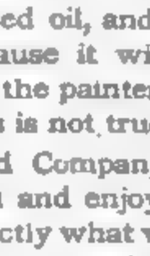

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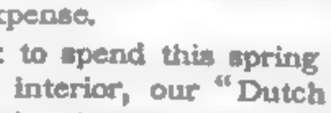

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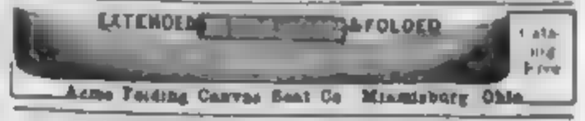

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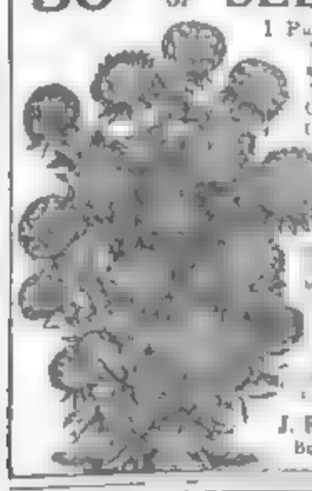

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becoming fuller of blood instead of emptier, and not "lie down on" the lungs and stomach, at least until the latter have had time to adjust themselves to the new load. The advantage of water over air in this performance is, of course, that it is cleansing as well as stimulating. It is not too much to say that a cool or cold splash-bath down to the waist every morning—and an all-over splash or tub is better yet—will do more to break up the cold habit and the catarrh tendency than almost any other single thing except sleeping with the windows wide open and living out-of-doors.

The third factor, though, fortunately not usually present, is very apt to be so in the most troublesome and obstinate forms of catarrh, and consists of defects or deformity of the nose itself. Some of these defects are the result of repeated attacks of the disease itself, such, for instance, as the now well-known *polypi*. These *polypi* are curious, spongy, gelatinous growths, in shape not unlike a lima bean and in size varying from this to that of a Blue-Point oyster, which in consistency and color they not distantly resemble. They are due to a watery, bulbous swelling of some part of the mucous membrane of the nose from repeated attacks of catarrhal inflammation or the constant irritation of pus and other discharges. As these oyster-like growths have few nerves and fewer blood-vessels, nothing can be done to them in the way of making them clear themselves up or shrink; and the best thing is to remove them with specially-constructed forceps or wire snare—a perfectly safe and comparatively simple operation which usually gives great relief. It must, however, not be forgotten that they almost invariably result from a chronic, unhealthy condition of the mucous membrane of the nose and, if this condition be not corrected and kept so, other *polypi* will form and take the places of those that have been removed.

Dangers from Adenoids

Another very common condition is a hypertrophic or overgrown state of the turbinated bodies, the great, triple cushion valves that bar out cold and dust. These by successive swellings and irritations have become so firmly thickened that it is practically impossible to get them to shrink to their normal size without puncturing them with an electric cautery or cutting away small portions of them. Every possible means, such as antiseptic washes, massage and local treatment, are used to restore to them their natural elasticity and get them shrunk down sufficiently to admit air for breathing purposes, without depriving them of their power of swelling up so as to exclude largely dangerously cold or foul air.

Ninety per cent of ordinary catarrh, while annoying, obstinate and humiliating is fortunately a relatively mild and harmless condition which may last for years and decades and never do its victim any serious or vital harm unless it should happen to extend up his Eustachian tubes to his ears or downward to his larynx. One particular kind of catarrh, in which adenoids, or spongy growths, are found in the pharynx back of the nostrils, is far the commonest cause of deafness and of ear trouble of all sorts in childhood; while chronic, neglected catarrh of the nose is the foundation and starting-point of at least three-fourths of the deafness of adult and later life.

Another common cause of nasal obstruction and consequent catarrh is that known as deflections or bulgings of the septum. This septum, or partition, is a plate of cartilage, or gristle, combined with bone, which lies between the two nostrils, separating one from the other. This, normally, should be perfectly straight and flat, but actually, for some reason which we do not yet clearly understand, in a good many noses will be found bulged to one side or the other. Such bulging, of course, narrows the air passage on one side and expands and enlarges it on the other. These bulgings may become so abrupt and so extreme as to form folds or wrinkles, obviously interfering with the passage of air into the nose on the side toward which they project.

Whatever the cause, the only practical remedy is to cut away, under cocaine or ether, the superfluous and projecting folds and portions of the septum, flatten or splint the remainder of it back into position and restore proper shape and capacity to both nostrils. A variety of operations have been devised for this purpose, most of which give great relief.

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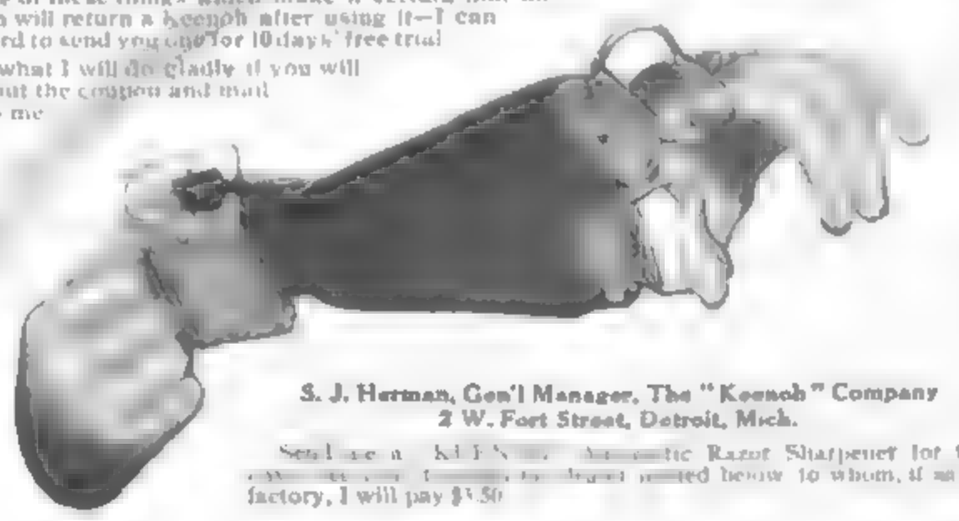

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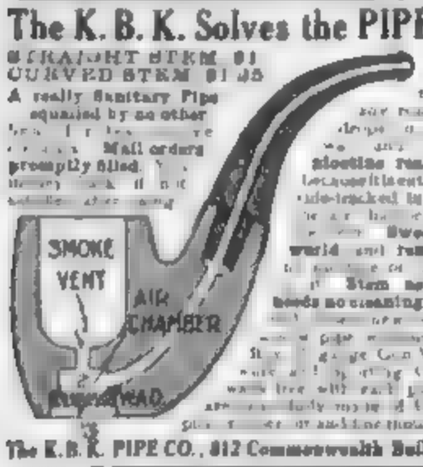
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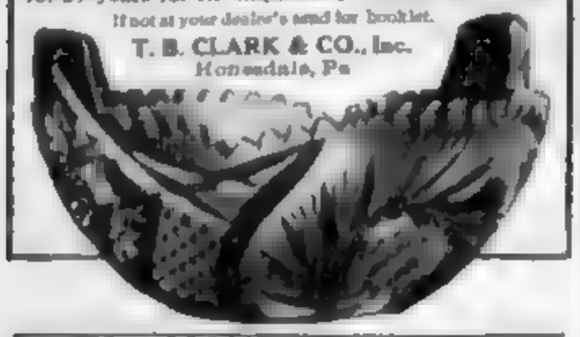

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Another side-issue of catarrh which is worthy of mention is its extension, in the same manner in which it attacks the nose and throat, to those curious air-spaces in the bones of the head known as the accessory sinuses. These are strange and somewhat unaccountable air-bubbles, or hollows, in the bones of the face and head, without known function except to expand the bony framework of the face so as to enable it to protect the eyes. The two largest lie on either side of the nose, between the orbits above and the teeth below, their outer walls supporting the cheek-bones. Another pair—the frontal sinuses—balloon out into the forehead just above the eyes; and a series of others—ethmoid sinuses—sprout back on either side and from the roof of the nasal passages toward the base of the skull. They have no known function, but they are lined with mucous membrane and are filled with air which reaches them through narrow openings from different parts of the nasal passages.

Obviously, they furnish ideal disease-traps, for a comparatively small amount of swelling of the mucous membrane of the nose will block the narrow and irregular openings through which they empty into it, and if once a germ or some of its products forces its way into them they make model breeding-chambers, with almost no possibility of escape for the mucus or pus.

Necessity of Intelligent Treatment

Naturally, little that is definite or of any wide application can be said in regard to the cure and treatment of a disease like catarrh, which depends upon the coöperation of so many scores—yes, hundreds—of different influences and causes, both external and internal. One thing, however, may be frankly said to relieve the pessimism in many minds as to the incurability of catarrh, and that is that at least ninety per cent of it is curable under competent individualized treatment and attention. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that nine-tenths of the sufferers rather than nine-tenths of the disease can be cured. Innumerable as are its causes, catarrh's victims all belong to one species of animals, *homo sapiens*, and the general line of procedure to which we have referred—that of cleansing the air and the surroundings generally and so increasing the vigor of the patient—will prevent nine-tenths of all catarrh and either cure or markedly relieve eight-tenths of all existing cases. For prevention and permanence of cure, general treatment by fresh air, cold bathing, food and exercise is much more important and reliable than are local measures.

Where local damage has already been done this must be corrected by intelligent nasal treatment, at the same time that the patient is being trained in good habits of life; so that, when the old indebtedness is wiped out, he will not pile up a new one. Mildly antiseptic and alkaline washes and sprays, particularly those that most closely resemble the serum, or watery part, of the blood in their density, and which mechanically flush out and cleanse the nose until it is in a position to flush and cleanse itself, are the most useful local remedies.

Then come stimulating powders or applications, particularly such as are mildly antiseptic and do not injure or attack the delicate mucous membrane, but are just strong enough to produce a profuse flow of mucus and thus empty out the congested and swollen mucous membrane and turbinated bodies. The use of these, however, requires great skill and judgment, for they should be just irritating enough and used just often enough to make the nose flush itself out, without setting up an irritation on their own account; as nearly all of them do if used indiscriminately or put into the patient's own hands. Direct massage of the turbinated bodies by means of rolls of absorbent cotton on the tip of a probe is also most useful. Also, such portions of the mucous membrane or the valve cushions of the turbinated bodies as have become hopelessly diseased should be actively treated or removed; bulges and spurs upon the septum corrected or cut away; sinuses that are full of pus opened, washed out and drained. When these defects have been corrected, and the patient has been taught to be as "finicky" about the cleanliness of his air as he is about that of his food, ninety per cent of all cases of catarrh, however obstinate, can either be cured or made compatible with fair health, comfort and efficiency.

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soda crackers when and where you will, there is only one way by which you can absolutely depend on their freshness and goodness, and that is to say

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of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST only after being shown *by some boy* that it contains a specific article about some subject of peculiar interest to the customer, is invited to send us a statement of the boy's selling-talk.

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Any prize for your letter will be paid either (1) to you, or (2) to the boy himself, if you so direct. The award will be made on March 12. Address your letter thus:

OUR BOYS, Circulation Bureau
The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

KEEPING A CITY CLEAN

(Continued from Page 7)

assured a ready customer—the city treasury—and there previously had been little danger of detection.

Arrests were made and the men implicated were taken before District Attorney Jerome that night. I'm afraid that the raid was premature, as I am convinced that operations on a large scale had been and still were being carried on, and that the city had been cheated out of a very large sum of money, and I felt at the time that a little delay would have produced more convincing results. However, ten indictments were made, but for some inexplicable cause these cases have never been brought to trial. The saving to the city cannot be measured. How much had been stolen in some other districts cannot even be guessed. One thing I do know is that when my bill for the services of the informer Doe was put in, the authorities refused to pay it, and I had to settle the bulk of it myself. Furthermore, some of the money invested in snow tickets is still held up as evidence in the District Attorney's office.

I realized that no method could be devised whereby men operating under the cubic-yard system could be prevented from grafting, except by a vast system of espionage that would cost the city far more than it was possible for these men to steal. Furthermore, frequent arrests would have been demoralizing to the Department, since, to bring out the highest efficiency in men, they must be made to feel that their superior officers have faith in them. Obviously there was only one thing to do—change the system. So a scheme was devised that would deliver my men from temptation.

A Thriving Business in Graft

There previously had been used a method known as the area system, by which the contractor had been paid on a basis of the space cleared and the depth of snow thereon, the area being taken from official maps, and the snowfall from observations made by competent men. The objection to this system had always been that contractors were paid for work done by the sun and rain. This was unfair, since the bids showed that they had taken into account the performance of the elements, although no such shrinkage was allowed for in the contract. Also, as some of the streets are cleaned by the Department itself, it had become the practice of certain dishonest contractors to haul the snow from the streets they were cleaning and dump it upon the streets cleaned by the city, just around the corner, thus saving themselves a long haul to the dumps. On the other hand, if by this system the hired vehicle drivers cheated the contractor that was no concern of the city.

After taking the matter up with the chief engineer of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and the chief engineer of the Finance Department, I drew up a form of contract giving a flat rate of shrinkage in piling of twenty-five per cent and in removal of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. The opponents of this system will not give it a fair trial. But I am convinced that it is for the best interests of the service, and am more strongly in its favor since I find that such a system was proposed and favored by former Commissioner Waring and was operated and approved by former Commissioner Woodbury.

In another matter it was made possible to unearth a scheme of graft on the part of a number of the Department employees and to save the city much money. In our work of final disposition we are sometimes overwhelmed with wastes, and have to resort to private dumps where cellar dirt and the like are received on scows and taken to sea as a private enterprise. Some of these dumps are located on the same piers as our own. At one of these we were paying thirty cents a load for the materials which we were dumping on the private scows. It was learned that our representatives were "doing business" there. Upon investigation it was found that collusion between these men and the employees of the private firm that operated the dump and scows was practiced. The fraud was done this way: The dump inspector forwarded to the main office a sheet showing the number of loads dumped at each scow. Upon the evidence disclosed an indictment

Which Are Your Favorite

Chocolates?

Here are Johnston's choicest confections—a style to suit every taste—chocolates at 80 cents and $1 the box.

Sixty years' experience in candy making has made these chocolates well-nigh perfect. It is utterly impossible to produce better.

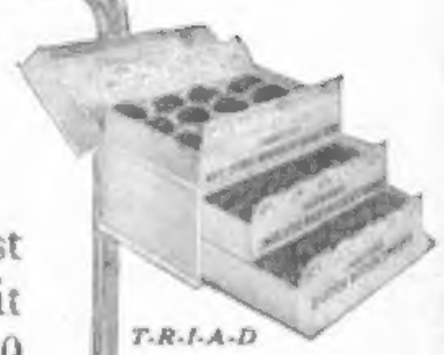
These pictures show the different packages—a different style chocolate in each (the T-R-I-A-D box contains three kinds). The latest is **"CHOCOLATES EXTRAOR'DINARY"** in handsome lavender packages only.

The next time you buy candy —ask for

Johnston's

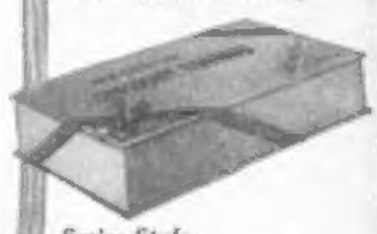
Milwaukee

(6)



T-R-I-A-D

"EXTRAOR'DINARY"



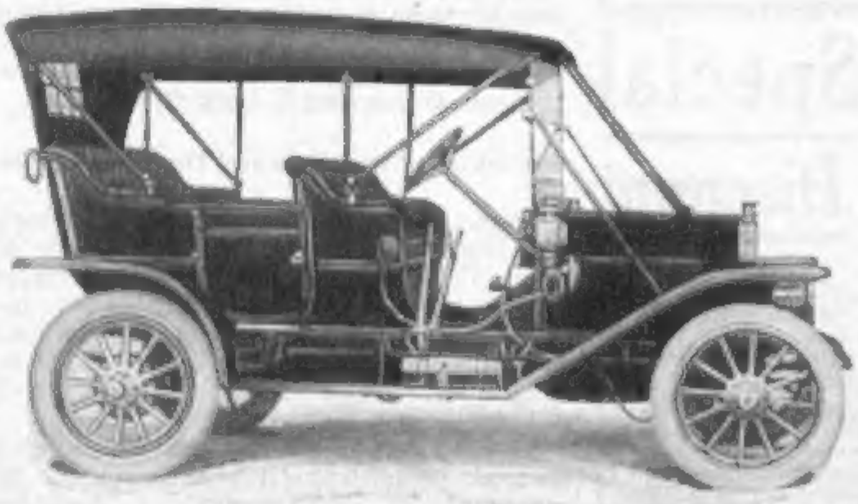
Swiss Style Milk Almonds

Swiss Style Milk Creams

White Cherries in Maraschino

Dutch Bitter Sweets

Make a Real Value Comparison of the Inter-State With All Good Cars



In Performance
Durability
Construction
Comfort
Size
Power—

It Excels

Inter-State "40" Touring Car, Model 30. 118-in. Wheelbase; 4½-in. x 5-in. Motor; U & H Imported High Tension Magneto; Double Ignition System; Multiple Disc Clutch of 83 tempered saw steel plates; Three-Quarter Elliptic Rear Springs; 34-in. x 4-in. Tires, and many other high-priced features.

40 H. P. **Price $1750**

If you will compare the Inter-State side by side with the car that now appeals to you most, irrespective of price, we are content.

Compare the two, line for line, feature by feature, point by point. Then, by demonstration, compare power, speed, flexibility and control—note the comparative riding qualities of each.

Simply do this—and you will have sold yourself an Inter-State. The car is its own best salesman.

In Construction—we cannot see how the Inter-State could be improved. We use the same material used in cars selling at $3,000 to $5,000. We use the same automatic machines of precision—the parts are assembled by mechanics possessing equal skill.

In Performance—we still require to be shown that a car of equal power **at any price** can give more regular, even, consistent service, with less trouble and expense than the Inter-State. No car at anywhere near its price is so large and powerful as the Inter-State.

In Durability—the Inter-State is in the high-priced class, because every feature used in such cars to reduce wear and keep down repairs and replacements is included in this car—**at a reasonable price.**

In Comfort—the Inter-State will prove a revelation to you. One demonstration will show you, and we will gladly abide by your decision.

MR. DEALER: We treat the dealer who handles Inter-State Cars with fairness. We will not accept deposits on more than the number of cars we shall build. We do not need dealers' deposits to help carry on our business, but merely as a guarantee of good faith. Is this the kind of a proposition you want? Or, do you want to finance some manufacturer's business? Send for catalog today. (33)

TEAR OUT THIS REMINDER

The Inter-State Automobile Co., Muncie, Ind.
You may send me your new 1910 catalog.

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Address _____

S. E. P.

INTER-STATE AUTOMOBILE CO., Muncie, Ind.

For baby's tender skin—
For mother's delicate complexion.

For all the uses of the toilet and bath—Palmolive.

Palmolive is far more than mere soap—far more than simply a cleanser.

It stimulates, invigorates, refreshes.

Its continued use brings that soft, velvety skin which is every woman's desire, and which nature intended every woman to have.

Palm oil and olive oil form the base of Palmolive.

Palmolive contains just what the skin needs to put it in perfect condition and keep it so.

That is why Palmolive has the largest sale in the world of any high-grade toilet soap.

I have prepared a booklet—"The Easy Way to Beauty"—which I should like to send you, together with a liberal sample cake of Palmolive. (Full size cake for sale at all dealers—15 cents.)

The booklet contains many suggestions for the care of the skin and hair, of interest to every woman.

If you will send me your name and address, together with your dealer's name and two 2-cent stamps to cover postage and packing, the booklet and the soap will go forward to you at once.

Just prove for yourself that it is by far the best toilet soap you ever used.

President, B. J. Johnson Soap Co.

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Get a DIAMOND at a

Special Discount

Send today for Special Discount Sheet and Price List, together with complete Geo. E. Marshall catalog, quoting our choicest qualities. You may be surprised at these discounts on rarest values.

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Every Marshall diamond covered by a signed guarantee of weight, quality and price. This signed guarantee is backed by one of the oldest houses in the business, Geo. E. Marshall (Inc.). No one could be satisfied with the ordinary "commercial white" diamond when a genuine Marshall "F" Grade can be obtained—and at these special discounts.

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"F" (first and finest grade—has for years been the recognized standard of peerless quality among jewelers and diamond experts.

For instance, this perfect solitaire ring, a diamond perfect in cut, perfect in color, of rare scintillating beauty—$46.66—$4.60 a month or 6% off for all cash. Sent on approval, not a cent down.

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Be sure to get this catalog and discount sheet and our approval-shipment offer before you buy a diamond or jewelry. *Write today.*

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No letter needed, just this coupon and we do.

has been found charging that he falsified the records by stating that the private concern had received several hundred loads from the city carts more than had actually been delivered. The contractor's clerks were "tipped off," put the garbled number into their bill against the city, and made a charge for the excess loads on their books as "sundry expenses." The contractor billed as he was advised, and his clerks paid the inspector one-third of the graft and kept the remainder, as the evidence produced before the Grand Jury showed. They had been doing a thriving business, but we caught them at their work and they are now under indictment. Thus the city was saved money and the contractor "put wise" as to the caliber of his employees.

A very interesting item of economy during the process of final disposition was effected. It had been necessary to employ a large number of laborers to trim the scows at the dumps: pick over the ashes and rubbish and level them off so that the vessels might ride on an even keel. This work was done by many gangs of Italians and cost the city some four hundred dollars a day. Realizing that much of the waste materials might be so utilized as to bring in some revenue to the city, I entered into a three-year contract with an Italian who not only furnished the labor to trim the scows of Manhattan and the Bronx free, but paid to the city $1717 a week for the privilege. For compensation he is allowed to take from the loads dumped all materials salable in the open market, such as paper, rags, bottles, cans, old iron, brass, rubber and the like. These are separated and sold to paper-makers, manufacturers of rubber goods, et cetera. The Italian has an agreement with the United Bottle Dealers' Association by which he turns over to them every registered bottle and receives payment for same. The city inspectors see to it that the scows are properly trimmed. It is estimated that the contractor sells the materials selected at approximately $350,000 a year.

It had been a question for a long time as to whether the Department should remove what is known as trade waste—refuse from office buildings, manufacturing establishments and various private enterprises. Even the courts had not settled the question. To bring the matter to a head I stopped the whole service. This act met with such strenuous opposition from the various merchants' associations that the matter was forced into the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and into the Board of Aldermen for settlement. Here it was resolved that service should be given, and I was allowed an extra $150,000 with which to do it. But by careful administration and a saving of money on hired scows, and so forth, I made it unnecessary to spend the extra allowance, and had the pleasure of handing it back unused.

Sprinkling Machines and the Death Rate

One of the hardest things to do is to clean the streets without sending up clouds of dust. This noxious element had partially been laid, previous to my incumbency, by private contractors who taxed individual property owners so much a head for sprinkling their streets. These contractors had no responsibility to the city.

During my term a bill was drafted and passed, permitting the Commissioner to enter into long-term contracts to sprinkle, clean and wash the streets with machines. The first step was the taking over of the sprinkling carts from the private contractors, and these were added to the equipment of the Department. The work is now done at the general expense, and all the taxpayers will receive better service for $50,000 less per year than the few paid for a limited benefit. Also a form of contract for frequent cleansing with machines which deliver water scientifically was submitted to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The area to be covered was about two-thirds of the total paved area of the three boroughs, and the frequency of the wash was to be from every other day to once a week, as the case demanded. The Board allowed me the sum of $100,000 with which to experiment. Forty-eight machines of six different kinds were tested for a period of three months. These tests were the fullest and fairest ever made, I believe, and furthermore, I am satisfied that they had a great deal to do in making the lowest death rate on record. In passing, let me say that $30,000 of this appropriation still remains unused. By this system it will cost the city $500,000 a year to do the work; but the benefit to health and comfort will be inestimable.

There is no question but that the present system of carting refuse is antiquated and a source of much nuisance, as the wind blows the material around and scatters it during loading and transportation. The Department is investigating the idea of a change to a trucking system, the vehicles to be equipped with covers. Of course, auto-trucks are attractive, but I've not yet seen any that will quite meet the demand.

During my administration snowplows have been introduced, and it is found that by this means the streets can be much more quickly opened up for traffic than under the old system. The innovation proved so successful that the Board of Aldermen allowed me to purchase $10,000 worth of these implements in the open market. One snowplow does the work of twenty-five men.

By the introduction of a new system of accounting, but with no additional force, the Department has been able to keep itself posted as to the detailed expenditures for the different items of the budget, and can balance monthly each one of these, control the outlay, and avoid the danger of exceeding the allowance.

When Children Teach Their Parents

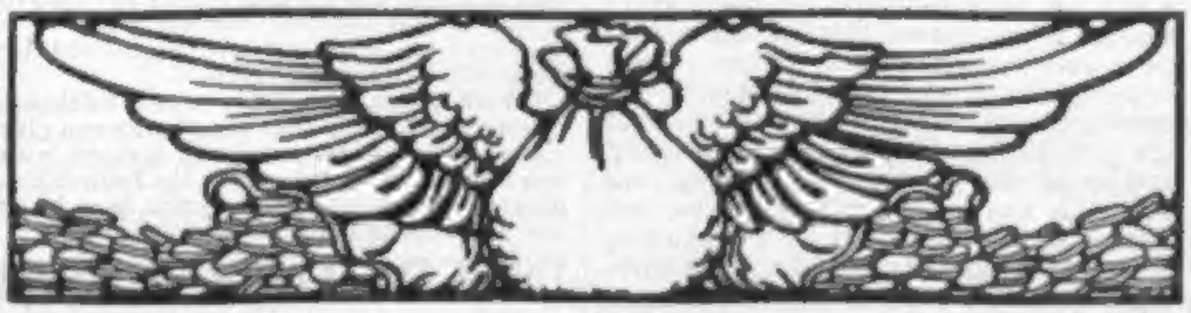
In connection with accounting, it is interesting to note that within a year the Department has saved in salaries $135,000; supplies $108,000; bonds $150,000; and horses $9000.

In order to promote efficiency and create an *esprit de corps* in the laboring forces, a parade was ordered for June 3, last, when the citizens were given a chance to see what a really fine body of men and well-cared-for animals and plant were serving them in this Department. This greatly enchanced the reputation of the Department, and there is no doubt that a lasting benefit will result.

During the last year the Juvenile League instituted by Colonel Waring has been revived. This body is formed of clubs of children from different parts of the city. The clubs are officered by captains who report to the Commissioner. They are instructed by a foreman of the Department who became blind in the service, and who has been allowed by the Civil Service Commission to take up this work.

As a preventive agent the League cannot be overestimated. Its members teach their parents not only to avoid throwing articles into the streets but also to recognize the necessity for the separation of refuse. Last summer at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, fifteen thousand members of the League marched under the banner, Clean Streets. It was symbolical. If we are going to have cleaner streets ten years from now we must look to the children.

During the past three years my experience in the Department has been most pleasant. I have keenly realized that with the hearty coöperation of the employees of the Department of Street Cleaning the Commissioner is able to bring about a more satisfactory condition and to increase the standard of efficiency. The men in the Department of Street Cleaning have been found to be faithful and hard, conscientious workers, and any good work that has been brought about under the present administration is due entirely to their spirit of coöperation, and I cannot speak too highly of the *esprit de corps* in this large Department.



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SHARPENS ALL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

Keeps one set of blades sharp for years. Just move the stropper up and down the strop—blade reverses automatically. Can't cut the strop or get out of order. Genuine horsehide dollar strop with every Rundel Automatic Stropper.

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All our dealers make this offer. If you don't know a Rundel dealer, write us, and we will see that you are supplied. The purchase price—$3.00—is promptly refunded, if you are not satisfied after ten days' use. Guarantee certificate for 5 years and handsome case with every RUNDEL AUTOMATIC STROPPER. Free Book—"Hints For Shavers"—for postal request.

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SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

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SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

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NEW DESIGNS
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BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

The Most Durable 25¢ Card Made.
More Sold Than All Others Combined.
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SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS, OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS, OR 5 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CARDS
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Jew Bald Wig 50c; Whiskers, 25c; Cap, 25c; Wax Nose, 15c; Imitation Diamond Stud, 25c. Grease Paint, 15c. Entire Outfit, $1.50. Send 5c in stamps for our large catalogue, and "Art of Making-up."
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A thousand miles through snow drifts

Hupmobile

4 cylinders
20 H. P.

$750
F. O. B. Detroit

Bosch magneto
Sliding gears

THE sensation of the first New York automobile show in January was the trip of three Hupmobile cars from Detroit to New York, over roads deep in snow and through the coldest weather of the winter.

These cars left Detroit the night of December 27. The worst blizzard of the season was at its height. Before them lay a thousand miles of snow drifts two to five feet deep.

Without having experienced a moment's delay from any cause save the almost impassable drifts of snow, the three cars entered New York early on the morning of January 7—each fit and ready to be driven back to Detroit immediately.

It was the most severe test to which a car of the Hupmobile type and the Hupmobile price had ever been submitted.

The cars were not especially built nor especially prepared.

One of them was the famous "Little Pal"—the third Hupmobile built. This car was driven through the Detroit dealers' reliability run last spring with a perfect score; it went through the Glidden tour; during the summer it was driven from Detroit to New York and Boston.

The other two are privately owned and both had seen a full season's hard use.

This trip—successfully completed under the most discouraging of weather and road conditions—again clinches the Hupmobile's right—long since established—to travel in the company of cars of the highest class.

We made the trip merely to establish in your mind the distinction and the difference between Hupmobile construction and the construction of the usual car at a popular price.

We want to lead you to a study of Hupmobile soundness and the soundness of the best big car you care to choose for comparison.

Once you get that far you will see that, in the matter of motor design, steels and other materials, fineness of measurement, power, silence, simplicity and quality of service—the Hupmobile lacks nothing within reason that your large car affords.

And if you go over the Hupmobile chassis with the care and skill of an expert, you will find that we are justified in saying that the Hupmobile is the first car of its type and size made with exactly the same sincerity of purpose (in method and material) as the leaders among cars of the larger class. The man who owns the two types—the Hupmobile and the heavier, costlier car—will corroborate this estimate to the letter.

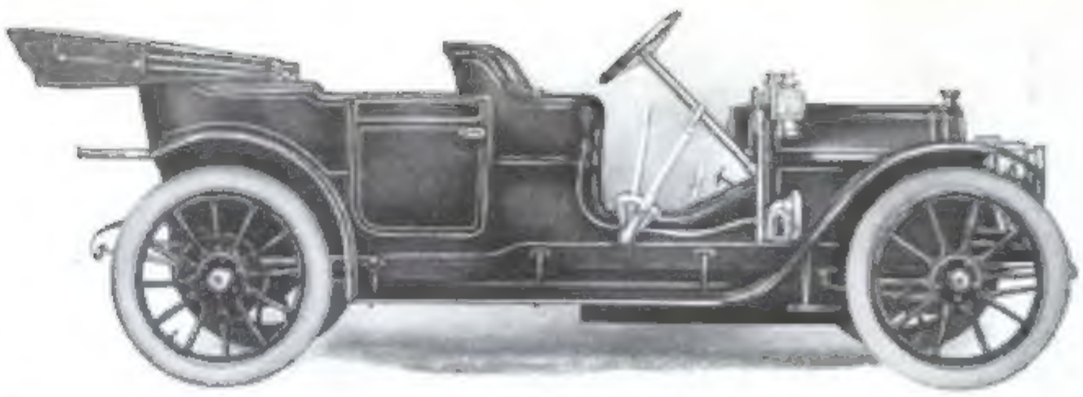
Pay a visit to the Hupmobile dealer in your city.

Arrange with him for a demonstration of the car; and meanwhile write for the literature descriptive of the first four-cylinder, sliding-gear motor car ever marketed under $1000.

New Detroit Plant of Hupp Motor Car Company

Hupp Motor Car Co., Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed under Selden Patent



Chalmers "30"
$1500

Touring Car — Pony Tonneau ($1600)
Roadster — Inside Drive Coupé ($2100)
Limousine ($2700)

On the Radiator

Luxurious Cars for Endurance, Power and Comfort

Any car that will travel 2400 miles over prairies and alkali deserts, over mountains and rocky roads and blaze the way from Denver to Mexico, will go anywhere any man wants to go.

This trip was made by a stock Chalmers "30" which had previously travelled 208 miles a day for 100 consecutive days, 14,000 miles as a demonstrating car, and since the Mexican trip has been driven 3500 miles in different newspaper tours, making a total of 40,700 miles within a year for one car, with the same motor, same transmission, etc. This alone is a most convincing test of the power, durability and all around consistency of

Chalmers-Detroit Cars
"30" and "Forty"

In the designing of these cars, not one feature has been sacrificed for price or any other reason.

It is assumed that the average man wants a car with speed, endurance and power, a car for long rough trips, a car for short fast runs, in fact, an all around car for city or country use. Such a car the Chalmers has shown itself to be in the most important contests of speed, endurance and hill climbing.

It was not a racing car that won the Massapequa Cup in the last Vanderbilt race, but a regular stock Chalmers "30," with the same motor and chassis as you would buy at any Chalmers Salesroom.

They were not specially designed cars that won first and second honors in the Worcester "Dead Horse Hill Climb," but two stock Chalmers "Forties."

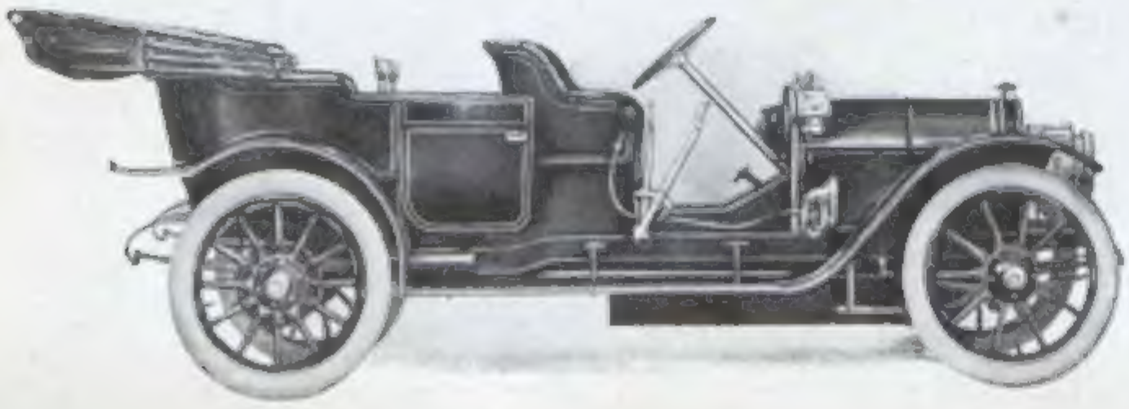
Many and many endurance tests have been won with perfect scores by both the "30" and "Forty."

The Chalmers have been *proven* cars of class, high-grade cars at prices which make them the best automobile value in America.

In elegance of design and luxurious comfort they are not excelled by cars of twice their price.

Chalmers "Forty"
$2750

Touring Car — Roadster — Pony Tonneau



The Chalmers "30" at $1,500, and the Chalmers "Forty" at $2,750, have been awarded the title of Champions of the year by "Motor Age" for their consistent showing, usually in competition with larger and more expensive machines. Cars must have real merit to do what our cars have done and to win such great popularity with the public. We can honestly say that at the Madison Square Garden Show in New York last month there were more visitors to the Chalmers Exhibit than to any other.

Remember that when you buy a Chalmers Car we guarantee to teach you free how to run it and how to take care of it. We help you with it until we know you can operate it.

Write for our new 1910 catalog, beautifully illustrated in colors, also our book "Flag to Flag" telling the interesting story of the Denver to Mexico trip, illustrated by photographs taken on the way.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company

Licensed under Selden Patent

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

On the Radiator